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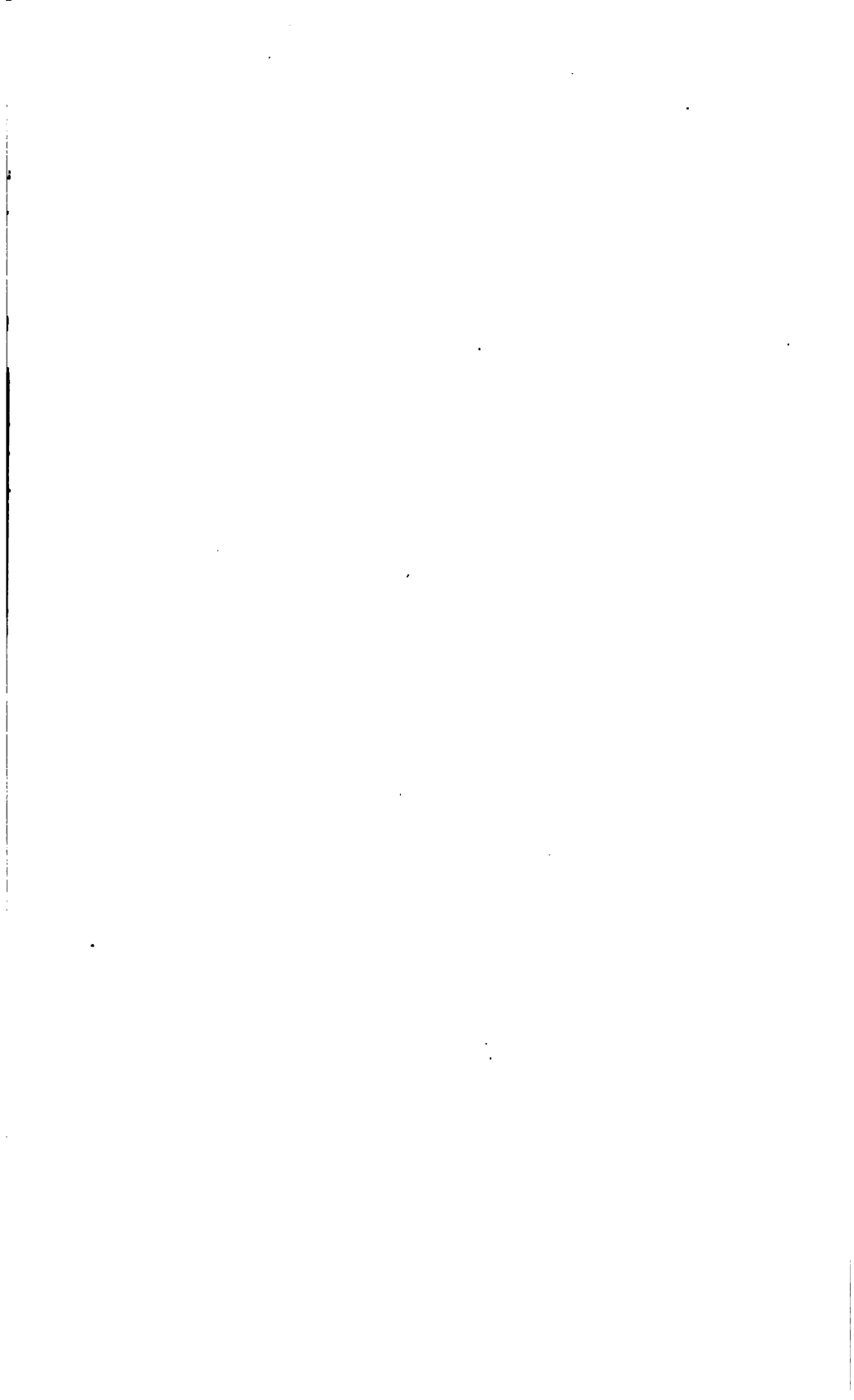
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THE

Harvard Magazine.

VOLUME X.

CAMBRIDGE:
SEVER AND FRANCOIS
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1864.

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THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

No. 84.

GAIL HAMILTON ON CLASS-DAY.

WHILE we have been enjoying our vacation in the various pursuits incident to the summer season, — in training our wind and muscle on sea or land, off on excursions for fun and health, or, for the time being, metamorphosed from *book-worms* into *lady-bugs*, — our little world and our customs have created quite a breeze in the literary world. The cause of this importance to which we have been so unexpectedly raised is found in an article in the August number of the Atlantic Monthly under the title of “Side-Glances at Harvard Class-Day,” contributed by the well-known author of “Country Living and Thinking.” The piece is well called *Side-Glances*, for there is very little about Class-Day, and a great deal about other matters in it. If Gail Hamilton undertook to give a description of Class-Day, she failed entirely. If she undertook to discuss architecture, dancing, hazing, and military education, she succeeded admirably. The fact that she did not hear the excellent exercises in the church, and does not even mention the evening’s entertainment, will sufficiently prove that she has given no fair account of our happiest holiday.

Her first episode upon architecture contains many good points, among them her description of the buildings, which

she calls "angular, formal, stiff, windowy, bricky boxes." But she seems to write under the supposition that all Harvard graduates are boors, and then seeks to prove that they become so through the influence of their surroundings while in College. As the general reputation of College students and graduates is so clearly the *opposite of boors*, it seems to me that it would be well for her to prove that we are *not* gentlemen before seeking to show *why* we are not so. I think, however, any of us who remember our first entrance into these halls, with all the homesick feelings which naturally belong to Freshmen, will grant that the buildings might possibly be made to look a little more inviting, at least to new-comers, and that their comforts might be increased. It speaks well for our President, that the new College building — the *theme* of so much of our Sophomore thought — is to be supplied with all the "modern conveniences."

Her next episode, upon poverty, is very well written, and shows a noble sentiment; but how it is applicable to us I cannot see. It is one of the principal characteristics of our College, that here we all meet on one common level, and that each stands or falls on his own merits alone. Whether a man's father is worth his hundreds or his hundred thousands does not affect the estimation in which HE is held by his classmates, and I am proud to feel that the temptation to *spread* on Class-Day, when a man cannot afford the expense, is easily resisted. And more than that, I feel certain that a man who from honest poverty does not *spread* is none the less welcome at the gay rooms of his more fortunate classmates.

Following her remarks upon poverty, we find in this many-headed article a very agreeable and well-written description of the Green after the dancing had commenced, which, however, soon gives place to a comparison of ladies' and gentlemen's dancing, in which the gentlemen decidedly come off second best. Indeed, she declares they are only tolerable at such times to "set off the women and keep themselves

out of mischief." There! what do you think of that, my saltatory friend, who have been all your days under a dancing-master? How do you, who, in the face of that immense crowd of the fair sex, carried yourself as you thought with becoming grace and ease, feel to be thus spoken of as an eyesore, as an inharmonious part of that beautiful scene? Will you ever dare to dance again? Of course not. Henceforth the dancing-schools shall be only for girls; henceforth at our parties a long line of black broadcloths shall stick close to the wall, like so many flies, while the Lancers and Caledonians are performed by the *ladies* to our admiring gaze (truly that would be a "setting off" after the Quaker style); and lastly, our friends of '64 will station some tall policeman in blue coat, white pantaloons, with a large leaden medal on his breast, at the entrance to the roped enclosure on Class-Day, who will gently remind you that "gentlemen are not admitted." What a glorious time the floor-managers will have in the days when Gail Hamilton shall have banished man from the dance! But, seriously, from this point of view, the charm which civilized nations have always found in the movements of the human body, the most beautiful part of God's creation, is due to the aid of the mantua-maker and the modiste rather than to the gifts of nature, for that person dances best who most effectually conceals the movements of the body. And how will our lady-writer explain the fact, that on the stage, where dancing has come nearest to perfection, the tendency is always to too little rather than too much drapery? No, I would rather trust Nature for grace and elegance than the dress-maker.

From the Green, Gail went to Harvard Hall, and she describes the change as "going from Paradise to Pandemonium," and then goes into a fearless and plain-spoken diatribe on *round dances*. I have already written so much about dancing, that I hardly feel like criticising this best part of her article. My feeling about the matter is simply this, — I enjoy the round dances extremely, and I will dance them so

long as I can find young ladies to dance with ; but I am free to confess, that I do not like to have my sisters go into a public ball-room and take the chance of meeting strangers with whom they will assume positions which in all other matters society reserves for those only who are brought together by the closest ties of blood and affection. And when I say strangers, I mean those with whose whole character we are not perfectly acquainted, as well as those whose faces are not familiar to us. Still I would say, that, so long as it is an admitted custom of society, I do not regard it reprehensible as a part of the festivities of Class-Day.

The exercises at the Tree,— what she calls “legalized rowdyisms,” — pleased her, and her description is pleasant and interesting ; but here again, instead of sticking to her text she runs off into a denunciation of hazing, or rather what I should call an *abuse* of hazing. On this head it is sufficient to say, that she has met the common fate of all who attempt to write upon a subject which they know nothing about. She closes with an excellent discussion of the necessity of a military course in our education, in which she, I am sure, meets the unanimous approval of the University. It cannot be, however, that there is no good reason (though there is no obvious nor published one) for this surprising want of attention to the interests of the students, and we must live in hope that soon all difficulties will be overcome, and the long-desired drill become part of our regular work.

To this article in the Atlantic, the Boston Advertiser devoted a column and a half of harsh criticism. To my mind it was unfair and unjust, although some of its points were excellently taken,—as that with regard to the character of Harvard graduates,—while others were weak and silly,—as undertaking to answer Gail's remarks on “round dances,” by suggesting that, “if she didn't like them, why—she'd better stay away.” It was hardly in accordance with the dignity of an old and respectable newspaper like the Advertiser to call in question the reputation

of the accomplished author of "Country Living and Thinking," and it would have been much better for it to have passed over the article entirely, than to have sought to answer it by decrying its author.

The Transcript soon after contained a reply to the Advertiser by the author of the article. Though pointed, and in most respects eminently just, it was not so refined or polished as I should have expected.

Thus the matter rests at present, and we have again slipped out of people's thoughts, while our Alma Mater still lives as prosperously as ever, profiting, we hope, by every wise suggestion, and always looking to our comfort and our good.

Since the foregoing article was written, the subject of it has been republished in book form, together with several other articles by the same author. I feel it to be necessary to state this, as the present article could hardly be called a criticism of "Side-Glances at Harvard Class-Day," as it appears in its new form, so completely has the author seen fit to change it. Interpolations of several pages appear in it, and passages have been left out. The beginning has been entirely rewritten, and we find no such epithets as "stables" and "a congeries of pens" applied to our buildings; but these uncouth words have given place to better language, while the author launches out into a long discussion of the beneficial results of educating the two sexes together.

Her proposition, that all Harvard graduates are boors, because of the houses in which they live while at College, sustained with so much zeal and freedom of language in the Atlantic is modified in this revision, so that it appears as nothing more than a fair and simple suggestion that a little more beauty in the buildings would be injurious neither to the appearance of the yard nor to the happiness of the students.

Her frank acknowledgment that she did not hear the exercises at the church reads in the new text: "After the Oration and Poem, — which, having nothing distinctive, *I pass over*, — comes the 'Collation.'" Was it not better to acknowledge that she was not present at the literary exercises than to imply that she was, and then to state that "neither literary nor moral excellence seems to enter as an element into its [Class-Day's] standard?" Wonderful knowledge and penetration, to be able to discover a lack of literary excellence, without hearing, or even seeing a report of the *literary* efforts! Wonderful fairness and justice to complain of a want of moral excellence, because a custom sanctioned by the world, but disapproved by her, is admitted as one of the exercises of the day! "I have but to turn to the Boston Daily Advertiser, a journal whose taste and judgment are unquestionable," and find the following testimony of the literary excellence exhibited. Speaking of the Oration and Poem, it says: "They were both highly creditable productions, and, although of course treating largely of Class matters, were still sufficiently general, and their point and originality made them interesting to the large audience." In moral excellence *perhaps* it may compare favorably with Commencement. There are no wines or spirits served at the "*spreads*" on Class-Day.

She, complains, moreover, of its expense and the extravagance which, she says, is *rampant*. Of the former we have already spoken; of the latter we would remark, that, when she can find one graduate whose Class-Day has made him a spendthrift, she can with fairness speak of the evil influences spread abroad by its "*rampant extravagance*." She complains, again, that Class-Day "signalizes the completion of the most varied and complete course of study in the country, and the commencement of a career which should be the most noble and beneficial, not by *peculiar* and *appropriate* ceremonies, but by the commonest rites of the lecture-room and ball-room." What can be more appropriate than to thank God for

the past, and ask his blessing for the future, in the old Chapel where we have worshipped for four years? What can be more appropriate than, with our instructors and friends, to go over again in recollection the four happy years which we have spent with our Alma Mater? What can be more appropriate than to render the closing hours and minutes of our stay here the happiest and most hallowed of all, by innocent festivities, surrounded by those we best love? What better food for future retrospection than the hearty cheering of the old buildings, than the Class song, and the Class wreath, than all that "legalized rowdyism"? What more appropriate close of the day's festivities and our College life, than our last call upon the President; and, last of all, sitting and listening to the College songs, every one of which brings up its recollections of the past, — of defeats and successes, — to fill us with hope and courage for the future? So much for our author's "*counts* against Class-Day."

In her remarks upon gentlemen's dancing, the original article had the following sentence: "I would have men dance, if it is necessary, in order to 'set off' the women and to keep themselves out of mischief," which I have before quoted. The sentence does not appear in the new text, but its place is supplied by an appeal to Scripture, where she finds "that it was the *virgins of Israel* and the *daughters of Shiloh*" who danced.

About the middle of the article she has interpolated some ten pages in defence of herself against the charge, brought by the Advertiser, of having violated the rights of hospitality. I feel sure that no student would have made the charge. We court criticism and investigation, and are willing to receive any wise suggestions and weigh them carefully. But we ask, that, when writers seek to describe us and our customs, they will enlighten themselves as to what our habits are, and then *fully* and fairly discuss them, not holding up to the world all that is bad about us and nothing that is good. The description of the exercises at the Tree has also been cut out from

the original. It is unfortunate, for it was about the best part of the article. Her phrase "legalized rowdyism" was especially happy and felicitous.

One word more, and I have done. The following sentence occurs near the close of the article. "As things are now at Harvard, college boys are scarcely better than cow-boys for the army." Rise up, ye shades of the fallen, — of Webster, of Peabody, of Revere, of Rodman, of Dwight, of Lowell, of Putnam, of Abbott, of Mudge, of Dehon, of Stevens, of Dunn, of Thurston, of Paine! come back, ye absent spirits of Devens, of Wild, of Palfrey, of Paine, of Crowninshield, of Hallowell, of Holmes, of Bartlett, of Birney, of Russell, and rebuke this unfair imputation upon your Alma Mater and her sons! Call to witness Ball's Bluff, Williamsburg, the Peninsula, Virginia, South Carolina, Louisiana, and the Mississippi, and prove that the Roll of Honor of old Harvard is the brightest jewel in her cap, — the Roll of Honor where ninety-eight per cent are officers. Where is the *cow-boy's* Roll of Honor with ninety-eight per cent of officers?

THE YOUNG PATRIOT.

ONE more absent,
The battle done ;
One more left us,
Victory won ;

One more buried
Beneath the sod ;
One more standing
Before his God.

Lay him low, lay him low,
Ere the morning break ;
Sorrow not, sorrow not,
He needs not heart-ache.

He is one, he is one
Of that noble band
Who have fought, who have died,
For their father-land.

He needs no tears,
An angel now,
A saintly crown
Upon his brow.

We should not weep
That he has gone :
With *us* 't is night,
With *him* 't is morn !

"RUDDY HEALTH THE LOFTIEST MUSE."

WE have been gratified lately by seeing the Delta once more alive with the active forms of cricketers and base-ball players. For some time past manly sports have fallen a good deal into disuse among us, and, with the exception of boating, and the rather unexciting recreation of walking, it has been difficult for a man to find any available out-door exercise. We are glad to record the change from this unnatural state. The Sophomore Class, or its active members, deserve credit for the spirit and perseverance which they showed last year, in organizing their base-ball club, and keeping it up so well. May its future be as successful as the past! The Freshmen, we see, are following in their steps. The next best thing to setting a good example is to follow one. May they equal their predecessors! The Cricket Club, formerly of the Junior Class, has been extended so as to include the three upper classes, and is now in a flourishing condition. These are all signs of life. No dull mechanic exercises are these sports. Exciting and social games, they call into play at the same time many faculties of our bodies and minds. They are the parents of activity, strength, and courage, the enemies of laziness, effeminacy, and dissipation. They train together the eye, the hand, and the mind, and aid in the harmonious development of the whole man. They are also inexpensive sports, which all may enjoy. May their revival be permanent! Success to all manly sports!

THE MOSQUITO.

A SEPTEMBER EPISODE.

SCENE. — *Midnight. A bloodthirsty Mosquito hovering around a sleeper's head. Victim half waked by his buzzing.*

VICTIM (*log.*).

Ze — ze — ze — ze — what 's that music,
Stealing o'er my sleeping brain?
There, 't is gone; I was but dreaming —
Ze — ze — there it is again!

Can it be the wind that 's playing
On the trees' Æolian harp?
Can the noisy key-hole whistle
In a note so clear and sharp?

Nearer — nearer — clearer — clearer —
Here 's a thing which I must see to.
Who or what 's this airy player?
There, he 's stopped. (*Mosquito takes a bite.*)
— o-o-o-o-o — (*slap*). A MOSQUITO!!!

(*Escape of the mosquito, buzzing the song of victory. Victim, fully awakes to the exigencies of the case, first tries moral suasion.*)

O mosquito!

This I veto.

o-o-o-o-o-o-o — (*aside, rubbing his face*).

You must quit,

Or I 'll hit you.

Where you lit, there you bit,

You long-legged rascal!

Now, when I ask all,

All I ask is, that you 'll let me

Sleep in peace — and quiet be.

REPLY OF THE MOSQUITO.

Ze — ze — ze — ze — (*in an ascending scale*).

Ze — ze — ze — (*in a descending*).

Ze — ze — ze — ze —

Ze — ze — ze.

(*Victim tries strategy, and lies quiet. Stealthy approach of the bloodsucker. A pause. Marauder quietly drawing blood. Slap — whack. Death of the mosquito.*)

CONQUEROR.

O mosquito ! poor mosquito !
 And didst thou mock me with thy song ?
 He who mocks, my foolish small one,
 Should mock the weak, and not the strong.
 There thou diest ! There thou liest !
 Drowned in blood, like Cyrus' head,
 What thou lovedst when thou livedst,
 That thou hast, when thou art dead.
 We-e-e-ell, (*a yawn*), I think I 'll get to bed.

FINIS.

REMINISCENCES OF TERM-TIME AND VACATION.

“Do you want a cat?”

These were the words which saluted our ears one morning in Sophomore year, as we entered the room of a classmate. We, being in a noncommittal frame of mind, made no decided answer, till we might know the reason that had suggested the inquiry. Our attention was drawn to a youthful specimen of the feline persuasion, rather pretty, of good figure, face not remarkably intelligent (the lack of intelligence was probably owing to the fact that the animal in question had been compelled to devote most of its time to obtaining the necessaries of life, and so had no leisure to devote to intellectual improvement, as the emaciated figure strongly attested), which had been picked up somewhere on the street. We were moved with compassion, took the poor creature to our room in the fourth story of Massachusetts Hall, produced our milk-can and saucer, fed her, suspended a horse-chestnut from a table as a plaything, to which she took quite kindly, we looking on with an approving smile, revolving in our thoughts the amount of pleasure we should have from seeing the little animal grow fat and happy as the days rolled on, and thinking how the rats and mice would in time cease to disturb our slumbers with their cater-waulings, or render us anxious as to the contents of our larder.

We kept that cat a little less than twenty-four hours, when, our hopes having been blasted, our affections nipped in the bud, we bestowed her (the cat) on the woman who was interested in the care of our room. We made inquiries relative to the animal from time to time, and were pleased to learn that everything was going on well. But at last there came a change, and we were informed that she (the cat) had succumbed to repeated attacks of fits, and that it had been deemed advisable, from a humanitarian point of

view, to deprive her of life, said life being encumbered with so many evils that it was "too many for her." This was our first experience with pet animals.

Not long afterwards, being disposed to try again, we came into possession of a "dorg," which seemed to be a character more capable of exciting interest than our former *protégé*; for, in addition to all the ordinary indications of having had a hard row to hoe, the absence of cuticle on certain prominent parts of his economy bore witness that he had suffered violent and rough usage. He was a "big dorg," not handsome, decided by a concourse of Sophs to belong to the yellow greyhound tribe, type, species, or family, not less than two thirds starved, and the other third in a delicate state of health consequent on having been for a long succession of days without sufficient and sufficiently wholesome food. Well, as we said, we came into possession of this animal, took him to the same room near the sky, bestowed on him some beef, of which at that time we had a small quantity on hand, caressed him as kindly as we could under the circumstances, he meantime leaning heavily for support against the leg of the table on which we sat. The intelligent beast having finished his repast, was left to amuse himself while we made our usual morning visit to University Hall. On our return, we found him prostrate on our bed, breathing after the manner of those afflicted with the asthma. He seemed in such agony that we could not find it in our heart to rout him from his calm retreat, so we mounted the window-seat commanding the position, and from time to time, neglecting the beauties of the vegetable kingdom for that poor specimen of the animal, cast anxious glances over the top of the "Botanical Text-Book" to the bed of anguish on which he lay.

But dinner-time came, and there arose the sound of many feet on the stairs and in the halls; also arose the sufferer, and, having devoured all our beneficent hand could furnish him, started again for the bed. We could not give up our

afternoon nap, and, thinking we could raise the hardihood to keep him off the bed, even if we could not drive him off when once fairly on, having persuaded him to lie down in a remote corner of the room, we composed ourself to sleep.

We forget what visions we saw, but at length became impressed with the painful idea that we were lying "supinely on our back" in a helpless condition, with a great weight as of a mountain resting upon us, taking away our breath and preventing us from shouting for assistance. When consciousness returned, we found the "dorg" lying upon us transversely, puffing like a mighty engine. This was too much for even our gentle nature to endure. We sprang up, dislodging the brute by the operation, and were drawing on our boots preparatory to kicking him from the room, when we caught the peculiarly mournful expression of his eye, and paused.

We resumed and completed the study of Botany, attended recitation, and reascended to our room just before six o'clock, P. M., fully resolved to entice the quadruped from our castle. With this praiseworthy intent, we took a piece of beef and held it in tempting proximity to the animal's nose; and by retrograding as the dog advanced, we kept the nose and meat at a distance from each other sufficiently remote to allure the beast on without gratifying him with the exercise of his gastronomic powers. In this way we got him down to the yard on the south side of Massachusetts, and should have kept on till we got into the street, had we not encountered the whole posse of students who recited from five till six on that day. But now our sensitiveness completely overcame our philokunopy, which was fast getting to be of rather a questionable character. We flung the tempting viand from us, and the quick canine eye with the whole canine body followed it. Joining the crowd we passed on, affecting a careless, nonchalant air, but were soon impressed with the belief that the dog was in our wake. Down the street we walked in the throng of passing men and women, casting an occasional

glance backward, only to become more and still more certain that we were pursued ; entered the post-office, penetrated to the farthest corner, paused a moment, then, summoning all our fortitude (which very fortunately obeyed the summons), turned around, when lo ! the animal was not visible. We advanced slowly towards the door, keeping an anxious watch all along. No quadruped intruded itself upon our sight. Still on, till finally we stood upon the topmost step, whence gazing we espied our fiend incarnate at a distance, yielding to the enticements of a number of boys, who seemed to be adapted by nature and education to be his companions.

We drew a breath whose length was not its least important dimension, and walked off, " a wiser if not a better man," firmly resolved to make no further attempts to violate any of the College laws, though our too sensitive heart should be rent in twain over the unalleviated sufferings of all the feline and canine animals in Christendom. Though we have had many resolutions in our day, this is the only one we have kept any length of time ; we have it on hand at present, and regard it very properly as a moral curiosity. So much for the Reminiscences of Term-time.

When we awake from a long sleep we take a peculiar satisfaction in relating to the first friend we meet the pleasant visions we have seen " in our heads upon our beds," and by calling up and talking over those visions we seem to live over again the delightful scenes through which we have passed unencumbered by any of the sordid realities of time, space, or matter. In the same way, when we are just called back to the stern realities of college life after a long, though quite too short, vacation, we feel inclined to pause while donning the academical garments, and recall some of the *res gestæ temporis acti*, of which each can with truth say, *quorum pars fui*.

We, that is I, spent the first and by far the greater part of the last vacation in the time-honored occupation of farming. Whether I was in want of " rocks," and went to work in the field to the end that my pocket might be filled therewith, or

whether I was in want of health, and thought that farming would do my study- and care-worn body good, or whether I had inducements to agricultural pursuits similar to the motive that kept the patriarch following the plough and wielding the hoe and sickle for the space of fourteen years, or whether I had no reason in particular for following the occupation I did, is a question of fact concerning which I refrain from expressing an opinion.

Well, as I said, I went to board in the country, and used to exercise considerably out of doors when the weather was propitious. Let no one suppose, however, that my experiences in haying at all resemble those of the young girl named Debby (she must be pretty well advanced in years by this time), as they have been chronicled in the *Atlantic* for August, 1863. In her hay-field, you remember, the "air was full of summer odors, wild-flowers nodded along the walls, blackbirds made finer music than any band, sun and wind and cheery voices did their part, windrows rose, great loads went rumbling through the lanes with merry brown faces a-top." She liked haying better than dancing, thought the latter could not be compared with the former (and, indeed, I must confess I don't see how it can), "for in the one case we shut out the lovely world, and in the other we become a part of it, till by its magic labor turns to poetry, and we harvest something better than buttercups and dried grass."

I should really like to know how long ago that golden age of farming was, and when the present iron age dethroned its predecessor. Here I might pause a moment to suggest that all golden things, though glorious for a time, in obedience to the great law of universal and continual change, give way to other and necessarily inferior substances, and mention as a striking instance the scarcity of "yellow boys," which everybody, no matter whether he believes slavery constitutional or not, would be pleased to behold. However, I will not yield to the temptation, but taking it for granted that we live in an iron age, and that the best we can do is to

make the best of it, I will proceed to compare some of my experiences with those above referred to.

I did not see a single line of poetry educes from labor by magic or any other means ; wild-flowers did not nod along the walls in our new-mown fields, the relentless scythe, like that of Father Time, having "cut down all, both great and small," by particular request ; the blackbirds had closed for the season, or had bad colds, so that the only music was that made by agricultural implements, with the bagpipe accompaniment of bees and wasps, whose nests, concealed in the grass, would sometimes be disturbed by careless mower or raker, in which case vocal music would be added to the continual "running harmony." Windrows rose only after a most decided manifestation of force ; our great loads had no faces a-top of any color whatever, but they had to be pitched off and up, up, far out of sight into the ethereal regions.

Yes, it is a melancholy fact, the poetry has faded out of farming. The youthful lasses who used to go forth into the fields, and by their presence and bright smiles assist in his drying operations the sun, nature's great napkin, which is put in the wash inconveniently often in hay-time, have grown far past their youth and beauty, and left none to take their places in the hay-field. The day of milkmaids, singing as they pass along, with rosy cheeks and pails of milk upon their heads, has also passed ; and instead we see stalwart men with strong arms, sun-burned faces, and clay pipes in healthy and active condition, walking with two cans of milk in each hand in a manner most decidedly unpoetical, and suggestive of poetry only in so far as we are reminded of J. Gilpin, Esq., who, in obedience to the law of gravitation as affecting equilibrium, suspended from his lateral economy two receptacles filled with vinous fluid in so skilful a manner as to experience no inconvenience from an unequal distribution of the additional weight ; or, as the poet more briefly hath it,

" Hung a bottle on each side,
To make the balance true."

It is needless for me to go into further particulars. Let it be sufficient for me to say, that, so far as my experience goes, there is as great a difference between real and ideal farming right through as in the instances specified. Let no one, however, from what I have said, infer that I have any dislike for farming; it is to me pleasant, though hard work. I like it first-rate, but only want to give my testimony as to the difference between farming in stories and farming on a farm.

But the swift-footed hours came and went, and the time arrived when I bade farming adieu, with all its labor and pleasures, and went amongst new scenes. And here I might dwell at considerable length on moonlight evenings, and limpid streams, and long, winding, quiet roads, leading to regions near the sky, and pleasant Sunday mornings, when, having taken a swim in the swift current of Nashua River, I would recline on the bank of the same, leisurely "pulling a weed," vaguely conscious of the current of half-formed ideas running through the mind, as the water on which I looked ran through its channel, holding in one hand pleasing recollections of the past, and with the other turning over the bright hopes and anticipations of the future. And then I might tell of other streams and waterfalls, and mountain and vale and desert, pleasing you, perhaps, yet more^a probably making you weary. But, my dear friend, are there not some parts of your dreams which you leave out in narrating, and which you keep secret as the Son of Temperance keeps his bottle to use for medicinal purposes, or to discuss with some friend who has equally strong reasons for not becoming an informer? In like manner shall we keep sacred some of the recollections of the vacation just closed, and when alone in the stillness of our sanctum, oppressed by the cares and anxieties of the laborious existence we are compelled to lead, we shall draw forth to cheer us the distilled nectar which, true to its nature, will grow more and more precious and pleasing as the swift-revolving years bear it farther and still farther from the date of its birth.

THE VETERAN.

A PARODY.

It was a Monday morn,
New rooms had been assigned,
And students fast were gathering
With much concern of mind.
There came a Sixty-Four,
In a soldier's garb was he,
And, gazing down the list, he cried,
"No room assigned to me?"

The Sixty-Four forgot
How things were now arranged;
In drawing rooms the whole affair
Decidedly had changed.
He pointed to the spot
Where his chamber used to be,
Then told his name, and smiling said,
"Now you've a room for me?"

Alas, poor Sixty-Four!
He showed a Catalogue
In which his name was printed fair —
Things would n't stir a cog;*
Then cursed the Sixty-Four:
"I'm roomless now," said he;
"I'll try my luck in Harvard Block, —
There's yet a chance for me."

* Referring to the wheels of Destiny or Fate, which, for convenience' sake, are supposed to be provided with the kind of gearing here indicated.

ON READING IN COLLEGE.

THE questions, "What shall I read?" and "How shall I read?" are of great importance to the college student. The reading of a young man before coming to college is generally quite limited, and of a desultory character. For, during the time occupied in the course preparatory for college, he finds but little leisure for reading outside of his studies, and that little reading is rather more for a sort of mental recreation and amusement than with a view to any permanent profit. Hence books of a solid character are generally ignored; and novels, and perhaps a little poetry, are eagerly seized upon to furnish the diversion for leisure hours. But when a young man comes to college, he finds that he has a large amount of time unoccupied by college duties. He is free from many little cares which served to employ his time while at home to draw his attention from books. He has, perhaps, less intercourse with society, and is thrown back more upon himself and his own resources. To find companions, he turns to the wide world of literature, — to books, — books which furnish pleasure for every lonely hour, books which are always ready with their varied stores of wit, eloquence, and learning, — books, the friends which never fail us, and never prove false.

These questions, "What shall I read?" and "How shall I read?" then become of great importance. For in the four years of a college course a man may either fill up his leisure hours with profitable reading, or may waste them in the perusal of books which are the very dross of literature, and utterly valueless as respects any permanent good they may do the mind.

And, again, a man may read books by libraryfuls, and yet read to no purpose. There is an art in reading, just as there is in the doing of everything else. There is a right way and a wrong way to do it. Hence it is of the utmost

importance to consider, not only what to read, but how to read.

It is not our purpose in this article to lay down any complete course of reading. For even did not our limits forbid, we should be unwilling to arrogate to ourselves the part of instructor or even guide in such an important matter. We wish only to present a few thoughts upon a subject which has engaged considerable of our attention, and the importance of which we fully appreciate.

Every person, upon entering on a college course, ought to lay down for himself some definite work to be performed in the way of reading. This reading need not be exclusive, — that is, confined to any one branch of literature. It had better not be. A course should be laid down in which there is a judicious combination of works in all the important departments of literature. Let the study of history be enlivened by the romance and novel. Let poetry relieve the dull monotony of philosophical research, and let the sober thought of the essayist be tempered by the humor of the satirist and the wit. In the first place, it seems to us that historical studies should be made the basis of every good course of reading. A knowledge of history may be considered as the foundation-stone in the fabric. Its importance can hardly be over-estimated. By the study of history, we gain much besides a mere knowledge of events. That man greatly circumscribes its province who looks upon it as a mere teacher of names and dates, as dealing with naught but narrative and chronology. It has been well said, that "history is philosophy, teaching by example." It gives to us an insight into the springs of human action. By showing to us the chain of events, the vast consequences which spring from causes apparently small and insignificant, it becomes to us a great teacher. It gives to us the condensed experience of others, and will enable us, if we are wise enough to profit by its lessons, to arrive at important truths and at knowledge which others have attained only by passing through the most painful and long experiences.

As to the manner of studying history, different views have prevailed. It seems to us, however, that, in order to become acquainted with the history of any country, — as, for instance, that of England, — it is best to take some small compend or school history and thoroughly master the chief facts and points of interest, together with a few of the most important dates. Then take up a large history, — as Hume, for example. This we can either read through or choose out parts of it which relate to the periods of English history in which we are most interested. The different events which we have marked in the small history will serve as rallying-points, or *nuclei*, to which we can gradually gather the more extended information conveyed in the large and voluminous works of standard authors. The disadvantages of the opposite course are apparent. If a person take up a very voluminous work upon a history with which he is entirely unacquainted, he soon becomes confused. After reading a few chapters, he can remember nothing definite whatsoever. He has only a confused recollection of names and reigns and dates. The difficulty is, that there is nothing sufficiently concise for the mind to lay hold of, and, in the attempt to grasp the whole, nothing is retained.

There is one branch of literature which has been subject to the greatest vicissitudes of reputation. I mean the novel. For years past, in every book of advice to young persons, such as “The Young Man’s Guide,” or “The Young Lady’s Friend,” the novel has come in for its full share of condemnation. The most sweeping denunciations have been launched at novel-readers and novel-writers, and at the novels themselves, till it has been a somewhat difficult task for one really to take a moderate, candid view of the state of the case. The fact is, that novel-reading is like a great many practices, — one that is open to abuse. But for this reason, to deny that it is impossible to acquire any good from the perusal of novels is absurd. There is doubtless a great danger of excess, and many persons do get into such a sad

condition of mental weakness, that they crave nothing but the novel, and will be satisfied only with that. But this is, as we have said, an abuse. We have no right to argue from the abuse of a thing against its use. And we have no doubt that a moderate amount of time spent in the perusal of good novels is very beneficial to the mind. Especially advantageous are good historical novels, like those of Scott and Bulwer. Such books, by working up the events of history into the form of a novel, serve to invest characters and events with a new interest, and hence to impress them more firmly on the memory. When studying the history of any period, it is therefore a very favorable time to read any historical novel relating to that period.

The college course gives a favorable opportunity to become acquainted with poetry. There are many odd moments which are just the occasions in which to take up a volume of poetry. There are times, after severe study, in which poetry comes to us like a sweet balm; like a messenger of peace it comes to us when the mind is tossed with cares. At night, when the day is done, then it is that the poet is a delightful companion. Then it is that the mind calls for

“ Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe the restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.”

I have thus referred to a few of the great departments of literature, grand diversions, as it were, under which there are many subdivisions which, each in their own time and place, will call for attention from the reading man.

The four years of the college course cannot give us any very extended acquaintance with literature. They serve only to introduce us to the broad realm of literature. They give us a start in a literary career, cultivate in us a taste for reading, and give us habits of system and discrimination in the matter. The world of literature seems almost unlimited in its extent. The prospect of what he must do in

the matter of reading, if it were presented to a man at once, would be appalling. He might well shrink back at the sight, discouraged at the tremendous task before him. But this is not the case. We gradually become acquainted with books. We every day read some, and one by one we add to the stock of authors which we have read.

It is utterly impossible to become thoroughly acquainted with every author who has ever written anything worthy of attention. Life is too short for such an undertaking. There are too many things to employ our time, in the great world of action and reality, to allow many of us so much time as shall suffice to become familiar with a half or a quarter of them. What, then, must we do? We must first choose with care the authors whose works we will read, and then become thoroughly acquainted with these. If the works we read be few, let them nevertheless be mastered. Let us be able to profit by what we read. Let us be able to say of a book something more than merely that we have read it. The bare perusal of a book benefits the mind but little. It is only as our author calls forth our attention, fixes our mind upon his statements, incites in us thought, even draws us forth to dispute some of his positions, that he benefits us.

This, then, should be our aim, to read that which is good and profitable in itself, and next to make it so to ourselves by concentrating our attention upon only so many books as we can master. What we want is quality, not quantity. As the hackneyed Latin hath it, *Non multa, sed multum*.

ADVERTISING.

ADVERTISING has lately become quite an important branch of literature, and has enlisted the services of many poets and original writers. Some prudent persons have feared that, at the present rate, advertisers would soon exhaust all their resources and ideas, and be obliged to use old advertisements. The following, which our spiritualistic editor clips from a spiritualist sheet, shows that that unhappy period has not yet arrived, and is also a crushing answer to those practical and worldly men who ask of spiritualism (so called), "What's the good of it?"

(Advertisement.)

COFFINS!!! COFFINS!!!

The best place in this country, if not in the world, to buy coffins!

Read the following recommendatory "voices from the spirit-land"!

Communications from the Rev. H. K. Noodle, Hon. J. I. M. Crow, formerly M. C., and a host of others, through a lady medium.

Communication No. 49,856. "I wish to state that I am entirely satisfied with Potts and Botts's coffin, and can confidently recommend it to any one in need of such an article.

"Rev. H. K. Noodle."

Communication No. 57,100. "I take great pleasure in stating that the coffin, manufactured by Potts and Botts, in which my remains (all that remain of them now) at present repose, is really an admirable article. It is comfortable and roomy, and so agreeably tight as to admit no water, and permit the egress of but little gas. To my successors in the

halls of Congress I would say that it is pleasant, after the toils and broils and turmoils, not to say fights, of a Congressional life, to rest in peace in one of Potts and Botts's comfortably wadded coffins. To my constituents, I can do no greater service, after a life devoted to their interests, than to recommend them, 'after they have shuffled off this mortal coil' (in the words of the greatest of England's poets), to be sure and secure one of Potts and Botts's coffins.

"Hon. J. I. M. Crow, formerly M. C."

We have selected the above from many thousand communications from spirits, less high perhaps on the rolls of fame, but of perfect respectability, including many of the reverend clergy.

Remember!!!

Potts and Botts's Great
Coffin Warerooms!!!

COLLEGE RECORD.

ORDER OF EXERCISES FOR COMMENCEMENT, WEDNESDAY,
JULY 15, 1863.

1. A Dissertation. The Salutatory Address in Latin. Moses Grant Daniell, Grantville.
2. An Essay. "Causes of the Excellence of the Literature of the so-called Elizabethan Period." Frank Goodwin, Portsmouth, N. H.
3. An Essay. "The Fortunes of the Coburgs." Benjamin Thompson Frothingham, Brooklyn, N. Y.
4. A Disquisition. "The Conscription in France." William Nichols, Boston.
5. A Dissertation. "The Present State of the Franchise in England." George Lewis Baxter, Quincy.
6. An Oration. "Lord Falkland." William Henry Palmer, Chelsea.
7. An Essay. "The Fauna and Flora of Australia." Henry Fitch Jenks, Boston.
8. A Disquisition. "Imperialism and the Paris Elections." Frederic Brooks, Boston.
9. A Dissertation. "The National Military Academy." Charles Pickering Bowditch, West Roxbury.
10. A Disquisition. "Prince Albert's Speeches and Addresses." Arthur Mason Knapp, Boston.
11. A Dissertation. "Modern Mitigations of the Cruelties of War." Clement Lawrence Smith, Upper Darby, Pa.
12. An Oration. "Heat a Form of Motion." Joseph Anthony Gillet, Lebanon Springs, N. Y.
13. An Essay. "The Hundredth Anniversary of Hollis Hall." Adolphus Williamson Green, Boston.
14. A Disquisition. "What Degree of Equality is necessary in a Democracy?" Edmund Souder Wheeler, Roxbury.
15. An Essay. "The Great Organ of the Boston Music-Hall." William Linder, Newton.
16. A Disquisition. "The Hannibal of Arnold and of Mommsen." William Augustus White, Brooklyn, N. Y.
17. A Dissertation. "Emancipation in Missouri." Samuel Craft Davis, St. Louis, Mo.
18. An Oration. "The Value of Recent Proposals to change the Mode of Suffrage in Republics." Edward Bangs Drew, Chelsea.
19. An Essay. "Greece and the New King." Edgar Adelbert Hutchins, Brooklyn, N. Y.
20. A Disquisition. "Admiral Collingwood." Marshall Ayres, Griggsville, Ill.

21. A Dissertation. "Our English Reporters." Arthur Lincoln, Hingham.
 22. A Dissertation. "The Antiquity of Man." George Shattuck Morison, Milton.
 23. An Oration. "Victor Emmanuel and the Union of Italy." William Low Pillsbury, Derry, N. H.
 24. An Essay. "The French in Mexico." John Dean Hall, Boston.
 25. A Disquisition. "The Coming Immigration." Josiah Lombard, Griggsville, Ill.
 26. A Dissertation. "Advertisements." Roscoe Palmer Owen, Bath, Me.
 27. A Dissertation. "The Trial of Democracy." Francis Alexander Marden, West Windham, N. H.
 28. An Oration. "No Compromise with Secession." Edward Gray Stetson, Lexington.
 29. An Oration. "England and the United States." Henry Newton Sheldon, Waterville, Me.
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ASSOCIATION OF THE ALUMNI.

Orator for Thursday, July 16, 1863, Rev. James Walker, D.D., LL.D., of the Class of 1814.

Officers for the ensuing year : —

President, — Oliver Wendell Holmes, of the Class of 1829.

Vice-Presidents, — Samuel Osgood of the Class of 1832; Charles H. Warren, of the Class of 1817.

Directors, — J. Thomas Stevenson, E. R. Hoar, G. P. Sanger, J. J. Clarke, Seth Sweetser, Eben Torrey.

Secretary, — N. B. Shurtleff.

PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY.

President, — James Russell Lowell, of the Class of 1838.

Vice-President, — Richard H. Dana, Jr., of the Class of 1837.

Secretary, — John Elbridge Hudson, of the Class of 1862.

Treasurer, — James Cushing Merrill, of the Class of 1842.

Literary Committee, — Henry W. Torrey, R. H. Dana, Jr., George M. Lane, Charles E. Norton, E. W. Gurney.

AWARD OF PRIZES AT THE LAW SCHOOL.

For Dissertation, "The Influence of the Roman Law in the Formation and Determination of the Rules and Principles of the English and American Law." To Alonzo Bond Wentworth, of Somersworth, N. H., a prize of sixty dollars.

For Dissertations, "Of the Rights of Property or Easement in Subterranean Water." To William Henry Towne, of Brookline, Mass., the first prize of fifty dollars. To Melville Ezra Ingalls, of Harrison, Me., the second prize of forty dollars.

BOWDOIN PRIZES FOR DISSERTATIONS.

Class of 1863.

A first prize to William Augustus White, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Subject, "A History and Criticism of the Text of Shakespeare's Plays." A second prize to Josiah Lombard, of Griggsville, Ill. Subject, "The Future of Australia."

Class of 1864.

A first prize to James Thompson Bixby, of Brookline, Mass. Subject, "The World's Indebtedness to Monastic Institutions." A second prize to William Reed, of Cambridge, Mass. Subject, "The Historical Basis of the Robin Hood Myths and Ballads."

BOWDOIN PRIZES FOR LATIN AND GREEK COMPOSITION.

For Latin Versification.

To Isaac Flagg, of Somerville, Mass., of the Class of 1864.

For Greek Prose.

To William Hyde Appleton, of Providence, R. I., of the Class of 1864.

THE NEW PRIZES FOR READING.

Class of 1863.

First prizes to Edward Bangs Drew, of Chelsea, and Henry Lunt, of Quincy. Second prizes to Adolphus Williamson Green, of Boston, Henry Fitch Jenks, of Boston, and Marshall Ayres, of Griggsville, Ill.

Class of 1866.

First prizes to Samuel Henderson Virgin, of Chelsea, and Charles Brooks Brigham, of Boston.

Second prizes to Edward Henry Clark, of Boston, Edward Augustus Capen, of Roxbury, and Samuel Quarles French, of Boston.

The Classes of 1864 and 1865 were not admitted as competitors for the prizes for reading.

BOYLSTON PRIZES FOR ELOCUTION.

Class of 1863.

A second prize to Horace Winslow Warren, of Boston.

Class of 1864.

A first prize to Charles Coolidge Read, of Cambridge. Second prizes to John Adams Blanchard, of Boston, and George Glover Crocker, of Boston.

Class of 1865.

A first prize to John Wesley Churchill, of Nashua, N. H.

SOCIETY ORATORS AND POETS FOR LAST TERM.

HASTY-PUDDING CLUB.

Orator, — Constant Freeman Davis, of Cambridge.

Poet, — Charles Henry Cox, of Philadelphia.

INSTITUTE OF 1770.

Orator, — John Wesley Churchill, of Nashua, N. H.

Poet, — John Wright Perkins, of Springfield.

At the close of last term, Robert Clindenon McIlwain, of the Class of 1865, was elected Librarian of the Institute. We understand that he has since arranged with George Woodbury Swett, of the same class, to fulfil the duties of the office for the ensuing year.

The Class of 1864 have chosen for Editors the ensuing year : Isaac Howard Page, of Lowell ; William Hyde Appleton, of Providence, R. I. ; William Lambert Richardson, of Boston.

The Class of 1865 have chosen : Charles Warren Clifford, of New Bedford ; Thomas Franklin Brownell, of New Bedford ; Charles Harrison Tweed, of Taunton.

At the close of the last term, a match game of base-ball was played at Providence, R. I., between the "'66 Base-Ball Club" of Harvard, and the "'65 Base-Ball Club," of Brown. The '66 well sustained the honor of Old Harvard, winning the game by 10 runs, — the score being 17 for Brown to 27 for Harvard. Our boys were well *treated* by their opponents, and withal had a very pleasant time.

OBITUARIES.

At a meeting of the Class of 1864, to take appropriate notice of the death of Lieutenant Edward Stanley Abbot and Sergeant Edward Chapin, the following resolutions were adopted:—

Whereas, It has pleased the God of battles, by the death of Lieutenant Edward Stanley Abbot, from a wound received at the battle of Gettysburg, to take from our Class another martyr to the cause of Liberty and Right, —

Resolved, That we hereby give our testimony to the brilliancy of his talents, to the worth of his character and his warmth of heart, to his unflinching bravery and true patriotism; that by his death we have lost one who was greatly beloved by us, and from whom we expected a career alike honorable to himself, his friends, and his country.

Resolved, That in our own sorrow we sincerely sympathize with his bereaved family in their far greater loss of a devoted son and brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in his providence, to remove from earth Sergeant Edward Chapin, —

Resolved, That we, his classmates, do hereby express our sincere sorrow and our sympathy with his afflicted relatives. We feel that, as a Class, we were honored by his companionship; and those of us who were favored with a closer intimacy with him, bear willing testimony to his genial and frank disposition, and to those noble qualities of mind which only close friendship can reveal. We recall with admiration that inward strength which, though proceeding from beneath an unobtrusive exterior, enabled him to recognize his country's claims above all others. It shall be our consolation, that so noble a life is enshrined in the welfare of so noble a cause.

Resolved, That this expression of our regard be forwarded to the family of the deceased, and to the papers of the day for publication.

Sept. 8th, 1863.

At a meeting of the Class of 1865, to take appropriate notice of the death of Lieutenant Sumner Paine, the following resolutions were adopted:—

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in his wise providence to remove from this life our beloved friend and classmate, Sumner Paine, —

Resolved, That, while we, as a Class, bow with resignation to the Divine will, we mourn deeply the loss of one whose whole-hearted manhood and generous character had endeared him to all who knew him.

Resolved, That in this bereavement we sincerely sympathize with the friends and family of the deceased.

Resolved, That, while we cannot but grieve at the death of our friend, we remember with gratitude that he fell in defence of his country, another name added to the long list of martyrs to her cause.

Resolved, That we, as a Class, wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed in the papers of the day.

It is our painful duty to announce the death of Captain Cabot Jackson Russell, of the 54th Mass. Regiment, formerly a member of the Class of 1865. He fell upon the parapet of Fort Wagner in the assault of the 18th of July. In the short time during which he remained in College, he won the respect and admiration of all who knew him, by his noble, generous nature. His military career was a brilliant one, and his death was worthy of his life.

We regret to record the death of George Hayward, M. D., of Boston, a member of the Corporation. He bequeathed to the College the sum of \$5,000, the interest to be devoted to the purchase of books for the Library.

EDITORS' TABLE.

KIND FRIEND: Pause a moment, while your humble servants introduce again the young damsel, child of much anxiety, of many hopes and fears, who has just recovered from a sickness that well-nigh proved fatal. She is just entering on the tenth year of her life, with prospects as bright as usually fall to the lot of young ladies of her age, and with brighter visions of future prosperity than have met her eyes on her successive natal mornings for some years past. In her infancy and earliest youth, either because she was something new, or because she filled a void in the hearts of her progenitors, she was most excellently provided for. But of late years, since the new wore off, and her parents, having ended their college existence, retired from these busy scenes and left their young charge to the care of successive step-fathers, she has not met with that cordiality from those to whom, and to whom alone, she must look for support, which is so necessary for the full and harmonious development of youthful femininity into all the beauties, graces, and charms of womanhood.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to express our views as to what conditions are absolutely essential for the aforesaid development. In the first place, there is need of money, to the end that the *τὰ ἐπιτήδεια*, the *τὰ καθ' ἡμέραν* may be forthcoming at the proper seasons, without any extraordinary exertions on the part of the guardians, who, unless the ancestral purse is well filled, are compelled in much anxiety to waste much precious time in begging, of which they are heartily ashamed, and which renders digging completely out of the question.

Secondly, there is need of proper intellectual food, to the end that the mind may be properly cared for. If this is not supplied in abundance, — sufficient, at least, to equal the demand, — the guardians must draw it from their own stores, which inevitably fail, sooner or later, and the unfortunate *protégé* is compelled to eke out a scanty intellectual existence on literary husks.

And last, but by no means least, is the need of interest, to the end that there may be some motive for exertion; and charity, to the end that faults and defects, produced or occasioned by an inadequate supply of money and articles, may be forgiven by these from whom said money and articles are justly, but vainly, solicited. Permit us to ask what interest you could take in editing this or any magazine, when you would receive neither honor nor profit for all the long hours of labor necessary to accomplish the desired end; no cordial support from those for whom you labor; no contributions of money or articles, except after repeated solicitations, and then with many grudges, and expressions of which "It's a deuced bore, but I don't want to see it die on our hands," is a fair specimen? And, in addition to all these difficulties, suppose that, when you had done your best, the fruits of your labor were left uncalled for at the bookstore, regarded as a burden by publisher and subscriber. What heart could you have for your work? Would you not curse the day when you were fool enough to take the burden upon you? Would you not be ashamed to cast it from you only that it might fall on the shoulders of another?

Think on these things, generous friend, and as you sit in your favorite easy-chair or window-seat after dinner, leisurely and criticisingly turning over these

leaves, ask yourself whether you are judging us fairly; whether you find what you have any right to expect, and not what, through any want of thought on the difficulties and obstacles in our way, you may have expected; whether you have done your duty by the Magazine; in short, whether you can afford to do as you would be done by.

Βοδσομαί τάρᾳ τὰν ὑπέρτονον
 Βοάν. 'Ιὼ, κλάετ' ὦ 'βολοστᾶται,
 Αὐτοί τε καὶ τάρχαϊα καὶ τόκοι τόκων·
 Οὐδὲν γὰρ ἄν με φλαῦρον ἐργάσαισθ' ἔτι.

Do you ask whence this exultant strain? If we were disposed to trifle about a serious matter, we might say that the above song of triumph is borrowed from the Greek poet Aristophanes; but as we are in the most sober earnest, we reply, that the Harvard has been established on a basis firm as the hills; that the treasury is in a state quite plethoric; that there is no fear of being unable to get through the year; that no longer must we travel round forlorn, seeking unfortunate individuals who owe the Harvard two dollars; that recreant sons of their mothers no longer have occasion to be in such an unaccountable hurry whenever they see an editor approaching; in short, that, "whether school keeps or not, the schoolma'am will get her pay."

Yes, indulgent reader, the new financial scheme, whether constitutional or not, has met with complete success. Support us with the pen as you have set us up with the purse, take the successive numbers regularly and punctually from the bookstore, not forgetting to read them; pat us gently on the back when we do well; look as eagerly for merits as you do for faults, and speak of the former while condemning the latter; and you will be pursuing the only course that can make the Harvard what it ought to be, — a source of pleasure and profit to all connected therewith.

We pity the man who has come to his last year in college without making friendships, which, if not eternal, will at least endure through the term of his natural life. We have friends, some whom we have been drawn to as a piece of iron is drawn to magnetized steel, and some to whom we have been joined as pieces of iron are joined by the artisan who, first subjecting them to a melting heat, welds them fast together by repeated blows. We know not which kind of friends is the more valuable, if either, but are inclined to the belief that, when the union is once made, it is lasting. It is not one of the least advantages to be derived here, that we have the time and opportunity to get assorted, so that every man, if he is able to judge correctly of his intimate friends, may know about what kind of men he will be associated with through life. There is a force as certain and unfailing as the force of gravitation, which draws together those who have a community of interest, thought, or feeling, though external circumstances may sometimes prevent the perfect realization of the results, just as a strong support prevents a body from falling. We sincerely hope there is no man in college who holds himself aloof from the society of his fellow-students; for if he is above all the rest, it is his duty to do the rest of us good, and if he feels himself inferior, we want the chance to benefit him. Let us have no recluses, hermits, or anything of the kind.

[The following squib was written before the article referring to the same subject, and appearing in the body of the Magazine, was received. Without asserting that it is too good to be lost, we gently suggest that it is of no use to us, and we print it to get it off our hands.]

We suppose every student has read "Side-Glances at Harvard Class-Day," by Gail Hamilton, in the August number of the Atlantic for the current year. We think the side-glances are most decidedly one-sided, but perhaps on the whole as good views as we could expect one to get who "came late," (we purposely refrain from being witty, and do not say a foolish virgin, who came after the door was shut,) and consequently was put in an unpleasant mood for the rest of the day. We read the article in question when it first appeared, writing down a thought or two that occurred to us at the time, intending to read it again before noticing it in the Harvard. We have tried on two different occasions since to read it again, but finding it impossible to do so, are compelled either to let her harmless clack go unnoticed (and in truth it is hardly worth notice), or to reproduce a page or two from our note-book, which runs as follows:—

"College is a workshop, not a dandy-school. We want men to be dressed for work, and not for show. Gail Hamilton's reformation would be like that worked on a ditcher's boot by a blacking-brush with a little Day and Martin, simply affecting the surface, wearing off easily, making a man mince along, more anxious to keep out of mud and water than to walk in the path of duty, whether there is mud there or not; while the thing needed, grease, affects the whole boot, permeates the leather, renders it impervious to water, and gives a man confidence and power to go anywhere and everywhere with perfect safety. Harvard's boots are well greased at present. Let us remember that well-greased boots will not shine, and that 'oil and polish combined,' as in the Harvard Blacking which had a great run a few years ago, is a humbug. Gail, keep off with thy blacking-brush. Thou sayest thou art our friend. We thank thee for thy good intentions, but pity thee exceedingly, in that thou hast either had the hardihood to draw on thy imagination for facts, or else hast been most egregiously sold by some innocent youth not half through his college course. Friend Gail, personate Æolus to thyself, and raise no more breezes in the classic shades, for nothing but dust and dry leaves are moved thereby. Find some other hook to hang thy lay sermons on, lest we cry out, in the agony of our grief, 'Save us from our friends!' *Sat prata biberunt.*"

We cordially invite all who have not yet done so, to purchase tickets to the entertainment at which our foster-daughter will sit at the head of the table. And here we may remark, that we mean to devote particular attention to the Table, considering that article of furniture, well supplied, the principal part, the *sine qua non*, of an entertainment. Let the body of the Magazine be the great arena for candidates who would strive for honors or prizes, not entirely closed, however, to an occasional limping Hemionus or clipped-winged Pegasus that may promise instruction, warning, or amusement; but let the Table be a place of refreshment for all. Let all join in the table-talk, so that our post-prandial hour may be pleasant and profitable. Let us have no "Autocrat," or rather let all be autocrats, each talking freely, though at the same time respectfully.

As to other movables, why can't we have an Editor's Easy-Chair, in which to take our ease and pipe after dinner? An Editors' Drawer, to fill with stories? Think what a large field would at once be open, in which the Harvard, like a bee, might cull large measures of good things not otherwise obtainable. Then why not have a Foreign Correspondence, conducted by those students to whom the Faculty have with characteristic kindness and consideration granted leave of absence for a season? An Army Correspondence, conducted by students in the army? A Mathematical Department, in which profound problems might be discussed, — as, for instance, the equation of the locus on which, or in which, according to Horace, it is so delightful to dissipate? A Mineralogical Cabinet, filled with specimen bricks? A Classical Department, in which might be discussed the propriety, expediency, and necessity of providing a literal translation of diplomas for the use and behoof of graduates?

We throw out these questions at random, not as hints at what we propose to do, but simply to suggest what might be.

It gives us great pleasure to announce to the world, "through the columns, &c.," that from time to time we shall publish certain lectures. These lectures will not consist of those which might be considered as forming a single course, but each one, complete in itself, will be taken from the large stock of miscellaneous lectures we have on hand. If any are curious to know how we came into possession of these papers, we can easily inform them. When the "University Lectures" were first proposed, many who are distinguished in scientific and artful pursuits prepared each a complete course, illustrating his own hobby, expecting to be called on to read them. But having been disappointed in the realization of their expectations, they have been induced to allow your editors to select from the almost infinite number and variety such as in our judgment are best fitted to give the readers of the Harvard the most accurate and at the same time practical knowledge on the greatest possible variety of subjects. With this explanation, our readers will at once see that it will be folly for them to expect more than one lecture of the same course. The subjects of the several lectures, or, more properly speaking, the objects, will be so thoroughly exhausted as to leave no room for a second attempt on the same object. In short, we mean to select from each course that lecture which contains the cream of said course, so that the series we propose to publish might in one sense be considered as a course of lectures on universal knowledge, science, and art.

In this money-making age, when departed spirits prostitute the solemnity of their being, and walk theatrical boards to the end that they may fill their ghostly wallets with filthy greenbacks, (*quære*, Ought the fact that ghosts have taken up money-making only since greenbacks became legal tender to have any weight as an indication that our currency is not established on a sound basis?) what may we not expect? We have heard many instances in which the "ruling passion was strong in death," but never supposed that the love of gain could unsepulchre the entombed body, much less call back the departed spirit. Still farther, we find that the ghost of the present day discards ceremonies entirely, wearing store.

clothes fully equal to Van Nason's happiest efforts. He, she, or it has also given up the reprehensible practice of frightening young children and feeble-minded, weak-kneed people generally. No longer is the ghostly presence dreaded, but the *élite* of our great cities rush to the spectral scene in crowds, which they would n't do if they were afraid.

The above thoughts, with many others of similar character, are suggested to our mind by the consciousness of the memory of certain coexistent and successive phenomena that attracted our attention on the evening of September 7th, 1863. We were walking leisurely along from recitation to our room, when we observed one of Alma Mater's youngest sons advancing with somewhat greater speed than we should "naturally expect." As he came nearer, a mutual recognition took place, which was followed on his part by a slight diminution of velocity, together with certain incoherent expressions relative to "Bloody Monday night," and a football which was to be the bone of contention upon the Delta that evening. We stood stupefied for a moment, while a crowd of images rushed in much confusion through our mind. We distinguished, however, a long procession, mournful music, torches, and finally a coffin borne on men's shoulders. At this point we were roused from the trance into which we had fallen by a loud snapping, which was occasioned, as we afterwards learned, by the coat-tails of our young friend, who, having recovered his speed, was turning the first corner with a rapidity truly alarming.

A few cups of tea restored us to our usual equanimity. We recollected seeing the football buried about three years ago, the tombstone, and, amongst the customary words thereon inscribed relative to the past history and future prospects of the departed, this prophetic prayer, — "Resurgat." (N. B. There will be no occasion for any incipient or shallow philologist to find fault with the expression "prophetic prayer." We are prepared to defend it, and to explain it to any one who is candid enough to acknowledge the inability of his mind to grasp the idea signified.) A little later in the evening we might have been seen progressing by circuitous paths toward the Delta, looking cautiously about us from time to time, more afraid, it must be confessed, of coming in contact with certain objects known to be strictly material, than of suffering any damage by an interview with things supposed to be spiritual, that is, ghosts. When we came to the Delta, we found contending parties drawn up against each other in hostile array. On the fence were sitting, after the manner of the winged tribes, countless numbers of featherless bipeds. Loud cries arose from various parts of the field. Passing carriages stopped to behold the imposing spectacle. So great was the curiosity to see and know what was going on, that certain wise men, whether from the East or not is unknown, neglecting the pressing duties of the hour, appeared on the by-many-a-foot-trodden plain. Our object in visiting the Delta was simply to see with our own eyes what was going on, in order to give a correct account of the proceedings to our numerous readers. Such being the case, for obvious reasons we went neither into the places where the crowd was most dense, nor yet stood aloof in a position from whence the whole field might be easily viewed. We looked round carefully, and at last saw what appeared to be a football; indeed, we would have sworn it was a football, a real live one, and no ghost. At length we made out a banner, which was partly supported by one of the trees, which waved so solemnly three years ago over the grave of the football. As we came nearer we clearly made out, amongst other characters, the word

"RESURREXIT."

This was conclusive. The poor old football, which, having been kicked a long time by its friends, was finally kicked to death by its enemies, after lying for three years, could no longer rest in peace, but, taking advantage of the fashion, had come forth to revisit the scenes in which its best days were passed. The proof that this was a spectral manifestation becomes still clearer, when we consider that the game, which was left *sub judice* on that evening, and which was to have been finished the next day, remains as yet uncompleted, the ghost of the football, like a class-meeting, not being capable of continuation by adjournment.

MOCK PARTS. — After the usual delay of a week from the proper time, for which we are sure the Committee are not responsible, we again have had Mock Parts. Now when we think of the time and trouble expended in hunting after puns, that would be obstinate when found, and persist in being flat; of the unwearied searching in books for quotations and maxims, the most of which refused to be twisted into a part so as to apply; of the spasmodic efforts we all made to master those unfortunate blunders, that at the time of their occurrence were called so "capital," of Mock Parts, and which we finally declared not to be so capital after all, — when we ponder on these things, we wonder that the morning of Saturday, September 19th, did not *smile* on ushering in the results of so much trouble, which it certainly did not do. This neglect was evidently to show its regard for the memory of the Temperance Society, for it seemed to relent afterward, and really became quite cheerful, to make amends. We assembled once more under that unmerciful window of old Hollis, while the "young persons just entered college" give nine cheers for their Class. While we were frowning down this and a few other innovations, not at present needed, that inevitable cushion appeared. The errors of adjustment having been corrected, the cushion is followed and evidently *hard-pressed* by a pair of dangling legs. Then all is hushed, and naught is heard save the echo of a few cheers the Freshmen had been giving for their Class. The names of those who are soon to speak in public on the stage, with gown accompaniments, are then announced, and each is greeted with hearty cheers. This over, there was an occurrence which we as an impartial historian must tell. It becomes our painful duty then to state, that at this point a few cheers were given by the Freshmen for their Class. A change of readers, and we prepare our minds for the worst. Carefully do we listen to that grotesque and time-honored procession, from the band to the end, and are filled with much "larfure." After a slight interruption by the Freshmen, who give a few cheers for their Class, the Mock Parts proper proceed. Of course it is impossible to give of these any report in particular. They must be heard from that window, standing among the victims, to be appreciated. The old hits were well applied and the new ones well got up, and all agree that the parts for this year compare favorably with their predecessors. If the object was to show us our weak points in manners, dress, or character, they certainly were successful, as many can testify. After a few cheers by the Freshmen for their Class we separate, some perhaps wiser if not sadder men, for Mock Parts are over.

As for us, we retired to our sanctum and deliberately fell into a deep cogita-

tion. Do Mock Parts effect any good in those to whom they apply? Does it improve us to be told in public what our classmates think are our faults? Do we not find plenty of proofs of their truth, after Parts are read, by noticing those at whom they were aimed? We have not yet entirely settled this matter, though we believe in the custom as an institution which ought to stand. We leave this light of the subject with our metaphysical editor.

THE RANK LIST.

We present, for the use of our readers, the following synopsis of the Annual Rank List, which has recently appeared:—

	Class 1864.	1865.	1866.	Av.	Av. 1861-2.
First half,	73.6	64.7	77.9	72.0	75.4
third,	78.7	69.7	81.6	76.6	80.1
quarter,	81.5	72.7	83.7	79.3	82.4
eighth,	86.0	80.0	87.6	84.5	86.4
sixteenth,	88.3	85.6	90.2	88.0	89.1
Highest,	95.0	92.0	93.0		

ATTENTION, VOLUNTEERS AND CONSCRIPTS!

We are desirous of publishing in the October Number the Roll of Honor. We therefore earnestly request all who know of any changes in it which have taken place within the last year, to give notice of them to either of the Editors. We also propose publishing a list of the drafted men connected with the University. All drafted men are requested to send in answers to the following questions:—

Name? Where drafted? How many times?

Information with regard to the Class of '63 is particularly desired. *Please remember this!*

WHY is a man who has a part at Exhibition lucky if he absents himself? Because he is cutting an honor.

What was the *rationale* of the Irish famine of 1847? A want of rations.

EXCHANGES.—We have received the Yale Literary Magazine, the Beloit College Monthly, and the Williams Quarterly.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.—Orders and Regulations of the Faculty of Harvard College, passed in conformity with the authority given by the Statutes of the University, July, 1863.—Tabular View of the Exercises for the Year 1863-4.—Annual Scale.—My Good for Nothing Brother. A Novel. By Wickliffe Lane. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.



NOTICE.

SUBSCRIBERS living in Cambridge may obtain their numbers at the University Bookstore. Voluntary contributions are solicited, and may be sent through the Post-Office, or handed to either of the Editors :—

I. H. PAGE,	C. 43.
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W. L. RICHARDSON,	H'y 15.
C. W. CLIFFORD,	H. 24.
T. F. BROWNELL,	H. 26.
C. H. TWEED,	C. 39.

Communications by mail may be directed to the "Editors of the Harvard Magazine."

TO CONTRIBUTORS. — For the convenience of both Editors and Printers, contributors are requested to use white letter-paper, to write on one side only, and to indicate their paragraphs distinctly. Contributions may be accompanied by the name of the contributor in a sealed envelope, which will not be opened unless the article be accepted. Anonymous contributions are rejected.

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THE
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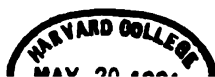
LECTURE I.

SUGGESTIVE AND EXPLANATORY OF SEVERAL THINGS IN GENERAL,
BUT OF NOTHING IN PARTICULAR.

In this age of liberal ideas, it is eminently proper that the lecturer should base his course of instruction on fundamental and general principles, illustrating the subjects he handles by a copious array of facts and inferences therefrom drawn by legitimate and easy processes. All instructors worthy of note have used as illustrations examples drawn from phenomena of the material world, preferring these to the phenomena of mind, for the reason that the majority of mankind more easily understand and apply them to practice. But as man becomes developed intellectually he is constantly growing better able to dispense with material illustrations, and finds pleasure and profit in the examination, contemplation, and comparison of the mental phenomena.

In this course of lectures I propose to adopt a middle course, choosing the facts and the phenomena thereof illustrative from the world of matter and the world of mind, thinking this method most conducive to a full and harmonious development of the understanding.

Diedrich Knickerbocker, when writing a history of New
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York, found it necessary to go back to the creation of the world. Owing to the great increase and diffusion of knowledge since that time, I shall not be under the necessity of taking you back with me to the creation, but only to the division of the world into the Three Kingdoms. The exact date of this division has unfortunately been forgotten, but it is supposed to have been as long ago as — x , the x standing for the unknown number of the year, and not for *ten*, as the spelling-book hath it. In regard to the *minus sign*, I may say it means that in those times so long forgotten the people knew *less* than they do now. It may be worth the while to remark, however, that the exact date is not of much consequence, only in so far as it may be used as an argument to prove that the division above mentioned was really made, the fact of the division having been made, and continuing till the present day, being the important thing. Proceed we now briefly and alphabetically to consider these three kingdoms.

The Animal Kingdom. — First we have the animal kingdom. This comprises all bodies, organizations, or things which have “life, sensation, and voluntary motion.” There are three classes of animals (a generic term including all the members of this kingdom), distinguished respectively by the prominence of one and the latency of the other two characteristics. As examples of the first class of animals, in which life is prominent even to the obscuring of the other two qualities, I may mention Residence in Cambridge; of the second class, in which sensation predominates, I may mention Humbugs, Hoaxes, and especially War-Bulletins; of the third class I think Science, whose rapid strides within a few generations are well known to all, is pre-eminently and unquestionably the best example. Should any of my hearers be sceptical, and inquire if the motion of Science is voluntary, I shall simply inquire if an act of volition is not implied as essential to the mode of locomotion known as striding, and ask if any one can deny that this is the mode in which Science has advanced. We come next to the

Mineral Kingdom. — This kingdom comprises those “natural productions formed by the action of chemical affinities, and organized, when becoming solid, by the powers of crystallization.” Here we have two classes, consisting, 1°, of those natural chemical productions which become solid and crystallize, and, 2°, of those natural chemical productions which, though more or less hard, are not crystallized, but which probably would crystallize if they became hard enough. The Philosopher’s Stone is at once an example of both these classes. Being aware that specimens of this mineral are rare, — so rare, indeed, that neither you nor I nor anybody else has ever seen one well authenticated, — I will spend a few moments in the attempt to establish the following propositions, which have never been laid before the scientific world, much less proved and established, and consequently never refuted.

PROPOSITION I. *The Philosopher’s Stone is a Crystal.*

Waiving for the present the consideration of the question whether this stone is a “natural production formed by the action of chemical affinities,” I will attempt to prove that the Philosopher’s Stone is a crystal. And first, all crystals are hard, some being harder than others; there is, then, a scale of hardness; the hardest thing known is the diamond, and the diamond is a crystal; is it not fair to assume, are we not necessarily compelled by the very laws of thought to believe, that anything which is harder than the hardest substance known (that known substance being a crystal) is also a crystal? But the Philosopher’s Stone is myriads of times harder [to find] than ever the great Koh-i-nor itself. Is it not, then, a crystal? A crystal, and nothing else. We come next to

PROPOSITION II. *The Philosopher’s Stone would crystallize if it were hard enough.*

In demonstrating the first proposition I used the word crystal in a potential sense, as that which may be, if not actually now, existing. If the crystal in question *actually*

existed, it must have been found long before this, for many things, in fact all things, that have been found, have been discovered after much less search than has been devoted to this. Now although this crystal be harder than the diamond, as all admit, it does not follow that the former is crystallized although the latter is. For *hard* is a relative term, and what is hard to be seen is oftentimes easy to be comprehended by the other senses, as, for instance, a cushion in a dark room, and what is hard tack to a man without teeth is very easy or soft tack to a man with teeth, and in the same way the stones, in the fable, were very hard to the frogs, but very pleasant to the boys; now if, as we have seen, the same *body* can be hard and soft at the same time, according to the point from which it is viewed, may not the *abstract principle of hardness* requisite to crystallization be greater in the Philosopher's Stone than in the diamond? I see no reason why it may not. If this be admitted, the second proposition follows as a corollary from the first, the only necessity for it arising from the fact, that, if the mineral under consideration *actually* existed, it must have been found before this time.

We now can inquire whether this potential crystal is a natural production, formed by the action of chemical affinities.

I have already shown that the stone exists in showing that it is a crystal, for a crystal is nothing but a definite form of existence. Since, then, a stone possessing the power of turning the baser metals into gold exists, what more *natural* than that men should strive long and earnestly to produce it? and, appealing to the consciousness and common sense of mankind, I ask in what other way than by the action of chemical affinities could it be produced. But it exists, therefore it may be produced, and as it can be produced in no other way, it must be by the action of chemical affinities.

Next, and last, but by no means least, is the

Vegetable Kingdom. — This, according to Webster, is the kingdom consisting of plants; and plants are defined as being “organized bodies destitute of sense and voluntary motion,

deriving their nourishment through pores on their outer surfaces or vessels, in most instances adhering to some other body, as the earth, and in general propagating themselves by seeds." You will see at a glance that there may be an endless variety of vegetables, and in this case what *may be actually is*, and as this lecture is limited both in space and time, I am unable to attempt a classification. I shall call your attention only to one class of vegetables, the first and highest class, namely, trees, at the head of which we find the Tree of Knowledge.

This tree, rooted fast in the mind, when once its growth has fairly commenced, smiles defiantly on any who attempt its destruction, and, figuratively speaking, climbs up itself, beyond the reach of the illiterate woodmen who would cut it down. This tree, also, is incapable of being deprived of a branch or limb or twig or leaflet that it has once put forth; the only thing that can be gathered from it is fruit. The quality of the fruit will depend greatly on the kind of soil, and the cultivation and fertilization of the same. Any cultivation, fertilization, or stimulation of the intellect or mind will be shown in the fruits of the tree of knowledge, which, as already stated, has its roots, whether square, cube, rational, irrational, equal, imaginary, or transcendental, in the mind. I will here digress from the train of thought I was about to enter on to consider the dogma,

"A little *learning* is a dangerous thing,"

substituting, for convenience' sake, the word knowledge for learning, which I may justly do, since learning is only acquiring knowledge, or, by transposition, knowledge acquiring; in this form we must either supply an object for the participle, or omit the participle entirely; as before, for convenience' sake, we omit the participle, and the dogma reads

"A little *knowledge* is a dangerous thing."

Without stating or implying any personal belief in the above monostich, I may remark, that, if it expresses the truth,

the *minimum salutare*, or perhaps more properly the *minimum non damnosum*, of knowledge, differs greatly with the kind of knowledge, if we may appeal to the authority of philosophers and statesmen, particularly the statesmen, and still more particularly the prominent statesmen of the Southern States, who hold that a little knowledge of the Constitution would be advantageous to their Northern brethren, while the possession of a little knowledge by slaves would tend to the overthrow of the whole country. A little knowledge of guns and powder is supposed by some philosophers to be very dangerous, except the former be wooden and the latter be tooth-powder.

But although certain opinions are held by philosophers, it by no means follows that those opinions are right; for different Doctors of Philosophy sometimes hold different opinions: which party are right I shall not attempt to decide, for I am not that "who" which the proverb says "shall decide when doctors disagree"; yet that one, or sometimes both, must be wrong, is a matter too clear to require any argument. The case presents a new phase when there is only one party, which, by the way, is seldom the case.

Some philosophers have even rejected the doctrine of "Pre-established Harmony," which may be defined as the eternal fitness of things, in accordance with which the soul and body, though exerting no influence on each other, work on in unison, having been constructed and put together like the two shells of an oyster or other bivalve. Some, I say, have rejected this doctrine, although it is the only one that can account for the St. Vitus' dance. If we accept this doctrine, the phenomena of that peculiar and interesting disease are satisfactorily explained, it only being necessary to suppose that the soul and body are not perfectly adapted to each other, which assumption is very small compared with some that must be necessarily made in the investigation of mental phenomena.

There has been endless controversy as to whether Demos-

thenes studied for rank while at college, one party maintaining that, as he ranks high among orators both ancient and modern, and in all probability would have taken the Boylston Prize for declamation if he had been there, it is fair to assume that he dug *for* rank. The other party agree with the former in all but the assumption, but rest their proof that he despised rank on the fact that he dug *away from* the same at the debate near Chæroneæ, or some other place, where the comparative merits of the Grecian and Barbarian armies were discussed, and the decision given in favor of the Barbarians. There is still a third, or eclectic school of philosophers, who, rejecting parts of both the preceding theories, retain a part of each, and their doctrine is, that Demosthenes while in college respected rank, and stood high, as is proved by the fact that his *part* at the *commencement* of his career was that of an orator, that is, an oration, but that when he became more mature, and was drawn up in hostile array against the enemy, he despised even the first (that is, the front) rank, and left the field in extreme disgust. This last theory is a compromise between the first two, and as such of course greatly displeases the extremists on both sides; nevertheless, I am inclined to think that the doctrine of the Eclectics in this particular case is nearest the truth.

Sir Isaac Newton was a very wise and learned man, a tolerably fair mathematician withal; but when he took up the theory of light, he gave it particular "*fits*"; there was some reason for this, however, because in no other way could the theory be made to fit the facts. Sir Isaac argued in this manner: "We see an animal, — the animal has a body, else it might be all legs; we see a man, — the man has a body, else he might be all head; we see a carriage, — the carriage has a body, else it might be all wheels; we see a glass of ale, — the ale has a body, else it would be pure (poor?) spirit; hence, by induction, whatever can be seen must have a body; but light can be seen, *ergo* light has a body." This induction was too hasty. Can a ghost be seen? Undoubtedly. But has the ghost a body? No, else it is no longer a ghost.

But Sir Isaac was not content to rest when he had come to the conclusion that light had a body. He examined some light through a glass, and found it had a plurality of bodies. Taking additional glasses, each one having a tendency to make him see double, he found the number of bodies increased in a geometric ratio, and of course the size of each body diminished as the whole number of bodies increased, hence he soon got an infinite number of infinitely small bodies (*corpus, corpuscula*), and called the theory the *Corpuscular Theory of Light*.

Here I must leave the discussion of this theory, as it would take an extra course of lectures to consider it fairly and completely. It is, as I have already stated, in the application of the theory to optical phenomena that it is found necessary to throw the corpuscles into fits.

But meantime another philosopher dropped a stone into the great ocean of light, and a series of undulations were set in motion, which, small at first, have gained strength by progress, and the *Undulatory Theory of Light* is now almost universally adopted as being the true one.

In order to pursue philosophical researches with success, there must be some sure foundation from which to start. Let me illustrate this by an example or two.

When Kossuth visited this country some years since, he produced a great sensation. Now, owing to the fact that "sensation" is ambiguous, meaning several things, it was for a long time a matter of unsuccessful inquiry as to what this sensation was. The stubborn fact that a sensation existed was undeniable, but no man was found who could elucidate, or explain, or even make a tolerable conjecture as to what it was. Time passed on, and the affair was to all appearances forgotten. One went to his farm, another to his merchandise, and Kossuth went home and to prison. Only recently has the truth been found. A philosopher, as yet unknown to the world, having learned that a *sensation* is anything *felt*, that its very essence consists in being felt, examined the pages

of history to see what there was that was felt about the time of the Hungarian exile's stay in this country ; the result was a hat, bearing the name of the illustrious stranger, some specimens of which are still to be seen in the towns far removed from the great cities. The great enigma is solved, but the *Œdipus* is as yet unsung. Justly do I call him *Œdipus*, which, being interpreted, means the one with swollen feet, for the pursuit of truth has been over a rough, ragged, rocky way.

I had intended to speak at some length on the political relations of the Three Kingdoms, but the time will only allow me to say that Science, the *Sisyphus* of our day, has toiled and toiled in vain to roll the *Philosopher's Stone* to the top of the hill, on which stands, in all its beauty and majesty, the *Tree of Knowledge*. Many and many a time has the stone been so nearly up, that it seemed as if the next turn would bring it within the reach of all who frequent that lofty, shady retreat, but as often has the next turn precipitated it again to the bottom. But our modern *Sisyphus* is not weakened nor discouraged ; on the contrary, he is continually improving both in strength and spirits, so we have good reason to hope that ere long we may see the great desideratum accomplished, the Three Kingdoms inseparably united, Science sitting at ease on the *Philosopher's Stone* beneath the wide-spreading, hospitable branches of the *Tree of Knowledge*.

AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

HORACE, *Ep.* I. iv.

ALBIUS, of my satires judged most true,
Pray what pursuits are now delighting you,
Remote from Rome, in Pedum's cool retreat?
Say, do you loose your heart in verses sweet,
Striving to conquer Parma's bard so quaint,
Cassius, who moves us with his sad complaint?
Or art thou sauntering in some healthful wood,
In silent thought on what is wise and good?
Thou wert not a mere form without a mind,
Created so by Nature; but, more kind,
She gave thee beauty, riches; and has blest
Thee in the gift of enjoying what is best.
For what boon greater can the fond nurse pray,
Whose love for her dear charge is every day
Increasing, than that he may have, like you,
Wisdom and words to speak what he thinks true;
Find favor with the great; and gain renown;
Nor be by sickness and disease cast down;
Whose table may be neither rich nor plain;
Whose purse may be too full to care for gain?
'Midst hopes and cares and fears and anger's sway,
Believe that with each sun comes your last day:
Then if thereto be added *one* hour fleet,
'T will seem, since unexpected, doubly sweet.
If you would laugh, come see me fat and fair, —
Our Epicurus hates the name of care.

ESSAY ON PUNNING.

"To pun I will essay." — OLD PLAY.

THE pun, which until lately has remained in the condition of a weak and struggling plantlet, has within the last few years grown largely, and spread wide its branches, and become one of the peculiar institutions of our favored land. *Vanity Fair*,* while she lived, (alas poor *Vanity*! thou art now truly nothingness) upheld and advanced the pun with her light columns, and in Boston, that light of the world, a Yankee conceived the notion of opening an Asylum for Aged and Decayed Punsters, where they could find homes, where they might lay down their aged bones and their old puns together. Some men have had the boldness to assert that what the old times lost in the poverty of puns we lose in their poorness; but this is plainly malice, whether aforethought or afterthought I leave the reader to judge.

No natural history of Harvard students would be complete without an account of the punster species. As children have to pass through the measles, so almost all Freshmen are early attacked with the punning fever. The outward sign of this is at first a flush on the cheek, followed by a slight and gradually widening grin, indicating that the crisis is passed, and the pun pronounced. Any person who, when in company with a Freshman, sees these signs, even if, as often happens, his mental powers are unable to discern the pun, should laugh from kindness. The attack is often very severe on Freshmen. It sometimes makes them maudlin. No word is safe in their hearing, but the commonest and most harmless word is liable to the most outrageous hacking and torturing. The cause of this cruelty to words in this proverbially mild

* By the way, how often *Vanity* is fair. We would refer dullards to the Shakespearian translation with a variation, — "*Mademoiselle Vanité, votre nomme est femme.*" Rather unfair on the sex perhaps; but all's fair in punning, you know.

class may be found in the law of contrast. The other day, as I was taking a walk, I saw a Freshman acquaintance. Ah, thought I, here's a chance to investigate the position of Freshmen in regard to the pun; and I resolved to fish him with good punable words, to see if he would bite. I approached him gently (while excogitating some proper words) with the language handed down to us from our revered ancestors, and rendered almost sacred by antiquity. "Is n't this fine weather?" said I. "Whether it be so or no is not for a Freshman to decide before a Senior," he replied, bowing with the grace of a courtier to a monarch. I returned the bow with the kindly dignity of a monarch. Here, I thought, is no need of angling. "However," he remarked, "this has been a plaguy fine day for me." As he said this a delicate blush suffused his cheek, and he looked at me out of the corners of his eyes. He must have got off another pun, thought I, and said, "Ah, why so?" "O, I had to pay a fine to-day for not being at the boat-club meeting last night." "It has been fine weather through the month," said, I continuing the above-mentioned time-honored course of remarks. "Through the month?" said he, "thru." This was almost too much, but remembering that he was a Freshman, I patted him kindly on the back, and smiled. The man went on in this way, till I was constrained to laugh at the very absurdity of the thing. He took my laughing as a compliment, and continued to make puns more and more atrocious till I left him.

When the Freshman chrysalis bursts, and the gaudy moth of the Sophomore flies forth, punning is, with all other reminders of his earlier state, discarded. But when the effervescence of the Soph subsides a little, the boldest of them — those brave enough to disregard the imputation of doing anything which Freshmen do — pun with moderation. When the Soph changes into the Junior, when it becomes the fashion to despise alike Freshmen and Sophomore characteristics, and to try to look with a philosophic eye on men and things,

even the timid occasionally venture on a pun, and punning is regarded in its true light.

Punning does not show a very high kind of wit, but yet a good pun is a pleasant tickler of the fancy, and not to be despised. As most of us are not bowed to the dust by gold, we are thankful for the common ale within our purses' reach, though there are finer drinks; so, as most of us are not overburdened with wits or brains, we ought not to feel contempt for puns, but should take enjoyment in them. Puns ought to be very good or very bad. Flats are to be avoided. The pun should be thrown off with nonchalance; for labored wit is like heavy lightness, a contradiction in terms. Artemas Ward, too, has set us a good example; and, unless you are in company with particularly bright and wide-awake people, who catch fire at the least spark, it is well enough to inform the company that you have, or are going to, perpetrate a joke. There is a popular prejudice against repeating a pun. This is narrow, and shows egotism, for the object of the pun is to please, and not to display one's wit. A pun, new to others, is as pleasant to them as if it were new to you. By repetition, too, its sharp edges are worn off, and the punster acquires grace in its delivery.

There is one use of the pun which I have never seen touched upon, and that is, its importance in that branch of psychological science called the association of ideas. The under part of the undergraduates may not be aware that there is such a part of philosophy, and I take this means of informing them of its existence. What it is its name suggests. To take an example: A few days ago, I was talking with our mutual friend Robinson (I think you know him, reader), and happened to remark, "I say, Robinson, what sort of a fellow is Billy Jones?" "Rather lazy, but a very able fellow." "Is he, indeed," said I; "by the way, how do you suppose dog tastes?" "Dog tastes?" "Yes, dog tastes." "I'm sure I can't imagine. What a curious question!" "Well, it is rather curious, when you think of it, but it came

up naturally to my mind, and I out with it. The fact is, you suggested it." "I suggested it?" asked R. "Why, yes. You said that Jones was an able fellow. Able suggested Abel. Abel, Cain. Cain, a cane. A cane is but a stick. Stick brought sticking-plaster and sticking with a knife into my mind. My mind immediately clapt the plaster upon the stab, and produced a cure. Cure then suggested curé. Curé, curate, and curate led me to think of the popular proverb, 'Dog eat dog,' when my curiosity was excited to know what sort of a meal these mutually dinner-giving dogs had of it, when they indulged in this pastime." This is but one example of a very curious class of mental phenomena. The versatility of many fantastical writers may have had its origin in part in a habit of mental punning.

There is one word more to say. The number of words in the English language is limited. At a very moderate calculation, at the present rate of consumption, it will not be more than four or five centuries before the whole language will be punned up, if I may use such an expression. Should the fears of the Malthusians be realized, and the supply of coal also become exhausted, and everybody be obliged to starve and freeze to death at the same time, just think what an aggravation of the evil it would be, that a man could not even make a pun on his misfortunes. All public-spirited punsters, therefore, should be moderate in the use of their powers, lest posterity should be deprived of the pleasure and even of the power of making a new pun.

GONE BEFORE.

Musing while the shades of evening
Drape the sunny scenes of day,
And familiar forms and faces
Dimly melt and fade away,
Calm and peaceful comes the feeling,
Stealing all our spirits o'er,
That, when lonely, we 're surrounded
By the loved ones gone before.

As we think of those whose journey
Seemed on earth a part of ours,
Called from all their weary longing
To the rest of sacred bowers ;
And in quiet retrospection
We look back to days of yore,
Sweetly soothing comes the music
Of the loved ones gone before.

Kind and sympathizing voices,
Which no others e'er can hear,
Whisper words of calm contentment
In each burdened spirit's ear,
Making every sorrow lighter
As they gently, gently pour
Into every wound the comfort
From the loved ones gone before.

When we faint beneath life's burden,
When we sink beneath its tide,
Fond relieving arms are round us,
Loving forms are by our side,
Telling all the storms and crosses,
All the glorious victories o'er,
That were suffered and acquired
By the loved ones gone before.

Sorrow turns to resignation,
Sadness wears a brighter hue,
When we feel we 're only learning
What their blessed spirits knew ;
That we 're passing through the trials
Which on earth they meekly bore,
Who have reaped the glad fruition
Of the loved ones gone before.

When we, weary of the journey,
Seek a thornless, flowery path,
Drinking from forbidden fountains,
Filling full the cups of wrath,
Mournful chiding voices greet us
As we seem to hear once more
All the oft-repeated warnings
Of the loved ones gone before.

When with hope we struggle onward,
Ever striving hard to rise
On the bosom of the billow
That can bear us to the skies,
Angel forms of love and beauty,
Standing on the farther shore,
Take us gently up and bear us
Toward the loved ones gone before.

When the pure and spotless spirits
Which we 've known and fondly loved
Quit their earthly house of bondage
And in freedom mount above,
Then we seem to hear in rapture
Angel pinions as they soar
Through the portals to the city
Of the loved ones gone before.

When this life's short voyage is over,
And we 've passed beyond this sea,
Shall these pearly gates be opened
For the home of you and me ?

Shall we join the ones who 've left us,
 Ne'er to part forevermore,
 But to live and love and worship
 With the loved ones gone before ?

Yes, we have the fond assurance
 Of a Father that we may,
 And he 's sent our elder brother
 Who has pointed out the way,
 Telling us the joys celestial
 That await us there, in store
 For ourselves and for the spirits
 Of the loved ones gone before.

BOOTH'S HAMLET.

I COULD not resist the temptation on Tuesday evening, October 27, of going with some classmates to see Edwin Booth in Hamlet, for I am an ardent admirer of all of Shakespeare's plays in general, and that of Hamlet in particular, and regard Edwin Booth as the best living representative of the noble Dane. Moreover, I remembered 'seeing him in this character about a year ago, when he gave what was to me the finest representation I had ever seen, and what Booth himself declared that he considered his best performance. The three great passages of the first act, the first soliloquy, beginning,

" O that this too, too solid flesh would melt ! "

the address to the ghost,

" Angels and ministers of grace, defend us ! "

(which, with the curse in Richelieu, is the most powerful passage I ever saw upon the stage,) and the whole of the scene with the ghost were all rendered admirably. Great credit is due Mr. Whalley for the able manner in which he performed the difficult *rôle* of the ghost. The only criticism to be made

is with regard to his pronunciation of sibilants, where, in place of a clear hissing sound, he approaches the broader sound of *sh*. This is an important defect, especially in this particular part, such passages as

“List, list, O list !”

requiring a very clear and distinct enunciation. I noticed two or three changes in the way in which Booth acted certain parts of the play, from his last performance in Boston, which I desire to mention. In the first scene with Horatio, where Horatio tells of the appearance of the ghost, instead of leaning on Horatio's shoulder, he stood off by himself. This change allowed him a freer scope for gestures, and on the whole was more powerful. The one gives an animated and lively wonder and amazement, the other a subdued and reverential eagerness to hear. One of the best points of this scene is the look of wonder which he throws upon Marcellus and Bernardo, as wishing to see the men who had themselves seen the strange apparition. The address to the ghost was rendered, I think, in an exactly similar manner as before. And well it may be, for, if it is possible to select from so much that is so near perfect, it is the best passage of the play. Wonder and amazement, terror and trust, doubt and reverence, all follow each other in quick succession, and are pictured in the most powerful manner. The joy at seeing his father again, mingled with the uncertainty of the character of the apparition, produces a state of mind of unparalleled interest and excitement, and when rendered by this prince of actors, you forget all the outward show and deceits of the stage, and see alone this injured, sorrowing, indignant, loving son brought face to face with his dead father, “the duty to which his sorrow bowed.” Of the last scene with the ghost there is little to be said; it was all excellent. The finest points, perhaps, were, when overcome with reverence he drops his sword and falls upon his knees at the words of the ghost, “I am thy father's spirit,” and the way in which he utters those two words,

"Remember thee?" so full of pity, of love, and of obedience. Booth's way of rendering the passage,

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy,"

where he lays the emphasis upon *dreamt of*, instead of expressing with a sneering tone the words *your philosophy*, as is done by some eminent actors and readers, seems to me by far the more proper. Horatio was a fellow-student, and his philosophy was also Hamlet's. Is it likely that Hamlet, an educated man, would sneer at the best learning of the day? All that he means is, that philosophy is yet in its infancy, and that new discoveries yet "undreamt of," will be made in the realm of knowledge; referring, of course, in particular to the fact that philosophy had been unable to detect this "most foul, strange, and unnatural" murder of a *king* by his brother, both public men, the results of which were of such interest to the welfare of the whole nation.

Your philosophy is simply *our* philosophy, philosophy in general, books, learning. There is only one other passage in the first act which I would touch upon, and that is the advice of Polonius to Laertes, beginning,

"And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character."

The actor who took the part of Polonius in this passage, as throughout the play, appeared to be either careless, or else acting under what I should consider an erroneous conception of his part. There was a lack of gravity and slow, methodical movement, which seem essential to a proper representation of this old fool, who thinks that all the wisdom of the world is centred in his empty head. The various rules of conduct should be read so slow and measuredly as to be almost prosy, not "trippingly on the tongue," as a man of forty would address his son. The advice is excellent, much beyond what we should expect from Polonius, as we see him in other parts of the play, especially where Hamlet fools him

with regard to the shape of the cloud. But still he is a weak, foolish old man, and probably would not have stood much of a chance for a Boylston. Any attempt at oratorical delivery in this passage is out of place. These faults were somewhat modified in the beginning of the next act, where Polonius, after a long introduction, reads to the king and queen Hamlet's letter to Ophelia. The second act ran along very smoothly, the whole of the fooling of Polonius and the scene with the players being excellent. At the close of the act is the following sentence :

" The play 's the thing
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king."

I noticed that Booth here, in the same manner as his brother, prolonged the last syllable of *conscience*, for what reason it is hard to imagine. He is, in general, so free from stage strides, and all such defects, that this pronunciation, which is evidently wrong, surprised me. It is almost the only place in which his acting seemed to me to deserve criticism.

The famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," was very powerfully rendered. He has changed his manner of acting it materially. Instead of going slowly up and leaning over the back of the chair, he is first brought to a realizing sense of where he is by stubbing his toe against the foot of the chair, and then drops down into it as though he were a dead weight. The stubbing of his toe is a very neat and effective way of expressing that perfect unconsciousness of the outward world which is so prominent a characteristic of this soliloquy. Wrapped in thought he does not even notice the position of the furniture of the room, and he drops into the chair as though there was no connection between his brain, which is the only *active* part of his being, and his body. The whole of the passage was rather more animated than when I saw him before, in this resembling it more as played by his brother. Then followed that great scene, where, having noticed the king and Polonius concealed behind the arras,

he feigns that boisterous and impetuous madness, as though the presence of Ophelia excited him. Ophelia believes him mad, Polonius thinks

“The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love”;

while the king, rendered watchful and suspicious by his guilt, thinks

“There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood.”

These various interpretations can easily be gathered from Booth's representation, and one can readily perceive how all the hearers, influenced by different interests, fit their explanations to their preconceived ideas rather than form their judgment from the scene which they have witnessed.

The advice to the players at the beginning of the next scene was rendered standing instead of sitting. The standing position makes the advice appear much more impromptu and far less studied, and for that reason is much the more preferable. It is a very hard passage, and requires great pains and labor, both of which Booth has evidently spent upon it. The description of a friend to Horatio, whom Hamlet says

“I will wear
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,”

was not rendered with that earnestness which belongs to it. Something seemed to distract the actor's attention, for he cast a look behind the scenes, thus separating Booth from Hamlet. Any act by which a player brings himself before the audience as himself, and not in his part, lessens more than half the effect of the scene, and in an actor like Booth is inexcusable. I remember seeing Davenport in the play scene draw himself across from his seat by Ophelia to the feet of the king, constantly keeping his eyes upon the king's face. Whether it is natural or not I will not attempt to discuss, save mentioning the thought that Hamlet, thus springing his mouse-trap, probably has little thought of what he does; but, how-

ever the question of propriety might be settled, it was certainly very powerful. I remember the sentence, "That's wormword," (or, as I think he read it, "That's gall,") fixed itself in my memory so strongly that the whole scene is as vivid to me now as though it was before me. But Booth has no equal in his expression of joy after the king has fled. He seems almost beside himself. The ghost is proved to be an honest ghost, and he feels sure that his uncle is the murderer of his father. Now he will seek his revenge, and that obtained, his father's spirit shall rest in peace.

The scene where Hamlet determines not to take the king's life while at his prayers, which is usually omitted, was played with a good deal of effect. The king, though not at all wonderful, was better than the average, and his soliloquy,

"My offence is rank,"

was fairly rendered. The speech of Hamlet is argumentative, and it sends a cold chill over the spectator, to see a devoted son judging whether he could be revenged if he should kill the king *at his prayers*, and give him a chance for heaven. It is poor policy to omit the scene.

I had meant to speak of the scene with his mother, that at the grave (where Scallan played the grave-digger as well as I ever saw it done), and the duel, but I have already prolonged this article beyond its reasonable limits, and must defer that pleasure till a future number.

CLOUD-CHORUS FROM ARISTOPHANES.

"CLOUDS," VERSES 275 - 313.

SISTER clouds, forever floating,
Dewy-shadowed, sun-resplendent,
Let us rise
From the bosom of our father,
From the loud-resounding ocean,

And sublime from lofty mountains,
Whose tree-clothed and shaggy summits
Pierce the skies,
O'er the sacred earth beneath
Let us look ;
O'er the rush of sacred streams ;
For the eye that never slumbers
In the pure, translucent ether,
Shines in its own golden beams.
Shaking off the shadowy garment
Of immortal forms divine,
Out with grand and stately motion,
O'er the earth and Father Ocean
Walk we with a step sublime.

.
Virgin-bearers of the showers,
Seek we now the mother-earth
In the sacred land of Pallas,
Watching o'er the God-loved nation,
Demigods and spotless heroes,
Who from Cecrops have their birth, —
Where the glory past expression
Of the worship and the shrine,
Clothed itself in mystic beauty
From the early dawn of time ;
Where the marble-golden statues
Of the heaven-dwellers shine ;
Where are lofty-pillared temples
Raised to heaven by art divine.
There the victims, crowned with garlands,
'Mid the circling dancers stand,
Votive gifts to Zeus the mighty,
Waiting sacrificial hand.
There in spring to Dionysus
Chorus-bands of singers throng,
And their voices with the flute-notes
Mingle in melodious song.

THE FIRST SCHOOL AT NEWTOWNE.

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

In the spirit of our forefathers, we have to admire, not only the firm resolve and patient endurance exhibited in all their acts, but also the nobleness of their natures and their determination to suffer all things, rather than surrender their freedom of conscience. Driven from the land of their birth by the worst of tyrants,—religious persecution,—they braved the perils of the deep, to establish themselves in a new home, where freedom of thought and speech might be cultivated with impunity. Some have charged them with an insensibility and stubbornness unworthy a civilized being, but all these are without foundation. Their very acts cry out against such accusations. The serpent by day and the savage Indian by night made their life here one of torment and sorrow, but they knew that in suffering strength was to be gained, and they struggled on.

A few short years had passed since first they had set foot upon this rock-bound coast, and yet they held possession of a narrow strip of soil, some forty or fifty miles in length, and from six to seven in breadth. Upon this towns—if they may be called such—were springing up, and progress was visible on every hand. The Pilgrim fathers, then, had scarcely prepared a place to live in the wilderness to which they fled from the persecutions of the Old World, when they turned their attention to the mental improvement of their posterity. Education, they knew from experience, was necessary to make good citizens and wise rulers. The writings of those times prove that such a spirit pervaded all their acts, for one of their number, writing in 1643, says: "After God had carried us safe to New England, and we had builded our houses, one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity." They determined to found a school of learning,

and with what success, the present plainly tells. They felt that at first much would depend upon private liberality, but still they sought to connect the institution by indissoluble ties to the Colonial government. This end was accomplished, so that at the present time the College forms almost a part of the State government, being under the general charge of a Board of Overseers of which the Governor is the presiding officer. The interests of Massachusetts and Harvard College are common in many respects, and they must remain so forever.

In the autumn of 1686, only six years after the first settlement of Boston, the General Court voted £400 towards the erection of a public "school or college," of which the following is the simple record: "The Court agree to give Four Hundred Pounds towards a school or college, whereof Two Hundred Pounds shall be paid the next year, and Two Hundred Pounds when the work is finished, and the next Court to appoint where and what building." The next year the General Court appointed twelve of the most distinguished men in the Colony "to take order for a college at Newtowne." On this list we find the names of those dearest to the colonists, not alone on account of their private sufferings and virtues, but for that manly public spirit everywhere exhibited by them. Of the clergy, Cotton and Shepard; of the laity, Stoughton and Dudley; and, above all, Winthrop, the good genius of the Colony. Newtowne was settled in 1631, and received its name from the fact that it was founded for the purpose of defence more than anything else,—a sort of fort into which the colonists could take refuge from any sudden attack of Indians,—a new town. In fact, at first it was intended by the Governor to be the metropolis of the colony, and Winthrop himself began to build his mansion here, but for some unknown reason he abandoned this design. It was at first entirely surrounded with a palisade, except on the river side. On the records of the General Court, in 1688, we find the following: "It is ordered that Newtowne shall hence-

forward be called Cambridge," in compliment to the place in the mother country, where so many of the civil and clerical New England fathers had been educated.

In the same year, John Harvard, a dissenting clergyman of England, resident at Charlestown, died, and bequeathed his entire library and one half of his whole property to the institution then in contemplation. The library consisted of three hundred and twenty volumes, of which only one still remains in the College Library. John Harvard was educated at Emmanuel College, in the University of Cambridge in England. After receiving a degree of Master of Arts, he came over to America, and soon after died, as above stated. In honor of the generous giver, the General Court, in 1638, ordered, "that the College agreed upon formerly to be built at Cambridge shall be called Harvard College." A worthy tribute to a worthy man. A monument, the gift of graduates, was erected in 1828 on the banks of Charles River in Charlestown, in the burying-ground where John Harvard's remains were supposed to rest. The exact locality is unknown.

*"Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi!"*

The example of Harvard was followed by others, all giving what they could afford, from a "quantity of cotton cloth, worth nine shillings, to a sugar-spoon and silver-tipt jug," &c., &c. But all these seemingly insignificant bequests assisted to carry on the great undertaking. In 1638 the regular course of academic studies seems to have commenced; and degrees were conferred four years afterwards.

The first person who had charge of the "school" was Nathaniel Eaton, to whose care was intrusted, not only the education of the students, but also a general charge of the donations, buildings, &c. His talents may have fitted him for the duties of teacher, but in more than one respect he was unfit to hold his office. Among other things, he was accused of beating his usher, Nathaniel Briscoe, and "that in a

most barbarous manner." The General Court soon turned him out of office; he returned not long afterward to England, and in a few years paid the debt of nature in the debtor's prison. Mr. Eaton was called *Master*, or *Professor*. In 1640 Henry Dunster, recently arrived from England, was placed over the institution, with the title of *President*. In the early history of the College, the salary of the President consisted chiefly of the receipts from the ferry between Charlestown and Boston,—there being at that time no bridge leading from Boston in any direction,—which in 1640 was granted by the General Court to the College for that purpose. Another interesting fact in the infancy of our University was the establishment of the first printing-press, north of Mexico, in Cambridge, which for many years was the only one in British America. It was an appendage of Harvard College; and for many years the control of the press was in the hands of the President of the College. The first work which issued from the American press was "The Freeman's Oath," the next was Peirce's "Almanack," and the next, "The Psalms newly turned into Metre." The last was published in 1640, and a copy of it still remains in the College Library.

In the year 1642, an act establishing the overseers of Harvard College was passed by the General Court. They consisted of the Governor, Deputy-Governor, Magistrates of the Jurisdiction, and the Teaching Elders of the six adjoining towns. This body was found too large to have immediate direction, and in 1650 the College was made a corporation consisting of the President, five Fellows, and a Treasurer or Burser, to be called by the name of President and Fellows of Harvard College. At the first "meeting of the governors of the College" in 1643 a College seal was adopted, having, as at present, three open books on a shield, bearing the motto "*Veritas*." Soon after, from some religious controversy, the motto was changed to "*In Christi gloriam*." About the time of the Presidency of Increase Mather the motto now in use was adopted, "*Christo et Ecclesiae*." No authority for

either of these mottoes exists in any College record. The first Commencement took place on the second Tuesday of August, 1642. "The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on nine young gentlemen, who were the first to receive the honors of a college in British America." The second President was the Rev. Charles Chauncy, who was inaugurated in 1654. It was under this President that "the only Indian, who ever passed through the four years of college life, took his degree." A building was erected in 1665, at the expense of between £300 and £400, to accommodate Indian students. The site of this building was probably a few rods in front of the present new dormitory. But only one Indian ever graduated, and he died of consumption soon after. He bore the euphonious name of "Caleb Cheeshahteumuck Indus!" So says the College Catalogue of that time. He might well say, "*What's in a name?*" After that the Indian college ceased to be used for the purpose for which it was built, the printing-press was moved into it. Eliot's Indian Bible was printed in the year 1663. President Chauncy died Feb. 19, 1671-2, having held the office for seventeen years, during which time the College made great progress.

Thus far the Presidents had been graduates of the English Universities. The next candidate was a graduate of Harvard College, Leonard Hoar, M. D. After receiving his degree he returned to the mother country, where he resided until after the restoration of Charles the Second, when he was ejected with some two thousand others for non-conformity. He then came to this country, and in 1672 was made President over his own *Alma Mater*. Since that time the office has always been filled from the list of graduates. But for some unknown reason President Hoar was extremely unpopular. Cotton Mather says, "*The young Plants turn endweeds and . . . set themselves to travestie whatever he did and said, . . . with a design to make him odious.*" History tells us that they were successful; but such a course of proceeding is hardly compatible with our ideas of the Puritan youth of the seventeenth

century. In his short term of office, four of the Fellows resigned, and during three years, only seven persons received the degree of Bachelor of Arts; the excitement at last arose to such a height that Dr. Hoar resigned his office, in 1675. He did not survive this event long. His unpopularity extended outside the College walls, so that, in 1674, the General Court passed the following extraordinary vote: "That if the College be found in the same languishing condition at the next session, the President is concluded to be dismissed without further hearing." Rev. Urian Oakes succeeded President Hoar, but he died the year following his inauguration very suddenly. It was during his term of office that the first Harvard Hall was finished. About the same time also a legacy of £1,000 sterling was bequeathed by Sir Matthew Holworthy of England; in honor of whom a "large brick edifice" was erected one hundred and thirty years afterward, and named Holworthy Hall. President Oakes graduated at Harvard College in 1649.

OCTOBER.

O OCTOBER ! fair October !
The month of all the year ;
November's cold and frosty hand
Shall deck thy autumn bier.
The harvest gleaned shall tell us all
That we too pass away,
That those who reach the happy home
Here wait and watch and pray.

The many-colored landscape scene,
Stretched far and wide around,
Portray to mortals beauties
That in nature do abound.

O'er distant hill and forest deep
The change creeps slowly on,
As stars before the god of day
Each vanish one by one.

October ! fair October !
Death-bed of the flowers :
With thee God's floral poetry ends,
And Heaven weeps in showers.
The foliage turned, the withered leaf
Now fallen to the earth,
The evening's chill, all bid us seek
The cheerful, blazing hearth.

On thy fair bosom, River Charles,
That winds so placid by
The shades of Auburn, sad and still,
Beneath a mellow sky,
In the autumn-time I love to sail,
And on my oars I rest,
As Phœbus' car sinks slowly down
Far in the golden west !

O October ! fair October !
Many a pleasant day,
In thy balmy Indian summer,
Alone I've whiled away ;
And oft beside some crystal stream,
In sylvan haunt remote,
I've watched the rippling water flow,
And caught the wary trout.

O the sunsets of October !
They paint the evening sky
With varied, rich, and colored hues,
That mortal skill defy ;
All nature smiles in sadness then,
And night, her shadows deep,
Close-drawn about the silent world,
Watch o'er the souls that sleep.

COLLEGE RECORD.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCES FOR EXHIBITION, TUESDAY,
OCTOBER 20, 1863.

[Music by the Pierian Sodality.]

1. A Disquisition. A Latin Prologue in Senarian Verse. Isaac Flagg, Somerville.
2. A Disquisition. "Domitian's Fish Congress." Daniel La Forest Chase, Boston.
3. A Greek Version. "The Education of Mankind." By Edward Everett. William Channing Henck, Dedham.
4. A Disquisition. "Recent Discoveries in Pompeii." William Albert Odell, Durham, N. H.
5. A Dissertation. "The Vegetation of California." William Hyde Appleton, Providence.

MUSIC.

6. An English Version. "The Roman Princes." From Edmond About. William Durant Bullard, Cambridge.
7. A Latin Version. From Victor Hugo's Plea for his Son. Thomas Franklin Brownell, New Bedford.
8. A Disquisition. "The Klephts and their Ballads." Francis Gorman, Springfield.
9. A Greek Dialogue. From the "Clouds" of Aristophanes. Jesse Walker Potts, Albany, New York; Frank Eustace Anderson, Roxbury.
- * 10. A Dissertation. "The London Times Newspaper." Gardner Whitney Lawrence, Concord.

MUSIC.

11. A Greek Version. From the Third Philippic of Demosthenes. George Homer Smith, Needham.
12. An English Version. "American Women." From Philarete Charles. John Greenough, Jamaica Plain.
13. A Dissertation. "George Psalmanazar." William Adams Munroe, Cambridge.
14. A Latin Declamation. Pliny's Panegyric on Trajan. Charles Jairus Lincoln, Weymouth.
15. An English Version. Quintilian on the Death of his Son. Charles Warren Clifford, New Bedford.

MUSIC.

16. A Dissertation. "Street Life in Rome." Orlando Marcellus Fernald, Middleton, N. H.
- * 17. An English Version. "The Inferiority of the Black Race."

* Omitted.

From R. Topffer's "Reflexions et Menus Propos." Robert Ralston Newell, Cambridge.

18. A Latin Dialogue. From the "Amphitruo" of Plautus. George Wales Dillaway, Roxbury; Louis Charles Lewis, Sandy Hill, N. Y.

19. A Dissertation. "Cicero's Money Affairs." Horace Graves, Marblehead.

MUSIC.

20. An Oration. "Earnestness." George Callender Brackett, Somerville.

21. An Oration. "The Scholar and the Merchant." George Winslow Pierce, Boston.

STATISTICS.

The Catalogue for the Year 1863 - 64 contains the following statistics : —

"The total number of Students in all the departments is 821, including 12 resident graduates, 20 divinity students, 76 scientific students (exclusive of the recent graduates and members of other professional schools, who attend scientific lectures), 167 medical students, and 124 law students. There are 422 undergraduates, 99 Seniors, 86 Juniors, 121 Sophomores, and 116 Freshmen. To the different departments of the University this State sends 513, of whom 145 are from Boston and 78 from Cambridge. New York sends 39, Maine 38, Pennsylvania 34, New Hampshire 32, Rhode Island 22, Connecticut 12, Ohio 19, New Jersey 12, Illinois 11, Vermont 7, Maryland 6, Missouri 6, District of Columbia 5, California 5, Kentucky 4, Indiana 4, Michigan 2, Iowa 2, Minnesota 2, and Delaware, Wisconsin, and Virginia, one each. There are also 20 from Nova Scotia, 11 from New Brunswick, 4 from Canada, 4 from Prince Edward Island, 1 from the Hawaiian Islands, and 1 from Cape Breton.

We have received the following additional statistics of the Class of '63 from the Class Secretary : —

Unitarians, 36.
Episcopalians, 24.
Trinitarian Congregationalists, 11.
Baptists, 6.
Methodists, 5.

Presbyterians, 2.
Roman Catholics, 2.
Infidels, 2.
Friends, 1.
Church-members, 29.

Lawyers, 21.
Business, 16.
Medicine, 13.

Teaching, 4.
Theology, 3.
Undecided, 43.

Conscripts, 34.

Conscripts in two places, 6.

There have been two boat-clubs in the Class of '63, the "Thetis" and the "Cantab" having together 47 members and four boats. Class-crew, Greenough (bow), Lawrence, Dunn, J. C. Warren, Boit, C. W. Amory (stroke).

In September, 1859, the Class fought successfully in the "football match," and in September, 1860, buried the football.

The Class has furnished 8 members to the Glee Club, 5 members to the Pierian Sodality, and 13 members to the College Choir.

The Class was the largest that ever entered "Harvard," and the largest that ever graduated at any Commencement. The Class numbers now 105 members, and several more EXPECT degrees.

THE DRAFT.

The following is a list, as nearly correct as possible, of the Officers and Undergraduates who *drew prizes* in the late draft.

Officers.

James Mills Peirce, *Assistant Professor.*

Solomon Lincoln, *Tutor.*

George Washington Copp Noble, *Tutor.*

George M. Folsom, *Proctor.*

Class of '63.

Nathan Appleton,
Marshall Ayres,
Charles Hazlett Bagley,
George Lewis Baxter,
Thomas Wetmore Bishop,
Winthrop Perkins Boynton,
Frederic Brooks,
Melvin Brown,
Jeremiah Curtin,
Charles Stebbins Fairchild,
William Monefeldt Howland,
Edward Reynolds Hun,
Francis Eustis Langdon,
Francis Caleb Loring,

Francis Marsh,
Roscoe Palmer Owen,
William Henry Palmer,
David Pingree,
Octavius Barrell Shreve,
Payson Perrin Fullerton,
Frank Goodwin,
John Orne Green,
Alexander Ladd Hayes,
Henry Arnold Taber,
George Samuel Tomlinson,
Henry Tuck,
Michael Shepard Webb,
John Winthrop.

Class of '64.

William Hyde Appleton,
James Edward Bates,
James Dearborn Butler,
Joseph Longfellow Cilley,
William Munroe Curtis,

Charles Henry Coxe,
Marshall Munroe Cutter,
John Alvarez Dillon,
Orlando Marcellus Fernald,
Charles Henry Hildreth,

Samuel Badger Neal,
John Owen,
George Winslow Pierce,

William L. Richardson,
Henry Harrison Sprague.

Class of '65.

Robert Hale Bancroft,
John Wesley Churchill,
George Albert Fisher,
Charles Ashley Garter,
Albert Ripley Leeds,
Nathaniel Colver Leeds,

Louis Charles Lewis,
Roland Crocker Lincoln,
Charles Brown Marsh,
John Kerr Tiffany,
Melville Cox Towle,
Frederic Ware.

Class of '66.

William Blaikie,

Samuel Henderson Virgin.

THE following changes took place in the list of Officers of Instruction and Government, during the Year 1862 - 63.

Oliver Stearns, D. D., has been appointed Parkman Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and the Pastoral Care, and Lecturer on Christian Theology, and Hollis Professor of Divinity, *vice* Convers Francis, D. D., deceased.

George E. Ellis, Professor of Systematic Theology in the Divinity School, has resigned.

Wolcott Gibbs, M. D., has been appointed Rumford Professor and Lecturer on the Application of the Sciences to the Useful Arts, *vice* Eben N. Horsford, A. M., resigned.

Calvin Ellis, M. D., has been appointed Assistant Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic.

Ephraim W. Gurney, A. B., has been appointed Assistant Professor in Latin.

The term of office of Charles William Eliot, A. M., Assistant Professor of Chemistry in the Lawrence Scientific School, has expired.

Truman H. Safford, A. B., has been appointed Assistant Observer.

Solomon Lincoln, A. M., has been appointed Proctor.

Frederic G. Bromberg, A. B., has been appointed Tutor in Mathematics, *vice* Solomon Lincoln, A. M., resigned.

Charles L. Swan, L.L. B., Proctor, has resigned.

Henry Austin Clapp, A. B., has been appointed Proctor.

Leonard Case Alden, A. B., Proctor and Assistant in Chemistry, resigned, and George Grosvenor Tarbell, A. B., was appointed. He served during the second term of 1862 - 63, and then resigned. William H. Pettee, A. B., has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

Alexander F. Wadsworth, Proctor, has resigned.

Richard Stone, A. B., and James Green, A. B., have been appointed Proctors.

EDITORS' TABLE.

AGAIN we meet, kind reader, to have our monthly gossip over College matters, — scandal, perhaps, — and to give and receive our monthly greetings. The past month leaves us very much as it found us, with a little more smattering of learning, and with our minds a little better trained, but with very little *perceptible* improvement, we hope we may say with very little *perceptible* falling off. To the Senior, one month's metaphysics and history are very like another's; the Junior's pipe is, perhaps, a little more colored, and he may be reading a new novel, but otherwise you could not tell whether it were October or January; the Sophomore knows no difference between the months save as he notices the increasing difficulty of his Mathematics, but with the Freshman it is not so. The second month in college is very different from the first. He has, by good luck, probably, discovered that five minutes are allowed after the recitation-bell has struck (although we still notice from our window in Hollis groups of Freshmen gather around the doors of University some time before the clock strikes, — more verdant than usual, it seems to us); he has got his month's average, and found somewhere near his level; his classmates have begun to arrange themselves in the various sets, — the fast men, the boating men, the digs, etc., etc. In fact, the first novelty has worn off, and our good Alma Mater has commenced upon the polishing and refining process. And so we glide along almost unconsciously, and the golden moments of our college life roll by almost unperceived. Perhaps this monthly *talk* over our table may not be without its benefits. Let us reach down and draw from that sacred basket, under the table, the subjects of our chat.

Every afternoon, as we are enjoying our daily loaf after dinner, we are greeted with the agreeable question, half inviting, half entreating, "You 'll play cricket this afternoon, won't you?" "Certainly," is the prompt response. Privately we are very glad at the increased interest which seems to be displayed with regard to exercise this fall, for we *enjoy* cricket immensely, and we feel that it does us a great deal of good, physically. Editorially we go for cricket, etc., for we feel assured that the better a man is physically, the more clearly and pleasantly he will express himself, wherein the Harvard, and we, as editors, gain an advantage. And here, by way of digression, we would caution all who write, or intend to write, articles for the Harvard, that the two most important things to be remembered, are, 1st, To write what will be of interest to the students; 2d, To express your thoughts *clearly* and not *vaguely*. A piece is useless for a college magazine which requires a grammar and lexicon to translate it. There appear to be four classes of *exercising* men in college, — the walkers, the boatmen, the cricketers, and the gymnasts. All these ways are good. Personally we prefer cricket, as obtaining the ends sought in the pleasantest manner. We think, however, that the three first have one great advantage over the other in that they are practised in the open air. Good, pure air is of the utmost importance in physical education. Billiards is good exercise, but much of the benefit is lost through the impure atmosphere in which one plays. Keep up this enthusiasm about exercise, let the dip of the oar, and the thud of the bat be heard on the river and on the Delta, until winter has turned the one into an icy mirror, and has spread her mantle over the other.

THE new building is rapidly approaching completion. In many respects it is an improvement upon the old ones, especially in the modern conveniences with which it is to be fitted up, the arrangement for water, and other minor details. [RICH.] Many of the rooms will be very pleasantly situated, and the window-seats promise to rival their famous old neighbors, in which we have taken so much ease. The plan of the rooms seems to us vastly inferior to those of Holworthy, perhaps the more so, because a year's residence in Holworthy and a subsequent one in Massachusetts has served to make us regard Holworthy as incomparable. We think that the arrangement of the alcoves for the beds is especially unwise, inasmuch as all the smoke and bad air which, circulating about the room, gets driven into the alcoves, will stay there, as it can find no means of escape. Thus the occupant will be obliged to inhale over again in sleep the *dead* cigar-smoke which, when *fresh*, gave him so much satisfaction on the day previous.

We notice that the corners of the central part of the building have been capped with granite, while the corners of the building have been left plain. It thus presents an awkward appearance, rendering the centre so much more conspicuous than the sides. What is the meaning of it? We learn *officially* that no name has yet been decided upon. Several have been suggested, among them *Munson*, after a gentleman who left about fifteen thousand dollars to the University; *Gray*, for a similar reason, and *Quincy*, after the Hon. Josiah Quincy, who for fifteen years was President of the College.

By the way, we heard rather a good story the other day about the coat of arms upon the front of the building. A student passing, and noticing the motto for the first time, stopped to decipher it. "VΞ," said he, and paused, "ΛΙ," another pause. "Yes," said he, "I understand; but what does TΛS mean?"

WE think that the subject of the *Cap and Gown* deserves a passing notice in the columns of the Harvard, as it has lately been brought home so forcibly to each one of us. The project was originally started among the members of the Class of '65 as a class matter, but it gradually spread through the College, being taken up by the other classes. After a good deal of discussion, in which the arguments pro and con were urged with great energy, the supporters of the movement decided to bring it before the Faculty in the shape of a petition, — remembering the failure of former similar attempts. They thought that if it was taken up by the Faculty, the latter would be obliged to protect the students if any trouble should arise. A very handsome petition was sent in in its favor, but unfortunately a small adverse petition was also presented. Letters favoring its adoption were written by the Hon. Edward Everett and Rev. Mr. Hale of Boston, and several other gentlemen of influence in matters connected with the University. The Corporation expressed themselves as not adverse to the proposed measure, but preferred to leave it to the Faculty. At the first Faculty meeting at which it was discussed, after a long debate, the subject was postponed one week. On the succeeding Monday evening it again came up, and after some discussion was brought to a vote on the question, whether the Faculty would require the cap and gown to be worn on certain specified occasions. The motion was lost, the opinion prevailing with a majority of the Faculty that in a few years, after the novelty had worn off, the students would be as anxious to have the vote rescinded

as they now are to have it passed. Inquiry was then made whether the Faculty were opposed to the students adopting the dress of themselves, and they replied that they were not, but would prefer that it should not be worn in Boston. So the matter rests at present. Will the students take any further action in the matter?

The Faculty, however, voted to request the Corporation to provide gowns for the speakers upon Commencement and Exhibition days, and this cause of trouble will undoubtedly be removed. How necessary it was that some action of this kind should be taken is seen from the following letter, which we lately received and publish with pleasure.

"MESSRS. EDITORS:—

"Sirs,—I learn by report that many are endeavoring to introduce among College students the custom of wearing caps and gowns. As accident has induced me to desire this end for many years, I take the liberty of writing to you, that I may add my voice, feeble as it may be, to those in favor of taking up again this old style of dress. For more than twenty years I have had charge of a church near Boston, humbly performing the duties of a minister. During this time I have been subjected repeatedly to an annoyance by which, I think, only those clergyman residing near Cambridge are troubled. It is this. Three or four times a year I am asked to loan my gown to some student, to perform his part in. Now I trust I am always willing to do a kindness, and render assistance, where there is a proper demand, but to have the same article repeatedly borrowed at stated intervals seems like imposing on kindness. My gown is the only possession that is not entirely my own. It appears to be classed with umbrellas. With the poet, 'I have a gown which is not all a gown, for part of it belongs to the College.'

"And if there is any one who doubts the generally received theory of light, I need only call his attention to my gown, which for many years has undulated at stated periods between my church and the College Exhibition room. For it has been hard to turn away the young men who have thrown themselves upon my kindness, for I know that they have been obliged to recite their parts in gowns, without any arrangement being made to provide for them. Therefore I have always lent it to those who ask, and cast the blame upon those who appear to neglect their duty by not making some provision for their supply. Yet it has always been a great annoyance to me, and it is with much pleasure that I hear of the return of gowns as a College costume. I beg you, Messrs. Editors, to speak in your Magazine in favor of the proposal, and, if you have no other argument, plead the case of the unfortunate divines residing near Cambridge, one of whom is yours, truly,

"REV. ISRAEL CHADBAND."

EXHIBITION.—Tuesday, the 29th of the last month, was a day of peculiar fitness for the semiannual show, (pardon us for using the shorter word, it is a trick we learned in Sophomore year, through devotion to "Rhetoric,") which passed off with its usual monotony and dulness. The attendance of the officers of instruction and government in the College, though generally quite small, on this occasion was so slight, that, had Shakespeare or any other poet been called

upon to give a description of the part of the house devoted to the powers that be, he would most likely have spoken in words suggestive of

"A beggarly account of empty boxes."

There was present the usual number of the fair sex, and there was the usual transient attendance of students. We refrain, of course, from speaking of the merits of any particular performers or performances, and say likewise, of course, that the show as a whole compares favorably with those of former years, though our personal knowledge comprises only the results of a single year's experience. The style of delivery showed the peculiar merits of the course of elocutionary and oratorical instruction through which we are put during the first three years of College life.

The music was furnished as usual by the Pierians, and, so far as we can judge, was excellent. We should have been glad to have heard their pieces applauded, and can find no satisfactory reason why they were not, except that they are paid for playing, and that the pay is considered a sufficient acknowledgment of the merits of the performance. At the close of the show the usual strong force of students stood guard at the foot of the steps till the hall became empty, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, and the fact that dinner was one of the orders of the day. But the hall was at last cleared, and simultaneously the recollection of neglected dinner came upon all, each man dispersing himself with great alacrity towards his respective boarding-place.

It would be a curious and perhaps profitable investigation to try to determine whether a part at an Exhibition is an honor or a punishment. From the men who are selected to perform we should naturally enough think that it was an honor; but men generally do not grumble at receiving honors, and honors are not compulsory, that is, a man can decline them if he sees fit. Here comes the difficulty. Who has not heard the victims howling continually because they could not get rid of speaking their parts? If the whole proceeding were not a bore, and even if it were, would not the government of the College be represented in stronger force if they really meant to honor those who perform? These and similar questions are perhaps worthy of thought for a moment or two, but as the actual state of things could be altered neither for the better nor the worse by any efforts on our part, we prudently refrain from any discussion of the matter.

By request we publish the following con.:—

"Why is an uncooked oyster like the sound of many waters?
Because it is a roar from the sea."

Now that our little craft, the Harvard, is fairly afloat on the sea of College literature, where everybody can see just how she trims and floats, allow the rowers to make public some of the difficulties which hindered our frail vessel in the progress of building and launching. For this purpose they will use as spokesman the editor who *had* the first number.

Here let us digress a moment to explain the full meaning and force of the expression, "*So-and-so has such-and-such a number,*" for we think it necessary that there should be a perfect understanding between editors and readers on all matters connected with the Magazine.

What, then, constitutes *having* the Magazine for any month? Why, simply this: acting as Chairman of the Board while the number for that month is in its embryo state, occupying of course the big chair at the meetings of the aforesaid valuable piece of timber, being the medium of communication between the editors and printers, taking charge of that mysterious "basket," together with the contents thereof, receiving directly from the printer the proof-sheets, and being responsible for the correction of the same, setting the first dish on the Editor's Table, and arranging the contributions both for the table and the body of the Magazine. Such it is, O wondering reader! to *have* a number of this wonderful publication.

We now proceed to dwell a few moments on some of the peculiar difficulties attending the first lading of our vessel this year. In the first place, there was the financial department to look after; time was needed to get this in order, and of course while the balance of probabilities was that the ship would go down we could not conscientiously encourage our friends to contribute articles of freight, neither could we be expected to get much ready ourselves. The consequence was, that when, in the middle of October, the Harvard became insured for another year, there was on hand and ready for the printer only eight of the forty pages. Now we hold that the getting ready of the remaining thirty-two in a little over a fortnight, especially when we recollect that the printing and publishing took over a week of that time, and that we had only spare moments to work in, was making pretty good time. The arrangement and execution of some of the contents might have been improved, but we could not appreciate the defects till the whole thing was "set up," and to make any radical alterations then would have involved a delay which to us, considering how far the term had already advanced, seemed unwarrantable. We chose rather to trust to your charity than run the risk of wearing out your patience.

We regret the imperfections in the machinery for the delivery of the first number. We take the blame wholly on ourselves, and are perfectly willing to be forgiven. How, permit us to ask, could we be expected to keep straight a matter involving so much money? When in the history of the Harvard have the editors had the money for the whole year's issue in their hands? We believe the matter is all straight now, but if any subscriber does not find his number marked with his name, will he please exhibit his receipt to the publishers? His name will then be entered on their books if not already there, and all will be right for the year.

Finally, brethren, we most sincerely thank you for your forbearance hitherto and your kind expressions of approval. We shall consider no reasonable amount of labor or self-denial a burden so long as we are assured that we are giving you pleasure; that we are tying around you one of those silken bands, so soft that you do not feel it while here, so strong that when you go it shall bind us together like a band of tempered steel. Let us once more ask you to read each number through, from THE HARVARD MAGAZINE on the first page to the last joke in the Editors' Table, and not in a hasty manner, but when you are alone in your room, feeling tolerably well disposed to the world in general, and to us, your humble servants, in particular.

Are we asking too much, generous reader? Make the case your own and then put the question.

"WHY do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?"

Your editors have been belabored most unmercifully on account of a conundrum they saw fit to insert in the last Editors' Table about cutting honors and exhibitions. The few who discovered an implied misstatement of fact, and the many who were eager to join in the hue-and-cry when it was once raised, would, in our opinion, have acted more wisely and been saved much mortification if they had asked us in a respectful manner to explain the joke, if there was any, and had not been in so big a hurry to say it was not so ('t ain't so, is what they said, showing their ignorance of the English language).

Now, seriously, do you suppose we should have printed that conundrum if we had not first weighed it carefully, anticipated all possible objections, and finally decided that it was just what we wanted for that place and purpose? If you really think so we will resign, and let others in whom you have confidence take our places. But, coming to the point in question, passing over the half-dozen or more lucid explanations of the joke now on trial, waiving for the present the proof of the position that it was a good joke and strictly in accordance with truth, we take our indignant interrogators by their aural appendage and proceed to introduce therein a flea, of proportions somewhat gigantic. Listen:—

The editors were curious to find out how many and who read the Magazine. While deliberating on this subject, racking our fertile brains for some alarm-bell that should jingle at the approach of a reader, the plan was proposed to print a conundrum which at first sight *seemed* unphilosophical and untrue, rightly judging that whoever read the Magazine would, when he came to this, cry out, "See what a good boy am I!" as did Jack Horner once on a time when he found a plum in his Christmas pie. Cicero once got off these words: *Utrum adseveratur in hoc an temptatur?* which for the benefit of our readers we freely translate, or perhaps more properly speaking paraphrase thus:—

A feeler this, you rightly ween,
To see who reads the Magazine.

WE present this month the first of those lectures we spoke of in our first (and last) issue. We do not think it fair to select only one article from the whole number and comment upon it either in an approving or condemning manner. We only say of this that the lecturer handles his subject in a new light; indeed, some of the Board think he attempts to make light of it altogether.

Owing to the indisposition of the paradoxical editor, we offer our readers no parody in this number.

AN hour or two after the Magazine for last month was published we met a man who inquired somewhat eagerly if we were the treasurer, "For," said he, at the same time placing one nickel-cent in our hand without waiting for a reply to his question, "if you are, here is so much to help the thing along." We suppose he was hard up and gave his little all as the nucleus of his subscription. We would respectfully ask one hundred and ninety-nine of our readers, who may be rolling in wealth, to devote one cent apiece towards furnishing him with one year's subscription. It is a trifle to you, only one cent, you will never feel it, but only think what a misfortune it will be to him to go without the Harvard a whole year.



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THE

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THE

HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

No. 86.

COLLEGE EDUCATION.

THE objectors to college education are not all gone yet. The old, time-worn question, "What is the good of it?" is still frequently heard from men who oppose the college education of any save those who intend to devote themselves strictly to professional pursuits. These men look at the question solely in a utilitarian point of view. It is with them all dollars and cents. They would have their fellow-men devote themselves to nothing which has not some immediate practical advantage to be gained by the study. Such reasoners do not consider the result to which their reasoning would lead them. They would be surprised, if they should consider the matter, how little a man really needs in this life; that is, how little it would take merely for the maintenance of the animal existence. But civilized man is not content with the bare necessities of life. As civilization has advanced, he has continually enlarged the range of his desires, until now he has surrounded himself with so many objects to delight the eye and to charm the ear, to please the intellectual nature, to minister to the cultivation of all that is beautiful and lovely in human nature, and has become so accustomed to their presence and the enjoyment which they cause, that they have become almost absolutely necessary to

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his existence ; and indeed they have become, in many cases, essential to a happy existence.

It was Goldsmith who wrote the lines, —

“ Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

John Quincy Adams was the author of quite a long piece of poetry in refutation of the sentiment of Goldsmith, in which he showed that man wanted a great many things here below, — that he wanted a wife, beautiful and good ; that he wanted children, affectionate and kind ; that he wanted a fine house, elegant furniture, works of art, — everything, in short, that could please the fancy or delight the senses.

Those who oppose a college education, generally have reference in their opposition to those who intend to devote themselves to mercantile life, or to other pursuits outside of any of the professions. They generally admit that the man who has the ministry, the medical profession, or the law in view, should “go to college” ; but for a mercantile man or a farmer to waste four years in the study of that which, say they, he can never use, this they think is absurd. Well, is it an objection against anything that we cannot apply it to some direct practical end, — to making money, to earning our daily bread ? I think not. As I said before, if we begin with that assumption, it will lead us to conclusions which we should be unwilling to take up with. What would become of literature and art ? Where would be refinement and civilization ? What would become of the amenities and graces of our existence, so many of which we owe to the softening influence of literary pursuits acting first upon the minds of individuals, and then, through them, upon the outside world ? Surely, in this money-making age and this money-making country, there is a powerful enough tendency at work to keep men’s minds down upon low pursuits only. Let us not encourage this disposition, but strive, by whatever external aids we can make use of to advantage, to elevate men’s minds, and cultivate within them a taste for all that is refining and ennobling.

But there are advantages to be derived from a college education, outside of the mere information gained from instructors, — advantages which make it worth the while for a man to go to college, though he have in view no one of the professions. True, very few persons think of there being advantages in a college life outside of the instruction gained in the several studies. But this is a mistake. So far as mere knowledge goes, a student could often, I do not say always, be as well off under the instruction of a private tutor. There are many men even, who with books alone could, at the end of four years' study entirely by themselves, have as much to show for the results of their labors as could many college students. But I anticipate the objection that there are many branches of knowledge in which a man could by himself make but little progress, as, for example, in the study of the several departments of Natural Philosophy, for instance, in Optics, in Mechanics, &c., in which the instruction of a lecturer is needed, and one requires to see experiments and practical illustrations to gain a full knowledge upon the subject. But even in these branches a man need not enter upon a regular college course in order to obtain information. In most universities and colleges the lectures given to undergraduates are open, upon payment of a small fee, to those who desire to attend them.

But what are some of the advantages of a college course, outside of the regular course of instruction? Not the least important is, I think, the mental discipline which is acquired. This term, mental discipline, is perhaps somewhat vague. It is common enough, to be sure, and too common. For it has come to be used in a loose way, without conveying any very definite idea of its true import to the mind of the hearer. What, then, is mental discipline? It is the training of the mind: the process of getting it into a proper condition for study and for all mental labor. Nor is the object merely to fit the mind for positive action; it is important that the mind should be fitted also for its passive functions; be enabled to

judge of what is presented to it for its reception ; to retain the good ; to reject the bad. Now in these respects the mind is benefited by college studies. The particular knowledge that we gain at college, the information on special subjects, will perhaps soon be forgotten, but the habits of study then formed are enduring, and they shape the character of our future life. A taste is there acquired for literature. Habits of discrimination with regard to books are there formed. An admiration for all the masterpieces of the great monarchs of letters is then inspired in the mind. And though the student may have read but to a limited degree, still a great work has been performed. The foundation has been laid on which, in time, shall be raised a superstructure of fair and spacious proportions. This, then, is the effect of a college education. It is seen not so much in what it leads the student immediately to do, as in what it fits him to do. It gives him potentiality. It is prospective in its result. It looks into the future for the end.

The object of the college course is not to give a man a complete education. This it is incompetent to do. It is to give instruction in as many of the useful branches of knowledge as possible, without the sacrifice of a thorough understanding of what is gone over. It is rather to lay before the student the different objects of knowledge, with their respective claims, and in those which he pursues to give him, so to speak, a start ; to put him on the right track. Complete instruction can be given in no one branch. The object is to give good general education. And this is a great advantage. It would be impossible to give anything like a thorough knowledge of any one subject, without narrowing down the range of studies far below their present extent. This would be a mistaken course. For among the large number of students who make up the college classes there is of necessity a great variety of tastes. If the college instruction, then, were confined simply to the dead languages and the metaphysics, no opportunity would then be given for the de-

velopment of mathematical ability; or again, if mathematics were made of very great importance, little room would be left for other studies. Again, there are some studies which many students would perhaps from inclination never look into; which studies are nevertheless important for every well-educated man. If, then, the range of college studies were more limited than it is, the only information, on some subjects, which many students might have otherwise acquired, would be lost to them. For inclination would perhaps never prompt them to attend to them.

A college education gives a man a recommendation in life. If he has ability, it is brought out, to some extent at least; and he can always have his instructors and his fellow-students to testify to his attainments. But if a man study by himself, he may indeed make great progress. But of what advantage will it be either to himself or to others? Who will know that he has this ability? How will he show it? Gradually, indeed, great qualities may shine out, and finally burst forth upon an astonished world. But for this to happen requires time. The fact of having passed through a college course creates a presumption in favor of a person. For though there are numbers who come out of college with apparently hardly a grain more of wit than they had when they entered, yet these are after all but exceptions. The greater number of those who are graduated at college are profited by the training there received; while now and then, in the lapse of years, some mighty spirit arises whose fame sheds lustre upon the institution which owns him for her son.

One of the best arguments for the advantage to be derived from a college course is to be found in the testimony of those who are themselves college-educated. It is only those who are themselves ignorant who disparage the benefits of education,—who raise the cry, “What use will it be to you?” Those who have enjoyed the blessings of education are never found to regret it. Those who have college education never grieve that they enjoyed the privilege. If there are any ex-

ceptions to this statement, I think they will generally be found to be those who while in college have utterly wasted their time, neglected all the means of improvement, and have fallen into habits of idleness, and thence into the mischiefs which idleness produces. No : learning having once admitted a disciple into her select company, never thereafter loses sight of him. Indeed, wherever he may go, into whatever depths he may descend, he yet still retains in his mind some recollection of the glorious society to which he was once admitted. He remembers the authors of all the ages past with whom he once held converse, and the inspiring view incites him again to seek admission into that goodly fellowship.

The advantages of a college education are great for any man, whether his life be professional or not. The merchant loses nothing by having been educated at college. He is all the better merchant for it. His mind is enlarged by study. He directs his attention to the great principles of trade, the complicated and yet simple machinery by which commerce, in all its myriad departments, is regulated. Again, he has a resource for leisure hours, an unfailing pleasure after the cares and turmoils of busy life, in the authors whose acquaintance he first made, perhaps years ago. The taste for literature which he gained while at college has not left him yet.

The firmer conviction we have now in our minds of the advantages of a college education, the more diligent will be our application in order to benefit ourselves by those advantages. We ought to appreciate them. I think in general we do appreciate them. And while life lasts, I think the memories of our *alma mater* will cluster, ever green and fresh in all our hearts. I think we must all have the disposition to say, with the poet, —

“Semper honos, nomenque tuum laudeaque manebunt,
Quæ me cunque vocant terræ.”

TO A CLASSMATE.

NOR to the aged and the gray
Now falls the wreath of glory,
The young, aspiring, reach the crown,
Gain laurel chaplets of renown,
And bear the victor's palm away,
And boldly write on History's page
Their names for deathless story.

Blow gently, summer breezes, o'er
The sod where he is sleeping ;
Look down, O Sun, with tenderer ray
On one so early passed away : —
All that was noble, brave, and bright,
All to endear and to delight,
Centred in him, and fondly drew
Our souls to his ; — adieu, adieu,
We glory in thy death ! — O God,
Forgive our human weeping !

When the bright feathery golden-rod
And asters bloom above him,
When Autumn liveries all the trees,
And rusty grow the ferny leas,
When death across the woods has trod,
His memory ever green shall grow
In hearts that fondly love him.

At peace, — at peace ; life's bugle-call
Awakens no replying ;
The world's vast legions march along,
To martial strains, to funeral song,
To the long strife where all must fall, —
Yet not for him a sable pall :
His country's flag his shroud shall be,
The flag of Freedom, — victory.
No life could earn a nobler fame
Than he has won by dying.

THE FIRST SCHOOL AT NEWTOWNE.

" Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

For many years after the decease of President Oakes, the history of Harvard College is so closely united with the theological disputes which divided the colonists and rendered them extremely bitter in their views, that few facts of interest present themselves to any but a theological student. A few incidents and anecdotes, here and there, will be sufficient to the casual observer. Among the names of those worthy to be remembered are President Mather, Leveret, Wadsworth, Holyoke, Langdon, Willard, Kirkland. The last named, one of the most popular Presidents we have had, brings us down to the present century.

The various buildings that have stood, and some of which still remain, within College precincts, are well worth our notice. Not a few facts of interest and association cluster around their ancient walls. Within them many a light and heavy heart, many an aspiring and disappointed soul, once dwelt, whose frame now moulders in its native dust. What tales of midnight revelry these dear walls could tell, one can scarcely imagine. O that walls might have tongues as well as ears!

In the year 1664, Charles the Second sent commissioners to New England to visit the Colonies and settle all matters of complaint. They rendered themselves extremely obnoxious to the people, and the reports which they returned to the king were as unfavorable as possible. What the commissioners say of Harvard College in 1666 is well worthy of mention in this place. "At Cambridge," they say, "they have a wooden collidg, and in the yard a brick pile of two cages for the Indians, where the commissioners saw but one. They said they had three or more at school. It may be feared this collidg may afford us many scismaticks to the Church, and the corporation as many rebels to the king, as formerly they have

done, if not timely prevented." It is a matter of much doubt as to where college exercises were held prior to the year 1665, that being the year in which the so-called Indian College was erected. Though I find in an old magazine a description of Harvard College written in the year 1642, in which it is stated that the first building was founded in 1638, and it describes it in the following manner: "The edifice is very fair and comely within and without, having in it a spacious hall, where they daily meet at common lectures, exercises, and a large library, with some books to it, the gifts of divers of our friends; their chambers and studies also fitted for and possessed by the students, and all other rooms of office necessary and convenient, with all needful offices thereto belonging: by the side of the college a fair grammar school. Of this school, Master Corlet is the Mr. Over the college is Master Dunster placed, as President." From the same source we learn that once every month, in the presence of "magistrates, ministers, and other scholars," examinations were held of the students. The building described above, being built of wood, became so decayed, that, by general contribution throughout the colony, a brick building was erected in 1672, known as the first Harvard Hall. In consequence of the Indian war, it was not finished until five years later. "It was a fair and stately edifice of brick," and stood not far from the old hall,—probably the Indian College is referred to,—so historians tell us. It is described thus, by a writer of the last century: "On the lower floor, in the middle, was a hall, which served as a dining-room for the students, and a lecture-room for the professors; and till the chapel (Holden) was built, as a place for the daily devotions of the College. Over it was the library, and at the west end, an apparatus chamber for the professor of natural philosophy." The other apartments were the kitchen, buttery, and about twenty lodging chambers, some of which, in the upper stories, were inconvenient on account of the form in which the roof was constructed. This first, or new Harvard Hall, was destroyed

by fire, "in the night of the 24th January, 1764." It was in vacation, and "on account of the small-pox in Boston," the General Court held their session there. For their accommodation fires were kept in the library and hall, and it is supposed that the unusual heat extended through the hearth to the oaken beams beneath, and thus the fire originated, which caused the entire destruction of Harvard Hall. The library, consisting of about five thousand volumes, and the philosophical apparatus, were "totally consumed." The other buildings, the first Stoughton and Massachusetts Halls, narrowly escaped. Their preservation was owing to the strenuous exertions of the members of the General Court and the inhabitants of Cambridge.

The General Court immediately took measures to rebuild the Hall, and voted a large sum for that purpose. The present Harvard Hall, then, was built mainly at the expense of the Province, and cost not far from twenty-three thousand dollars. The spot upon which it stands is identical with that of the former building. Until within a few years, the upper part of Harvard Hall was devoted to the use of the philosophical department and the Library. The latter being in the western half, and the former in the eastern. On the lower floor, beneath the Library, was the Chapel, and on the same floor, in the western end, was Commons Hall. The bell of the College still remained upon this building. The present bell bears the date 1836, and until within a very few years the College clock also was in Harvard Hall, having one face on the south side, just over the front entrance, and a second face on the north side, in a corresponding position. The present clock on Dr. Newell's church is owned by the College. Though many changes have taken place internally in Harvard Hall, since its completion in 1766, its external appearance has changed but little; the ell in front, however, is of modern construction. At the time the Hall was built, the south side presented an unbroken surface, the steps, like many of that day, going up both sides of the door at right angles to it.

About the time these steps were removed, the old College clock was disposed of, and the new one upon Dr. Newell's church, above spoken of, was purchased. Upon the eastern end of Harvard Hall, even now, one can trace the marks of a porch, which once was joined on to the building at that place. This will be more particularly described when speaking of Commons.

Harvard Hall, then, may be considered quite an old settler among us, though time-honored Massachusetts can look farther back by some forty odd years. Washington, Lafayette, Munroe, Adams, and many heroes of Revolutionary fame, have stood within thy portals. Change after change has taken place internally and externally with thee; many a sad and disappointed youth has left thee on Commencement eve. Thou art, indeed, a part of us, old Harvard Hall!

Immediately after the battle of Lexington the militia of Massachusetts and of the neighboring Colonies began to concentrate in Cambridge, and on the 1st of May, 1775, the General Court ordered the students to quit College.

The College buildings were not the only ones given up to the use of the soldiers, but many private houses were occupied by them; and even Christ Church, in which the chimes now are, was devoted to the use of our army for some time. A beautiful organ in this church was much injured by the troops during their occupation, with what object is unknown. Christ Church was erected in about the year 1761. The College was moved to Concord in this State, while a considerable part of the Library was taken to Andover.

The students, however, had a longer vacation than usual, as the College did not get into operation until the following October. The recitations were held at the Court-house and Meeting-house in Concord. Prayers were attended at the latter place. The College was moved back again to Cambridge in less than a year, the buildings being no longer needed as barracks. Beneath the venerable elm which stands but a few rods from the Colleges, on the borders of

Cambridge Common, General Washington took command of the army of the United Colonies on the 2d of July, 1775. His head-quarters while in the vicinity of Cambridge were in the house now occupied by the poet Longfellow. Is there not a classic interest attaching itself to the scenes around us? Is it not pleasant, in these times of war and rapine, to look back to our Revolutionary days, and call to mind that here, within old Massachusetts Hall, our minute-men found comfortable quarters? Ought not the memory of the great and good dead spur us on to acts of courage and honor? The Harvard of to-day, like that of the past, has been up to her duty; and the sacrifices of the present, the interests at stake, are of far greater consequence and magnitude than those of 1775.

The first Stoughton Hall was erected in 1699 at the expense of Hon. William Stoughton, Lieutenant-Governor and Chief Justice of Massachusetts. It contained sixteen chambers for students, but no public apartments. Its position was parallel to the present Stoughton Hall, the north end resting a few feet from the southeast corner of Harvard Hall, and the south end occupying a similar position to the northeast corner of Massachusetts Hall. Consequently, in the early part of the last century the three College buildings, Harvard, Stoughton, and Massachusetts Halls, occupied three sides of a quadrangle, the street closing up the fourth side. On the front of Stoughton, facing the street, about equidistant from the roof to the ground, two tablets were placed. The uppermost containing the arms of Stoughton, and the lower the following inscription:—

DEO OPT. MAX. BONISQ. LITERISS.
GUILIELMUS STOUGHTON ARMIGER PROVINCÆ
MASSACHUSET. NOV-ANGLO- RUM VICE-GUBERNATOR
COLLEGII HARVARDINI OLIM ALUMNUS
SEMPER PATRONUS FECIT
ANNO DOMINI 1699.

A few months since, a carved piece of stone was dug up in the yard, which bears many marks of being a part of the Stoughton arms. It is in the College Library. In 1755 a great earthquake is said to have injured Stoughton Hall, though a member of college at that time asserts that the earthquake simply restored the building to its original position, the walls having settled considerably. However this may be, in the year 1780, the first Stoughton Hall was taken down, as it was "an unsubstantial piece of masonry," and much weakened by age.

We now come to old Massachusetts Hall. Owing to the great increase of students, and a considerable number of them being obliged to take lodgings in the town of Cambridge, the General Court ordered an edifice "three stories high, fifty feet in length, and of the same breadth with Harvard Hall, to be erected at the expense of the Province." In 1720 this Hall was completed. It had its share in the Revolution. On the western end can be seen, even now, marks of the College clock, which for many years occupied that position. The building was anciently described as "having thirty-two rooms and sixty-four studies," the closets of the present day being then called "studies."

In the year 1741 the Corporation received a donation of four hundred pounds sterling, from a Mrs. Holden of London, together with her daughters, to be expended in building a chapel for Harvard College. Heretofore prayers were held in a room devoted to that purpose in Harvard Hall. In the year 1744 "a small but handsome brick building" was erected. After University Hall was erected, Holden Chapel was used by the medical department until recently, and at one time the northwest corner room of Hollis was used as a dissecting-room by Dr. Warren. When Holden Chapel was first built, the door facing the street was covered with a porch, which was removed some time since.

To the family of Hollis, Harvard College owe more than to any other source of private liberality. The first

professorship in Harvard College, and in this country, bears the name of Hollis. It was now about forty years since any addition had been made to the buildings of the College, for the reception of students, and more than ninety were obliged to board out in private families. In the year 1763 a fair and commodious building was built, containing "thirty-two rooms and sixty-four studies." The General Court decided to call this new Hall Hollis, in honor of that family to whom the College was indebted for so many acts of bounty. Quite a celebration took place when Hollis Hall was named. The Governor and Council, with the Lower House, assembled in Holden Chapel, when the Governor arose and said, "I now give to this new building the name of Hollis Hall." "A gratulatory oration in English was then delivered by one of the students, and that in a handsome manner." A "spread" was then partaken of in College Hall, after which the new building was examined by the visitors, who then returned to Boston. The class elm on the west side of Hollis is almost as old as the Hall itself. In July, 1765, Hollis Hall was struck by lightning, but the damage was not great, though several of the students and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, who happened to be there at the time, narrowly escaped with their lives.

The present Stoughton Hall was built in 1805, and the expenses thereof were defrayed mostly by a lottery, which the General Court granted to the Corporation in 1794. In the year 1804 the proceeds amounted to enough to build a "building on the same plan and of like dimensions with Hollis Hall." We now come to an age almost coincident with our own, and we find little if any alterations in the College buildings. (It should be remembered here that the middle doors in both Hollis and Stoughton were built only for ornament.) In the year 1813 the Corporation were authorized to raise thirty thousand dollars by lottery, a part of which they expended in repairs, and with the remainder built a new Hall, which they named Holworthy, in honor of

Sir Matthew Holworthy, to whose bounty the College was deeply indebted.

University Hall was commenced in 1813, and completed in 1815, at an expense of sixty-five thousand dollars. For a long time it was evident that the increase of the Library and the students rendered it necessary to have a new building for recitations, chapel, and commons. And for this purpose University Hall was erected. In the early part of the last century quite a large pond or bog occupied the place where University Hall now stands; here, we are told, the President's cows were accustomed to get water.* When Commons were moved from Harvard Hall to University Hall, the ground floor of the latter was used as a kitchen; in the rear of the building a stone-wall was built to keep out curious as well as hungry eyes, somewhat in the shape of a semicircle, enclosing that part of the College grounds now occupied by the *Nemora Musarum*. This was called the kitchen yard. But in time Commons became uncommon, and the decree went forth, to destroy the lofty wall, to plant a miniature forest, and from the ruins of the wall arose a *minor universitas*, around which noble pines have raised their heads, and often at twilight hours, in a soft, gentle murmur, they can be heard, sighing for the glory of bygone days,—

O tempora ! O mores !

Internally, University Hall has seen many changes, but these will be pointed out when speaking of the history of Commons at a future time. Externally, only one important change has taken place, in addition to the alterations on the east side mentioned above, and that is, the demolition of the balcony in front. Formerly, the steps of University stood out some ten feet farther into the yard than at present, and

* It must be continually borne in mind that the College Yard, until within some fifty years or so, only extended to about forty feet on the east side of Hollis and Stoughton Halls, and at that place a fence separated the yard from the President's pasture, which extended from the President's house to the "Play-ground," now Broadway.

from the outside edge of each flight of steps a broad balcony extended, thus forming a communication between the two doors, which becomes of great moment, when considering the Commons Rebellion. This balcony was covered the whole length, the main object being a shelter from the rain. About the time the new Library was erected the balcony was taken away, and the steps moved in close to the building, as at present. The Medical College was erected in 1815. It is situated in North Grove Street, Boston. The expenses of this building fell, for the most part, on the State. Divinity Hall was completed in the autumn of the year 1826. The Law was soon represented in the University, by the erection of a substantial brick edifice in 1832, which received the name of Dane Hall, in honor of Nathan Dane, Esq., a graduate of Harvard in 1788. It was owing in part to Mr. Dane's personal assistance, that the Law School as it is called, was established. It was through the bounty of another graduate, Christopher Gore, Esq., that in 1838 a handsome granite building was commenced for the sole purpose of the Library, which was increasing too rapidly for its old accommodations in Harvard Hall. This building was called "Gore Hall," in honor of its founder. From the three hundred and twenty books bequeathed by John Harvard in 1638 the College Library has increased, notwithstanding its loss by the fire, to one hundred and four thousand volumes.

The present astronomical observatory was built in 1845. One or two facts connected with the progress of astronomy in this part of the country are worthy of notice. In 1722 Robie, the great mathematician, took observations in Cambridge, on the eclipse of the sun; in his diary, we find the following entry: "Some on the top of the New College took observations which differed slightly." This "New College" was Massachusetts, which was finished in the year 1720, just two years previous. When President Quincy was in office Mr. Bond was invited to bring his instruments to Cambridge, and settle near the Colleges. He did so, and

for some time he made use of the house now occupied by Professor Peabody. Bunker Hill monument, and a tower erected for the purpose on Blue Hill, Milton, some eleven miles distant, formed the other two points for his triangular measurement. An obnoxious neighbor, soon erecting a barn which entirely cut off the view towards Milton, and refusing to be bought out, President Quincy immediately purchased the Craigie estate, upon which the present fine Observatory was built. Scientific Hall was built in 1848. Appleton Chapel was completed in 1858. It stands on what was a few years since the Appleton Pasture. Boylston Hall was completed the same year, and is one of the finest buildings on the grounds. That building which is now called College House was erected in 1832, and named Graduates' Hall. It was occupied for the most part by members of the Law School; large additions were made in 1845. Many years ago, close to, if not upon, what is now Church Street, an old wooden building stood, which for a long time was occupied by students, and styled by them "Wiswall's Den"; by the College government, College House No. 1. The Den was a three-story wooden building formerly used as a dwelling-house. It received its name from the following story: A great many years since, old Wiswall occupied the house with his family, consisting of his wife and two or three children. But it happened, in the course of human events, that which is quite likely to happen, dissensions arose in the domestic circle, and all did not go smoothly between husband and wife. At last Mrs. W. departed this life; and rumor says that the mournful husband rejoiced greatly thereat. However this may be, Mrs. W. No. 2 shortly appeared, and, to make a long story short, one Sunday, while the family were at church, Mrs. W. No. 2 bethought herself to look over the personal effects of the departed Mrs. W. No. 1. The result of which investigation was, that, when church was over, Mrs. W. No. 2 was found standing in the middle of the kitchen, and unable to utter a single word. The good folk of the

town immediately asserted that the Devil had struck her dumb, at the instigation of Mrs. W. No. 1. From that day the house was called Wiswall's Den, implying indirectly that Mr. Wiswall was closely related to his Satanic majesty. An aged spinster of this town, lately deceased, asserted on her death-bed her full belief in the above story.* A little farther south, about opposite Dane Hall, stood another wooden building, in which for a long time the steward's office was kept. This was occupied by the students, and was called College House No. 2. Between this building and where the present Lyceum Hall stands, the "Russell House" stood, which was occupied by a professor. The old county Court-House stood where the Post-Office now is, and the remains of this ancient building can still be seen in the rear of the Post-Office. On the corner of Main and Dunster Streets, where the present Harvard Block stands, College House No. 3, a wooden building, stood; this was for students. One more circumstance is worthy of notice before we leave the Square. The society over which Rev. Dr. Newell now presides, until within thirty years, worshipped in a large old-fashioned church, which faced the Square from the east, having the President's house almost touching it in the rear. So that, until within a few years, the round corner in the Square was entirely covered by the church, and the President's house was seen only from the front on Main Street.

This article should not be closed without mention being made of the College Wharf. From time immemorial, almost, College has owned a wharf on the river. Until within a few years it was built of wood. In olden time the sloop Harvard, a College institution, made continuous voyages to the coast of Maine, for the sole purpose of keeping the College wood-yard well supplied. The wood-yard of late years was in the rear of the present College House. Thus we see Harvard was known upon the water long before the present generation.

* The Devil was doubtless paralysis.

THE IVY.

UPREARED by strength's unsparing hand,
On firmest rock a castle rose ;
Its granite walls might well withstand
The fiercest shocks of storms or foes.

Why should the warrior heed the flower
That grew beside the castle-moat ?
'T would scarce outlive the noontide hour,—
It sinks beneath his mail-clad foot.

The drooping willows lower hung
Along the ever-flowing stream,
And plaintive dirges, softly sung,
Were the crushed floweret's requiem.

Days, years, and centuries have flown, —
A fallen tower strews the sward ;
In wild festoons, from stone to stone,
The ivy twines, a loving guard.

The warrior's very name unknown,
Once proudly sung in martial lay,
Is fading from the crumbling stone
In yonder churchyard old and gray.

Yet year by year upon the sod
The wild-flower blooms as fresh and fair
As when beneath his foot he trod
Its beauty into ashes there.

And year by year beside the stream
Its pensive leaves the willow waves,
While high ambition's lofty dreams
Are buried in forgotten graves.

AMONG THE HILLS.

"So, Jack, you played the pedagogue among the White Hills last winter?"

Well, I did, and if you 'll stop that infernal drumming, I 'll give you a bit of my experience in that charming locality. But before I begin, just stir that fire; for the bare thought of New Hampshire sends a cold shiver all over me. That 'll do. Now I 'll proceed.

Along towards the last of November, when cash and the thermometer were both getting low, I received a scrawly mis-sive, postmarked —, N. H. After going through a series of cogitations, almost surpassing the mental muddle following an unexpected visit of the President's Mercury, I ventured to open the envelope, and to my astonishment found an offer of a school.

On the following Monday morn, bright and early, your humble servant bought his ticket, stroked his chin whisker, and set off from the B. & M. depot towards the North Pole. Being *unlike* Scaliger, of metaphysical renown, blessed with a good memory and poor reminiscence, of the journey I can recall little. Showing tickets every other mile, breathing on the frosty pane to see the little villages that dot the banks of the Merrimac, and gazing on the snow-silvered scenery of hill, river, and valley, passed the hours of the day slowly away. When the shadows of night came down upon the mountains, the broad Merrimac had narrowed into the boiling Pemigewasset, and the hills grown wilder and steeper, the stations farther and farther apart. When darkness hid everything, I needs fell back upon "chewing the cud of bitter fancies," dreading to throw myself for the first time among strangers, and wishing I was back among the boys, if digging had become a little irksome. But the longest journey must come to an end, and soon the wheels squeaked, rumbled, and stopped, and, drawing a long breath, I stepped upon the

platform of a little depot nestling at the foot of a rugged mountain.

"Well," thought I, as I looked at my trunk, then at the empty depot, and up the mountain, while the cars rattled me a loud good-by from the next gorge, "this is ~~deuced~~ pleasant. Here I'm landed a perfect stranger, and no one to tell me where to go." What more emphatic expressions the occasion might have called forth I know not, for just then sleigh-bells jingled up the road, and soon a team came briskly round the corner, and a cheery voice said, —

"Is that Mr. Sixty-four?"

"Yes."

"Well, hop in here, and we'll see what the old lady's got for supper."

In a moment trunk and I were snugly nestled under the robes, and behind the jingling bells were climbing the mountain's side.

When the hot tea and sweet cider of my kind friends had lubricated the springs of my physical economy, reserve quickly fled, and, on depositing my weary body between warm home-made blankets, in a little room away under the eaves, I felt at peace with all the world.

After breakfast I presented myself, with beating heart, at the village parson's door, and was admitted by that worthy, who, razor in hand, answered my modest rap, into a room redolent of onion and tobacco. Explaining my errand, my acquirements were examined into thus.

First he went to a bookcase rather poorly filled, and evincing symptoms of premature decay, and brought a dog's-eared "Greenleaf's Arithmetic," which I gazed at with a horrible fascination, for I had a vivid recollection of "bedewing with tears, and embalming with sighs," in the days of my innocence, a volume of similar appearance. Next a "Watts on the Mind." (I wonder if he knew *what* was on my mind.) Then settling his glasses, he gazed fixedly at me for about three minutes, and said, in a solemn tone, —

"What's your name, young man?" After carefully considering my answer, he continued,—

"What's your object in teaching school?" This was a poser. I looked vacantly out of the window, tried to tread on the tail of a venerable cat, and left my reverend tormentor to settle the matter to his own satisfaction. Astonished at my silence, he inquired, "Isn't it to glorify God, and keep his commandments?"

I replied that I guessed it was, but internally I thought the want of the needful came a little nearer to it.

"Are you married?" With a deep sigh I answered no.

"Where do you come from?"

The magic word Harvard was enough; it was the "open sesame" to his heart. Dusting his steel-bowed glasses, and looking through them at me again, as one would to see an orange-tree blooming on an iceberg, he said,—

"Well, if that's so, I guess I need n't examine you any further." And on my gently insinuating that such a procedure *would* be construed as an insult, he filled out my certificate, and made me a happy man.

In the afternoon I started off on a grand exploring expedition, both to gratify my inquisitive faculty, and to gather some useful information for a friend in the Natural History Society. A careful examination of the soil from the bottom of a deep gorge enabled me to form this chart.

Quaternary, — Snow,

Tertiary, — Ice,

Secondary, — Granite,

Primary, — Granite,

Palæozoic, — Granite,

Silurian, — A little more Granite.

Everything else, — Granite.

Fauna,	White Birch,
	Scrub Pine,
	Rock Moss.
	The former a prime article, and mighty tough.

After stopping at a farm-yard to see the noses of a few sheep filed, to enable them to feed between the rocks, I called at the village store; and after hearing from a number of sympathizing individuals the story of my immediate predecessor,

who went out of the window minus hat, impelled by the motive power of the "big boys," of peppered stones, broken heads, etc., I blamed myself for not providing a suitable burial-case to send my remains home to my afflicted relatives. But the fatal morning came, and with a deep fall of snow, and when precisely 8.55 was indicated by my new patent-lever, clad in an ill-fitting suit of borrowed dignity, and wearing on my heretofore placid features a grim smile of determination, I wended my way to the scene of action. As I drew near, I heard on the morning breeze a triumphant shout, combining at once a hallelujah and song of defiance, and slowly I entered the sacred precincts of my domain, and such a scene met my astonished eyes. The walls of my den might have been guilty of a tinge of white in the days of Adam's innocence. Now they were of a decidedly swarthy, or rather Mongolian hue. Here and there the monotony of the scene was enlivened by an exposure of the bare laths, excellent for ventilation, but producing rather a forlorn appearance. Behind the door stood in a corner, or rather attempted to stand, — and it did as well as anything on three legs and a fraction could be expected to, — a curious combination of pine boards and red paint, a magnificent arrangement sacred to the pedagogue. Soon the fifty or more seats, which filled the body of the room, were occupied with a wicked-looking set of urchins of assorted ages and sizes, and a hundred staring eyes were fixed on the new ruler. After an appropriate salutory, I made an attempt to take the census, and as I opened my desk to search for a bit of paper, my eyes were astonished, and nasal organ greeted, by a wretched specimen of the hen tribe which, in the most advanced stage of putrefaction, had been placed upon my new register. Choking down the angry rising in my throat, I glanced around upon the innocent faces of my flock, and proceeded to take the names. For a few minutes all went well, but as some of the names were given, it struck me that the people of New Hampshire must have a most curious taste, for the Gazetteer of the world could not

have afforded a worse selection of appellations than belonged to some of the urchins present. When in my tour I reached the back seats where the "big boys" sat, and inquired of the promising youth who occupied that post of dignity first in order his name, and received in reply one that would almost eclipse the title of a Russian count, it came across me at once that I had been most egregiously sold, and a gentle snicker, heard all over the room, served to strengthen my belief.

O, I was mad.

"Is that your real name?" "Yes, sir." Seizing a small chap by the ear who sat near him, I demanded, not very softly, giving his ear a gentle pinch at the same time, —

"What's this boy's name?" The little fellow burst out into a loud crying fit, and did not answer, evidently fearing summary vengeance from the culprit if he told, but a harder squeeze did the business, and he blubbered out, —

"It's Sam Wells." In a moment my hand was on Mr. Sam's collar, and he was gliding in no gentle manner over the benches, as with long strides I went towards a bundle of laths some friendly carpenter had deposited in one corner. The way the dust flew from Sam's collar and the brine from his eyes was a caution to evil-doers. Sam sneaked back to his seat, and all the other names were given in properly. The forenoon passed quickly, and, after dismissing the school and hearing the old refrain, so often sung by myself when a school-boy, "Good-by scholars, good-by school, good-by teacher, plaguy fool," borne back upon the breeze, I went to my boarding-house and enjoyed a hearty dinner, and laid plans for the afternoon.

Returning at the usual time, I found the scholars in their places, the defunct fowl gone from my drawer, and everything in good working trim. Ever after, matters went on pleasantly, the scholars respecting the teacher or his muscle, and the teacher, seeing in the scholars the picture of what he once was, loved them for their pranks, and gave them as free a range as a proper regard for discipline would permit.

TALKS WITH "UNCLE HAL."

NINE o'clock was rung out from the iron throat of the old bell in the tower of the First Church. "Good," said I, "now I will devote the rest of the evening to the fellow I love the best, namely, myself."

I had just finished a pretty long article for the November number, A. D. 1915, of that ancient and honorable institution, the Harvard Magazine. And happy indeed was I; for the six editors had "button-holed" me daily for two weeks, wanting to know if I had "got *that* piece done?" Having laid away the closely-written sheets in my writing-desk, and clearing the table of the heap of papers, books, and dust that had been accumulating for the last week, I drew my spacious study-chair before the brightly glowing coal fire, and, with a self-congratulatory feeling, settled down upon its soft cushion.

The old *Palace of Truth* (as we boys have named the hall labelled *Veritas*) was very quiet; for the greater part of the students had gone into the city to see Hamlet played by young Booth, the son of Edwin, and grandson of the celebrated Junius Brutus Booth. No more studying or writing to do that week; and as I heard the cold night-wind blowing out of doors, and old elms croaking hoarsely, I could not repress a smile of inward ease and external comfort, as I rubbed my hands before the fire; and I promised myself three hours at least of pleasant musing.

Supporting my slippered feet upon the fender, I drew from my pocket a well-filled, gilt-edged letter, written in a delicate hand, and read it again for the twentieth time. "Who was it from?" Nameless here. Did I not say that I read it for the twentieth time? I folded it, and replaced it in the left breast-pocket of my study-gown.

I think it must have been with a softer light in the eye that I resumed the study of the coals. But I am not about

to tell you what I read in the depths of the grate. You have all read deep and pleasant things from those same glowing pages.

I had wandered so far away in my reveries, that I was quite startled by a knock upon the door, that called me back again to actual scenes. I am afraid that I gave the customary "*Come in!*" with not a little petulance in the tone; for my evening's plan, that promised to be so successfully carried out, was all upset by one little rap.

The door opened, and a queer-looking old gentleman entered, dressed in a costume that was worn about the year 1863. With a very courteous "Good evening, sir," he took me by the hand, and looked me very earnestly in the face. "Sir," said he, "your name is K——, son of John K——, is it not?" "It is," I replied; "but I am sorry to say that I have forgotten yours." "You may have forgotten my face," said the old man; "'t is a long time since you saw it; possibly you may remember something of 'Uncle Hal,' as you used to call him!"

"Uncle Hal!" I exclaimed, grasping him by both his hands; "how strange that I should not have recognized 'Uncle Hal'!" and helping my old friend to remove his overcoat, I seated him in my study-chair, and placed myself close beside him, that I might look into his honest face.

He laid his hand on my head.

"Fifteen years have made a great change in both of us, my boy," said he; "I had not thought to see such a tall young fellow. I thought of you as the roguish little youngster who used to climb up into my lap, and play mad pranks with my nose, hair, watch, and whiskers; and I fancied that I should have to take especial care of those articles of personal property to-night, if the occupant of this room should indeed prove to be that young madcap. But these old limbs could hardly support such a big fellow as you are. I am sorry that I called at so late an hour; but I took up a Catalogue this evening, while at a friend's house, and found the

name of K—— there. I could not resist the temptation to call upon you, and see if it really was that of my little friend, and the son of my old chum. How delighted I am to find that you are really, indeed, his boy."

I assured him of my extreme gratification at seeing "Uncle Hal" again, after so many years, and that I should be willing to cut a whole day's recitations for the sake of seeing him.

"How much you look as your father did at your age," he continued, "and yet your father's face was not so full and so ruddy as yours. *He* was a real student (laying emphasis on the word *he*, and looking at me archly, as if implying that the young chap beside him was not a real student, but a regular Sybarite in physiognomy and occupation); *he* was a real student, with a face made up of angles where there should have been curves, and with hollows in his pale cheeks and temples."

I suggested, that, judging from his own vigorous aspect, my father's chum must have very much resembled myself. He smiled, and then looked thoughtfully into the fire for a few minutes, as if calling up before his mind days of "Auld Lang Syne."

Let me paint the good old man.

He sat as I used to see him, with his elbow rested on the arm of the chair, and his fingers pressed his cheek, just as I have seen in pictures of Washington Irving. As the grate gave back a ruddy gleam, it lighted up a face of manly comeliness impaired by time; yet it was a face that once might have been called handsome, and even now its features were very striking. His head was not entirely bald, but his white hairs might have been numbered, and indeed I remember that I used to give him and myself much amusement by trying to count them, facilitating the calculation by pulling a good many of them out. A certain nobleness rested on his brow, and he looked, like what he was, — an earnest, large-hearted old man. His person was of a good height, and well made. He had preserved his youth wonderfully well, and I

remember that when people asked him how it was that he, who was so old, looked so fresh and strong, he would, like Old Adam in the play, reply, —

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

I have often heard my father tell of remarkable feats that "Uncle Hal" used to perform in the Gymnasium. Of late years he has done little but travel, so that he is somewhat inclined to corpulency.

But his style of dress was what particularly attracted my attention. It was noticeable for its roomy quality. His overcoat was made quite long, and rather loose, and had very large sleeves. His undercoat was quite short, a sort of sack, and made of thick, coarse-looking material, with pockets about two inches deep. His vest was double-breasted, buttoning up rather high, and of a light-brown color. His pantaloons were of a yellowish or drab color, and looked like two large, inverted, truncated cones; his shoes were called "Balmorals," I think; they laced up in front, and had square toes, and very thick soles. His hat was the old-fashioned kind, called "Beaver," which is a tall black hat, with a rim all round the bottom of it, about two inches wide. He carried a cane, that he called a Malacca joint: nearly every old gentleman carries one at the present time. His neck is surrounded by a narrow linen collar, known in his day by the name of "garrote"; a Roman scarf was tied around it, which concealed his shirt-bosom. He is scrupulously clean and neat, and wears but little jewelry, and that only of the finest quality. A pair of eyeglasses adorn the bridge of his nose, for age has impaired his eyesight somewhat.

His dress departs so very widely from our close-fitting style, that, in places where he is not known, the people always stare at him. He wears this singular costume, my father says,

because it was the style worn when he was jilted by a black-eyed girl, while he was a Junior in college. This is not the only freak of humor that he shows, but he is so gracious in his manners that no one is offended by his singularities.

I presume that, in fifty or seventy-five years from now, "Uncle Hal's suit" will be right in the fashion; for the other day I found in a book of "Fashion Plates for 1776" that people wore almost the same style of dress that we do now; and the most curious and valuable of our shoe and knee-buckles are those that were used in those days, and have been preserved as relics of the olden time.

I attended an "Old Folks' Concert" the other evening, and was much amused at the grotesque appearance of the performers; at the short hair, sack coats, and baggy breeches of the men; the glossy and wavy tresses, and the expansive crinoline of the women. And when my old friend opened the door I thought to be sure that he was the leader of the quaint-looking orchestra, and secretly hoped that he might pay for disturbing my reveries with a complimentary ticket to the next concert. But to return to "Uncle Hal."

His heart is full of the kindest sympathies, so that he is not wanting in "that which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." My father says that "Uncle Hal" was the most popular fellow in his class, and that he has never lost his popularity in his subsequent intercourse with the world. He is loved by everybody, especially by children; but his popularity is of the kind which follows, not that which is sought after. Armstrong must have had some one like "Uncle Hal" in his mind when he wrote the following, for it describes the good man exactly: —

" Though old, he still retained
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remembered that he once was young:
His easy presence checked no decent joy,
Him even the dissolute admired; for he
A graceful looseness, when he pleased, put on,
And laughing could instruct."

Pardon me if I have dwelt too long in describing the appearance of a stranger, but if it will please you, I should like to make you better acquainted with my old friend ; and I love him so well myself that nothing about him is uninteresting to me, and perhaps I therefore think that he must be interesting to others.

We spent the evening in chatting about family matters, the details of which would be uninteresting to my readers, although extremely pleasant and interesting to me. The old clock in the square struck eleven, and the old gentleman started up at the sound. I insisted upon going with him to his lodgings, although he said he would not think of such a thing as keeping a young student up till eleven o'clock, and then have him walk a quarter of a mile in the unhealthy night air merely to keep him company.

But youth overcame ; and upon bidding me "good night," he promised to come and see me often, and tell me about matters and things when he was in college.

Shall I relate to you some of my "TALKS WITH UNCLE HAL" ?

EDITORS' TABLE.

"*Tempus fugit*," says the Latin, which translated into plain English means, Time flies. Well, time does fly, indeed. And to none is the truth more clear than to an editor of the Harvard Magazine when it comes round to be about time "to get out" the next number. What a deal of work there is to be done! Reader, you can form no conception of the magnitude of the task of "getting out" the next number. There is the main body of the magazine to be filled up. Articles must be obtained in some way or other. The editor must go round and drum up the literary men of the College, and if there is any lack he must fall back upon his own resources to supply the need. And just think what a terrible thing it would be should these fail!

"Quando omne peractum est
Et jam deficit nostrum mare."

Alas! what must be done? Then there is the Editors' Table. To furnish this forth, to the gratification of the great variety of tastes which are here to be consulted, the most careful attention is necessary. We must be on the watch for something new; some dainty which is rare and is not seen every day. Domitian used to keep his agents scattered everywhere throughout the Roman world to buy up delicacies for his table. They were to be on the watch for everything of rare excellence, whether in the way of fish, flesh, fowl. Well, reader, we are not to be outdone by Domitian. We are going to have our agents everywhere on the watch for delicate *morceaux* to serve up to you at the Editors' Table. They shall be everywhere present, ready to catch up the witty story, the smart retort, the irresistible, overwhelming pun. So, reader, if you have got anything good in your mind, why, out with it. We'll immortalize it. Some bird of the air will bring it to us, never fear. But this is a digression. We started with the proposition that *time flies*. We were going to moralize a little. But just then a new cognition came into our head, and immediately the original thought, to speak euphemistically, was slightly displaced. So, reader, thank your stars that you have been spared the infliction of a long moral essay, concluding with practical reflections on the flight of time.

How often have we sympathized with Sisyphus, condemned forever to roll a stone up one of the grassy slopes of Tartarus, — a never-ending, still-beginning toil. No sooner does it reach the top than it goes tumbling down, down to the very bottom. No pause or rest is allowed him, or the stone will roll back to its starting-point. We have often imagined the terrible feelings of this unhappy man, compelled thus to pass his eternity in a useless and never-to-be-accomplished undertaking. But while thinking of his *bodily* sufferings, we are led to imagine what must be the expression of his countenance, what his *mental* feelings when, as the stone has risen almost to the summit of the hill, and he is straining every nerve and sinew to achieve if possible his long-attempted task, some unfortunate Tantalus near by asks him, in tones of piteous despair, just to pass him a tumbler that stands near him; or some fair Ixion kindly hints to him how kind it

would be if he would just let his stone fall the next time so as to stop the everlasting rotation of his fiery wheel. In short, we really have often wondered how sweet his temper, and how forgiving his disposition must be, not to be angry when, with such a heavy and hopeless task given for his own accomplishment, some other sufferer under the severe decrees of Rhadamanthus should ask him for help.

Intrusted some time ago with the financial affairs of the Harvard Magazine, meekly we submitted to our cruel lot, and though the task seemed Sisyphean, and though

"Men called us vain, some mad, we heeded not,
But still toiled on, hoped on, for it was sweet,
If not to win, to feel we 'd done our best."

Weary days and sleepless nights passed, slowly the *viridia terna* began to accumulate, the clouds which till now had overshadowed our prospects began to break, and we really began to think that, with a few more days of similar exertion, the end would at length be reached.

With a much more cheerful look than had been our wont we attended a meeting of the "board," our thoughts, we confess, still bent on our yet unaccomplished task. No sooner had we entered the sanctum than the *tantalizing* (probably from Tantalus) editor for the month asked us for our piece. The idea! manage the finances of such an enterprise, and write a piece besides! Thinking it was a joke, however, we good-naturedly asked him to explain (which, as our readers must know, is always the rule when an editor proposes to introduce a joke into the Magazine). Assuring us that it was no joke, he again asked us for our production. We have no doubt that visible traces of rising anger suffused our countenance for a moment, but a brother editor's kind interference quickly caused the rising storm to subside, and on giving our promise that a piece should be forthcoming the next month, the delinquency was forgotten.

The September number appeared, and the October was about to be sent to press, when it suddenly flashed on our minds that we had not written our piece. However, our promise had been given, and we therefore, with these few preliminary words of apology, hasten to record an event of unusual interest that has transpired in our usually quiet College world.

For a long time there has been an unusual stir in Cambridge; the bookstore has been more crowded than usual from day to day, and the students, by their eager and hurried whispers and numerous groupings in the yard, have clearly shown that something of interest was *on foot*. It was a race. Excitement was visible on every face, and interest seemed almost to have reached its height towards the close of the last week. The race had been going on for a long time. Outsiders could only judge of how matters stood by the looks of the few knowing ones. Freshmen were continually consulting Sophomores, and Sophomores applied to Juniors and Seniors for information as to the probable approaching result, lest they should find themselves outgeneralled in the final settlement of their betting accounts. We confess that even we have been more than usually interested in this all-absorbing race. The race, however, is over, the victory is won, and, for the sake of those who are still unable to arrive at the exact truth in regard to the matter, we would say, that the Harvard Magazine *did fairly beat* the Harvard Catalogue by just six hours and twenty-three minutes.

WHEN, after an intimacy of many years with a dear friend, whose spotless character and modest bearing always had obtained our highest praises, whose upright example had ever been a help and protection to us in our darkest hours, that friend is taken from us, even in his prime, by the rude hand of death, not waiting for the heralding of slow-moving old age, we feel a pang of sorrow too deep for utterance at the loss of such an one, and feel long after, that he has left a blank behind him which never can be filled. Not so with the *Mathematical Monthly*. When it accepted the kind invitation of our last foe, and departed from this mortal sphere for the abode of defunct magazines, it left not one, but a host of blanks behind, not such as frighten you by their emptiness, but those that may be rendered serviceable and easily filled. As the heirs appropriate with alacrity the property which their rich relative has left, or again, as the tannery and the bone factory claim the remains of the bovine dead (whose mortal hide was shuffled off almost as soon as his mortal coil) long before his funeral-baked meats are cold, or, to continue the comparison, as the modern steam-engine has appropriated with practical hand the mummies long piled away in pyramids, and converted what was man into high-pressure steam-power, so we, pressed by subscribers for receipted bills, have dared to fill these blanks with reverential pen at the demands of the practical present, and, with a sigh for the memory of what has been, have issued them at the low price of two dollars apiece. We wonder that the demand for them was not more general, especially as every one who invests in one not only gets a relic of past greatness, certainly valuable to the antiquarian, but also a free conscience, as he reads his Magazine, which can be proved by a simple formula to be better than much riches. We think it but fair to explain this matter of our *bills* to our subscribers who may undervalue those little slips of paper.

THE petition for the introduction of drilling, as an extra branch of instruction in the College, has, as usual, "been laid upon the table." Whether there is a standing rule by which general petitions are thus disposed of without the formality of a vote we do not know, but the fate of several recent documents of that nature has led many to suspect the existence of some such convenient device. The petition of which we speak was signed by nearly every member of the College, and certainly demanded some notice from the Faculty. Too many of our classmates have already been obliged to enter the ranks, when a mere knowledge of tactics would have entitled them to commissions.

To be sure they have done us honor in their subordinate capacities, but they should have held positions where their intellect and education as well as their courage would have been called into play. It is a great sacrifice for a student in College to leave his studies and enlist as a private, and one which we think that he is seldom if ever called upon to make. We do not believe, however, that students are exempt from the duty to serve their country in the field; and the question, therefore, arises, whether he shall perform this duty in the position to which his mental abilities would entitle him, or in that to which his ignorance of tactics would degrade him.

In the present emergency, when the importance of reinforcing our brothers who are already in the field is apparent to every one, some, who would otherwise freely enter the service, sit here idle, because they cannot go as officers and do not

consider it their duty to go as privates. Drilling is itself a healthful exercise, and an acquaintance with its principles a valuable acquirement, inasmuch as it increases our interest in and appreciation of descriptions of military operations. It is not, however, on these grounds that we advocate it, but because we believe it to be the duty of every citizen to see that no lack of so trifling an attainment as this deprives his country of his efforts in a position commensurate with his abilities.

WE publish in this connection the following sonnet by a member of the Class of '63, which was crowded out of May Number.

SONNET.

Dear Alma Mater, shall thy lips alone
Be sealed in this dark hour of despair,
When Liberty and Hope stand tottering,
When murdered Justice trembles in the scale,
And man from his lost manhood slow returns
To bless the world with noble thought and deeds
That are of true nobility — and thou —
When from this night of sin and suffering
A nation watches the first streaks of dawn
Creep up the golden Orient, and far away
Stretch like an angel's wings above our land, —
Wilt thou not teach us, too, this blessed hope,
Lifting thy voice for Freedom and for God ?
Thy children call, sweet Alma Mater speak !

WE have latterly been led to reflect on the light of other days as compared with the light of the present time, and the result of the reflection has been an inference in favor of the present as compared with the past, and of the future as compared with the present. We have traced the progress of entry-lamps in the College buildings, from total darkness, through the stages of whale-oil, fluid, and kerosene lamps, at the latter of which it is now resting, except in the Brattle House, where the presence of gas in the entries is owing to the action of different causes than those which have made the entries of the College buildings proper, to shine with radiant undulations from glittering chandeliers. We are of the opinion that if the gas-fixtures were so arranged that there might be a burner at the head of each flight of stairs, the occupants of rooms in the several entries would cheerfully pay the addition, to be determined by general average, that would necessarily be made in the term bills, to the "Cash paid Cambridge Gas-Light Company for Gas." The facility with which kerosene chimneys are broken and the whole rigging stolen, as well as the comparative ease and absolute cleanliness with which gas-lights can be managed, are arguments in favor of introducing the latter, while the possibility, perhaps probability, that some "irresponsible person or persons" would, in accordance with their foolish ideas of what constitutes a joke, extinguish the lights and leave the gas escaping, renders it perhaps inexpedient to alter or depart from the existing state of affairs at present. We

wonder if those — shall we say men? — who amuse themselves by hooking entry-lamps or smashing the same are members of Harvard College, and if so, whether they take the Harvard Magazine, which, if properly studied, would be found to teach and inculcate a far different course of behavior.

THE saying, "Music hath charms," is not one of universal truth, or else, like almost all truths, will not admit of universal application. One instance only, where the introduction of harmony produces discord, we propose to consider in this connection, and that is, the interval between the reading of the Scriptures and the prayer in the College Chapel. It is our opinion that, until a choir can be formed, it would be better to dispense with music at morning prayers altogether. And wherefore? Is not devotion most fittingly expressed by the harmonious concord of sweet and solemn sounds which our organ is capable of producing? Have we not sometimes listened till it seemed like a thing of life struggling to express, in suitable tones, the feelings of confidence, trust, joy, hope, or uttering the sorrowful wail of anguish and despair? We admit that we have. But permit us to inquire if it is probable, or even possible, that the most divine music could stir us into a very devotional frame of mind in so short a time as is allotted to that part of the devotional exercises, especially if we take into consideration the circumstances under which we listen at the Chapel in the morning. Most of us have to dress in cold rooms, sometimes, *perhaps*, rather hastily, and all have to sit in the Chapel, whose temperature about the hour of prayers at this time of the year is really uncomfortable, shivering so with the cold, that those of our number who intend to follow eventually in the footsteps of Æsculapius, are led to inquire whether that branch of the healing art called dentistry will not hold out the strongest inducements to youthful, aspiring Galens. Under such circumstances, who can think it strange that the music is decided almost unanimously to be a bore? Is it not doing a great wrong to our accomplished organist and instructor in music to expect him to please even here and there one of his shivering audience? We wish it to be distinctly understood that we are not criticising nor condemning the music as such, nor the style of the performer who has gained the reputation of being the best organist in this country. On the contrary, so far as we are able to judge, the character and style of the music is everything that could be desired. It is only the attendant circumstances that in our opinion render the discontinuance of that part of the morning services under consideration a desideratnm.

If the Chapel were comfortably warmed, as it is in the milder seasons of the year, of course all these objections, with the exception of the one that the time is too short to allow the music to acquire much influence over our feelings, would fall to the ground. But only fifteen minutes' occupation each day would hardly justify the expense of warming so large a building as the Chapel; and even if it were comfortably warm at twenty minutes before seven, the cold air coming in through five doors almost constantly open for the next five minutes would make the building uncomfortably cold for the next half-hour. Of course, if the students should get up in time to make tea or coffee, or take breakfast before prayers, the low temperature of the Chapel would not be so great an objection as it now is; but this way of obviating the difficulty is at least impracticable.

Do the objections I have urged against instrumental music as a part of the regular morning devotional exercises hold equally against the other parts? I think not. I think they do not hold even against singing. Let us express in a dogmatic form our ideas on the whole subject of those public devotional exercises which are included in this institution under the general term "prayers."

Public prayer and reading of the Scriptures ought to be a part of the daily devotional exercises.

Anything that adds to the solemnity or impressiveness of the service ought to be employed.

Good singing, as influencing men not only through the senses, but also through the understanding, is a valuable addition.

Instrumental music, as influencing men only through the senses, ought *not* to be introduced when, by such introduction, the hearers are, through the senses, subjected by attending circumstances to suffering rather than influenced to devotional feelings by the music.

The time allotted to instrumental music in the Chapel is too short for the music to gain any influence over the devotional feelings of the hearers, while it is full long enough to occasion considerable additional suffering from the cold; therefore

The discontinuance of music at daily prayers, until an efficient choir be formed, is a desideratum.



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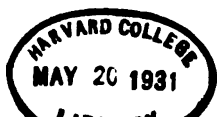
THE FIRST SCHOOL AT NEWTOWNE.

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

THUS far we have studied the history of, and external changes that have taken place in, the "school at Newtowne." And though we have found much to interest us, we shall find in what remains to be told a deeper interest, for old associations and bygone customs are sure to awaken in the heart such feelings as memory alone is capable of exciting. We have seen how the "school" has risen to be the first University in a great and prosperous nation. We have called to mind college buildings that have long since passed away, and we have bestowed a passing notice upon the great and good minds who were so instrumental in making our University what it is. All these have long since departed, and are now mingled with the dust. But the changes that have taken place from time to time in the college discipline, the rise and fall of commons, the outbreaks against college government, and the rebellions that have often disgraced but caused much excitement in these halls of the Muses, — these are subjects that cannot pass away, and the theme is one that will stir up memories in the heart of the undergraduate as well as the graduate. So far as the government of the

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College and the behavior of the students were concerned, the "school at Newtowne" was *in toto* a school, until the early part of this century, when the fatherly care and benign influence of good old President Kirkland paved the way for a change, and the "school-boys" were treated as gentlemen, in consequence of which they behaved more as such. No wonder we hear of roughness in the actions of the students, when we read of the example often set them by their elders. Imitation is a most prominent characteristic of American youth. In order that we may get some insight into the internal regulations of the "school," I will first quote, in substance only, from a book published in the year 1648, certain

"Rules and Precepts that are observed in the Colledge."

"When any schollar is able to understand Tully, or such like classical Latine author extempore, and make and speake true Latine in verse and prose, *suo ut aiunt marto*; and decline perfectly the paradigms of nouns and verbes in the Greek tongue: Let him then, and not before, be capable of admission into the colledge.

"Every one shall so exercise himselfe in reading the Scriptures twice a day.

"That they, eschewing all profanation of God's name, doe studie with good conscience, carefully to retaine God, and the love of his truth in their mindes.

"That they studiously redeeme the time; observe the generall oures appointed for all the students, and the speciall houres for their own *classis*: And then diligently attend the lectures, without any disturbance by word or gesture. And if in any thing they doubt, they shall enquire as of their fellowes, so (in case of non-satisfaction) modestly of their Tutors.

"None shall, under any pretence whatsoever, frequent the company and society of such men as lead an unfit and dissolute life.

"Nor shall any without his Tutor's leave, or (in his absence) the call of parents or guardians, goe abroad to other townes.

"Every schollar shall be present in his Tutor's chamber at the 7th houre in the morning, immediately after the sound of the bell, at

his opening the Scripture and prayer, so also at the 5th houre at night, and then give account of his own private reading, as aforesaid, in particular the second, and constantly attend lectures in the hall at the houres appointed. But if any (without necessary impediment) shall absent himself from prayer or lectures, he shall be lyable to admonition, if he offend above once a weeke.

"If any schollar shall be found to transgresse any of the lawes of God or of the schoole, after twice admonition, he shall be lyable, if not adultus to correction, if adultus, his name shall be given up to the Overseers of the Colledge, that he may be admonished at the public monthly act."

Such were some of the laws of the College in olden times. That no complaint may be made as to the studies at present pursued, I will mention a few of the regulations relating to

"The times and order of their Studies, unless experience shall shew cause to alter."

"The second and third day of the weeke, read Lectures, as followeth.

"To the first yeare at 8th of the clock in the morning, Logick, the first three quarters, Physicks the last quarter.

"To the second yeare, at the 9th houre, Ethicks and Politicks at convenient distances of time.

"To the third yeare, at the 10th, Arithmetick and Geometry, the three first quarters, Astronomy the last. . . .

"The 4th day reads Greeke. . . .

"The fifth day reads Hebrew, and the Easterne tongues.

"Grammar to the first year, houre the 8th. To the 2nd Chaldee at the 9th houre. To the 3rd Syriack at the 10 houre. . . .

"Declamations at the 9th. So ordered that every schollar may declaime once a moneth. The rest of the day vacat Rhetoricis studiis."

A great many facts of interest are contained in the various "body of laws" that have from time to time been published. I shall select some of the most interesting as well as amusing. We find that the President was expected to "attend prayers in the hall," and in case he was absent, a Tutor was obliged

to perform his office. Tardinesses at prayers were not allowed with impunity ; the offender was fined " two pence each time," or, if without leave, " four pence each time." Saturday and Monday evenings were " kept," and a fine, not exceeding ten shillings, was imposed on any one who profaned the Lord's day by " walking on the common, or in the streets or fields, in the town of Cambridge." Absence from church was fined three shillings. Loose behavior, playing, or sleeping in church, was punished by a fine from one to five shillings, " according to the *discretion* of the President or one of the *Tutors*."

Study-hours were prescribed to occupy all time " except half an hour at breakfast ; at dinner, from twelve to two ; and after evening prayers till nine of the clock." Tutors were obliged frequently to visit the chambers of the students at all other times, " to quicken them to their business." An undergraduate absent from his room during study-hours was fined not exceeding ten shillings.

The rules for leave of absence to go home were particularly laid down. Those living within ten miles of College were allowed four days a month to visit friends ; within fifty miles, ten days a quarter, and so on. If absent beyond the time granted, the fine was eight pence a day, five shillings a week, thirty shillings a month. No outsider was permitted to *chum* in a College room. A scholar was not allowed to entertain at his room, or associate with, any person of a loose or ill character, under penalty of a public admonition. To go beyond the College yards or fences without coat, cloak, or gown, or to wear woman's apparel, was punished by expulsion. Frequenting " any tavern or victualling-house in Cambridge " was strictly forbidden. Swearing was fined from five to ten shillings. Card-playing was punished severely. No bartering or selling of books, apparel, or any other thing, " to above one shilling value," among undergraduates, was allowed. Lying, stealing, lock-picking, drunkenness, and " indecent noises at the College " were all especially provided against in the laws of the Col-

lege. The fact that such strict laws were laid down, bespeaks a curious state of things in those days. It seems almost impossible that there should have been any necessity to mention such minute particulars, but such was the fact. Our fathers tell us, with an ominous shake of the head, that "times have greatly changed." That we know as well as they, but we feel perhaps more strongly than they, that the change has been one for the better. If the world has not been progressing for the last two centuries, what is to become of us all? In one respect we all can see an improvement, and that is in the change that has taken place, not only in the laws of the College, but in the behavior of the students.

It is not many years since, that all the students were obliged to board in commons, and dress in the costume laid down in the College laws. These notions have passed away, let us hope never to be revived. They are customs that run *against the grain* of an American. The monarchical Englishman may approve of them, but they do not suit the republican spirit of this country. We are a free people, and, at least in matters of table and dress, we wish to be left to ourselves. One other custom that has died out in American colleges I most heartily say "Amen" to, and that is the system of "fagging."

"Thrice happy ye, through toil and dangers past,
Who rest upon that peaceful shore
Where all your *fagging* is no more,
And gain the long-expected port at last."

I feel that comparatively little is known of the commons and dress of old Harvard, and I propose to give a short account of both. We are told by one who graduated near the close of the last century, that after prayers were over on the first evening of the academic year, immediately on the President's saying "Amen," one of the Sophomores cried out, "Stop, Freshmen, and hear the customs read." These "customs" are over sixty in number. I shall mention only some of the most amusing.

No Freshman shall wear his hat in the yard, when any of the Governors of the College are there; nor shall he wear it at all therein, unless it rains, hails, or snows.

Freshmen are to consider all other classes their seniors.

No Freshman shall speak to a senior with his hat on.

All Freshmen shall be obliged to go on errands for any of his seniors at any time, except in studying hours.

No Freshman, when sent on an errand, shall make any unnecessary delay.

No Freshman, when sent on an errand, shall tell what he is going for.

When any person knocks at a Freshman's door, except in studying time, he shall immediately open the door, without inquiring who is there.

The Freshmen shall furnish bats, balls, and footballs for the use of the students. (This custom was kept up until within two years, the parietal Freshman of Hy. 18 assessing his class to pay expenses, — almost the only custom handed down from times gone by.)

The Sophomores shall publish these customs to the Freshmen in the Chapel, at which time the Freshmen are enjoined to keep their seats and attend with decency to the reading.

A few more curious regulations are found on an old manuscript copy of the laws of Harvard College, written about 1737. They were doubtless made up for the occasion by some witty Sophomore.

No Freshman shall wear his hat in the yard, unless he be on horseback. No Freshman shall laugh in his senior's face, nor shall he talk saucily to him. No Freshman shall lean at prayers, but shall stand upright.

Freshmen were not exempt from menial labor until after the year 1800. "The carpets of the Library and Philosophy Chamber in the Chapel" were shaken once a year by the Freshmen, and a wealthy West Indian in 1790, refusing to do so, was told he could not remain in College, whereupon he took up his connections.

In the year 1784, and previously, long wigs were worn by the students. And especial laws were made as late even as 1790, as regards the dress of students. A writer of that time says: "Each head supported a three-cornered cocked hat. Yes, gentle reader, no man or boy was considered in full dress, in those days, unless his pericranium was thus surmounted, with the forward peak directly over the right eye. Our hair was worn in a *queue*, bound in black ribbon, and reached to the small of the back. The bosoms of our shirts were ruffled with lawn and cambric, and

' Our fingers' ends were sure to peep
From ruffles full five inches deep.'

Double-breasted coats, of a black or priest-gray color, waist-coats, breeches, and overshoes running to a point, shining stock, knee and shoe buckles." Any violation of the dress regulations was fined a sum not exceeding ten shillings each offence. Whose fault is it that dandies and coxcombs flourish at the present day? But college government made little or no arrangements for the comfort of the student's room. The floors of all the rooms were *sanded* twice a week. The furniture, if such it may be called, of a student's room, in 1800 even, was at best of the plainest kind. A single room at the present day would furnish a whole entry at that time. "Once," says an old inhabitant of Cambridge, "a student went off to spend Sunday in Milton, and there "purchased four straw-plaited straight-back oaken chairs. When they arrived at the College, the news spread like wild-fire, and it was not many hours before all the students had examined the luxury, and envied the owner!" Lean back, readers, in your soft-padded library-chair, smoke your costly meer-schaum, lay aside your richly bound volume, look around your room at the pictures that greet the eye on every hand, gaze on the black-walnut book-case, well stocked with the standard literature of the day, and think of how your ancestors lived and died for you. O the ingratitude of the present generation! But cheer up, fellow-students, we shall

say the same to our degenerate children in the year 1908. Could "Gail Hamilton" have looked in upon our fathers, she might have found some cause to complain, and, to tell the truth, I really believe that she has never been near Harvard College, but got hold of some old number of the New England Magazine, and, after a two hours' perusal, slept and dreamed, and the next day scribbled down *from memory* what she saw in dream-land. For her sake, let us hope that this is the explanation of the unfortunate mistake she committed a few months since.

Fault-finding is by no means a new feature of the human character, as even the old custom of commons at Harvard can prove. For, from the time that Nathaniel Eaton was dismissed from the "school," until commons were abolished in 1849, complaints were unceasing, and the greatest disturbances that have taken place among the students have arisen from that custom. That commons possess many advantages no one will deny; for it is owing to the abolishment of the same, that prices have risen to such an exorbitant height in Cambridge boarding-houses. Commons, instead of allowing the American student to have his own way in the simple matter of table, do just the opposite. The quality of the food at commons varied greatly at different times, and that the students made objections to some meals set before them no one wonders. In the year 1746 the "breakfast was two sizings of bread, and a cue (about half a pint) of beer," and "evenings commons were a pye." In winter chocolate could be had generally, and on Thanksgiving morning, those students who remained at college were treated with milk-toast. In 1759 there were no commons in the morning, and at dinner "meat of some kind, either baked or boiled, and at supper "a pint of milk, and half a biscuit, or a meat pye of some other kind." In 1765 a law was passed which obliged the students, without exception, to eat in commons. A year had scarcely elapsed before an open revolt took place, which lasted more than a month.

An account of commons, and the troubles that took place in March of 1807 or 1808, will serve to explain the whole system. I get my facts from an eyewitness. At that time Commons Hall was in the east end of what is now Harvard Hall. In the hall there were ten long tables, running north and south from the various windows. Each table was occupied by two messes, and each mess consisted of eight persons. The tables of the Tutors and Seniors at the eastern end of the hall were raised eighteen inches or so above the rest. Grace was asked by a Tutor, or in his absence by a Senior. The waiters, two to a table, were chosen from the different classes, and paid for their services. This duty was by no means considered degrading, for President Willard, Dr. Popkin, and Professor Hedge had held the office each in his time, together with many others whose names were afterwards distinguished. Each table was waited on by a member of its own class, and at Tutor's table the Seniors served. Monday and Thursday were set apart as "boiling days." On the other days the meat was roasted, and these were called "roasting days." As a sort of extra, each person was allowed two potatoes, which he was obliged to pare for himself. Pudding and cabbage were also given on boiling days. Cider was furnished in unlimited quantities at dinner. It was supplied at the rate of two quart cans for each mess; this was passed from mouth to mouth, like the old English wassail-bowl. As soon as emptied, the waiters replenished them. The butter was a most frequent cause of disturbance; one well acquainted with the state of commons describes the butter as being "sometimes so bad, that a farmer would not take it to grease his cart-wheels with." Pretty *strong* that! It often happened that, when veal or lamb was cheap, the Steward would furnish it four or five times a week. When this happened for some weeks in succession, the students were accustomed to go in a body to the Steward's house, as if their natures had been changed by their diet, and there they would *bleat* and blatter, threatening even to

lamb him, if he did not change their fare speedily ; then they would separate until obliged to repeat the same operation.

Now let us descend into the kitchen. This was directly beneath the dining-hall. Here we find the large old-fashioned wood fireplace, almost a room in itself, and two huge copper boilers for the coffee. These and many other remains of the culinary department of Harvard College still remain, and a visit to the cellar of Harvard Hall will amply repay one curious to know the process by which our fathers were supplied with the necessities of life. The inmates of the kitchen during the latter part of the last century consisted of three persons, — Richard Hunnewell, the master cook, a female assistant, and Mungo Russell, the Jack-of-all work, a gentleman of color, African born. Mungo's successor was a Rhode Island slave, Peter Waters by name. Under the west end of Harvard we find three cellars, — one for the provisions, one for meats, &c., and the cider cellar. The latter was always kept well supplied. I have spoken in a previous article of the remains of a vestibule or porch, still visible on the outside wall at the east end of Harvard Hall. This porch extended out about five feet. It had an entrance from the north and south only. Some four or five steps descended to a platform, upon which stood the kitchen door. None but waiters were allowed to enter the kitchen. As the hour approached for supper, the students would collect around the above-mentioned porch, and their suppers would be delivered out to them, the Butler taking account of any *extras*. This meal consisted usually of bread and a pint of milk, which they took to their rooms, or at least were expected to. It sometimes happened, by *accident* of course, that in winter, when the ground was slippery, a Sophomore's foot *might* give way, and thereby cause a Freshman's coat-tail to drip, drip, leaving a milky-way in his rear ; in such cases, Sophomore must go without his milk or get some as an extra, which went on to his quarter bill. The kitchen pump can still be seen, its position being marked by a flat circular

stone, with an iron door, right in front of where the porch used to stand.

At the Great Rebellion in 1808 the students refused to eat in commons, and held out a week or more in their intention. During that time all the exercises of College were suspended. The parents and friends of the students met in the old Court-House, where now the Post-Office stands, and, after considerable negotiation with the College government and the students, College exercises were resumed, and commons for a while were improved. But dissatisfaction and complaint became so frequent, that the College government at last concluded to let the students find their own board. The rebellion above-mentioned seems to have been the most generally entered into of any that has taken place at Harvard. The others were mere skirmishes. The troubles which gave rise to the Rebelliad will be spoken of when touching on that immortal poem.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

AMID the northern hills,
Ere the morn's gray light
Has painted the eastern sky,
A warrior sleeps,
With unbroken rest,
While the foe in ambush lie.

And a smile of joy
Plays o'er his face,
As he dreams of a maiden fair,
For the coming day,
With its cloak of gray,
Tells him not of the secret lair.

An Indian maiden,
Sad and forlorn,
Paced up and down, on the shore
Of a lake, that lies
'Neath the southern skies,
Unheeding the tempest's roar.

O'er her virgin face
The passions played,
Till her heart was like the snow,
That, falling so still
O'er forest and hill,
Buries deep the valleys below.

And she cried : " Great Spirit,
Save him for me,
My chieftain love, so true."
But the stormy night,
'Mid a flash of light,
Re-echoed, *So true, so true!*

And now all is still,
Save the little rill
That wanders silently by ;
Its waters are red
With blood newly shed,
And darkness is over the sky.

The chieftain is dead ;
The maiden sleeps :
Two souls are united above
In the hunting-grounds,
Where joy abounds,
With the great, good Spirit-Love.

ASTRONOMICAL AND METEOROLOGICAL.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky." — *Old Song.*

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings." — SHAKS.

"Star of the evening, beautiful, beautiful star." — *Popular Song.*

"Their stars were more in fault than they." — HANS CARVEL.

"Bless my stars." — ANON.

"The night stars are gleaming." — *Pop. Song.*

"It were all one,
That I should love a bright, particular star." — SHAKS.

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart." — WORDSWORTH.

"In the lone starry hours." — *Pop. Song.*

"Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury." — WORDSWORTH.

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course?" — COLERIDGE.

"Ferit aurea sidera clamor." — VIRGIL.

Τὰ μετέωρα πράγματα. — ARISTOPHANES.

Ζητῶν τὰ ἐπουράνια καὶ ἄλλους ταῦτά ταῦτα διδάσκων.

PLATO'S *Apology*.

"With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars." — WORDSWORTH.

"And force them, though it was in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write." — *Hudibras.*

"Macte nova virtute, puer; sic itur ad astra." — VIRGIL.

"When beggars die, there are no comets seen." — SHAKS.

"The shooting stars attend thee." — HERRICK.

"The desire of the moth for the star." — SHELLEY.

"Nox erat et cælo fulgebat luna sereno
Inter minora sidera." — HORACE.

"But I am constant as the northern star." — SHAKS.

"Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air." — T. GRAY.

"A harmless, flaming meteor shone for him." — COWLEY.

"Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky." — WORDSWORTH.

"Shone like a meteor, streaming to the mind." — MILTON.

"Subdue the lust for large farms. If you have fifty acres, and burn to have fifty more, annex fifty that lie *beneath* what you now own, and gain your title by a sub-soil plough." — REV. T. STARR KING.

READER, be not startled at the preceding galaxy of stars. It is nothing to what you probably would have seen if you had been one of the army of astronomical and meteorological volunteers who would have been out star-gazing on Friday night and Saturday morning, 13th and 14th November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, if the sky had not been overcast with clouds on that momentous and portentous occasion.

I shall not attempt to say what might have been the result; what mysteries respecting those aerial bodies which appear for a little while and then vanish away might have been cleared up; what interesting problems might have been solved; what "glory and undying fame" might have been attained by some of the editors and readers of the Harvard, if the weather had been propitious on the night and morning above mentioned. Such information might be desirable, but several good and sufficient reasons, amongst others the non-possession of the knowledge pertaining to the subject, prevent me from entering into the why and wherefore of the mustering of so great a "star company"; its division into squads of six each; the appointment of one in each squad as treasurer, or rather time-keeper (it's all the same though: time is money); the division of the visible heavens into five parts, and the assignment of one part to each of the remaining five members of the squad; the masterly generalship and strategy by which each party was to change its base after two and a half hours of sentinel duty, and its place to be filled by a fresh relief; how a great many meteors were expected to be out that night; how each man

was to sing out "Time" as soon as he should observe a celestial rocket start on its course, and how he was then to observe its path among the stars, and, when its lamp went out, mark the observed track on a celestial chart, subscribing his initials thereto, and how he was then to resume his watching, and act in a similar manner when a similar state of affairs should next be observed.

The explanation of these and many other equally interesting particulars I have nothing to do with ; I propose simply to give a plain, unvarnished description of some of the events connected with the great expedition into the ethereal regions which was projected in spite of the awful warning contained in the sad fate of the giants, who, in the days so long gone by, "placed Ossa upon Pelion, and 'rolled upon Ossa the leafy Olympus,' in their daring attempt to scale the heavens."

Although it was reasonable enough to expect that the stars would rise as usual if the weather should prove favorable, it was nevertheless deemed necessary, for reasons sufficiently obvious, that each member of the grand army corps should get up the stars in the part of the firmament assigned him. For this purpose celestial globes, maps, charts, planetaria, etc. were brought into use. We studied these carefully, and were astonished to see the wonders of the heavens that had hitherto escaped our notice entirely. Stalwart men, lovely women, interesting children, beasts of every description, dragons, serpents, works of art, were scattered round over the sky in endless pro- and con-fusion. How we longed for night to come, that we might verify with our own eyes the presence of all these things ! Of course when night came the thick black clouds obscured the stellar regions completely. For several nights no stars could be seen, and we amused ourselves by talking very learnedly of α Tauri, β Centauri, γ Andromedæ, δ Aquarii, and so on, till the whole Greek alphabet had been exhausted many times, and the whole dictionary of mythological proper names committed to memory. The names of the constellations became coun-

tersigns and passwords. Numerous jokes of doubtful legitimacy were perpetrated. We recollect only one just now, which we give as a specimen. We were digging away over a hideous monster rejoicing in the sobriquet of Cetus. A brother editor, coming in, asked us what we were up to. We answered, very carelessly, that we were trying to get out the Whale. Feebly though feelingly came the response, "Well, you find getting out the whale to be a trying operation, don't you?" We allowed our stern countenance to be lubricated with an oily smile, but said nothing, though strongly tempted to request the loan of his "Dipper."

At last there came a night clear but cold, — so cold, indeed, that all the living beings represented on the charts failed to make their appearance; and, so far as our observation has gone, they have not been out yet. The stars came out, however, and many an eager eye was raised above all earthly things, contemplating with mathematical fervor the "square of Pegasus," the "belt of Orion," the "Twins," the "Char-ioteer," the greater and lesser "Bears," the larger and smaller "Dogs," and so on *ad infinitum*. At last the excessive cold began to tell on the raw recruits, one of whom suggested that, as we expected to encounter a great many shooting stars, it might be well to fill our pockets with pistols.* Still later in the night, or rather early the next morning, several ardent youths, who find it hard enough to get up in time for morning prayers, might have been seen on the Common in the greatest possible variety of positions, eyeing alternately the starry heavens and the starry charts in their earnest endeavors to reconcile the two phenomena. One man, for instance, might be seen holding a chart bent into a spherical surface over his head, while another would have his chart on the ground, he himself assuming such a position as would

* A cant or slang term for small, flat, elliptically shaped flasks, made of dark-colored glass. They are used as receptacles for "old rye," which is also a cant term for a well-known liquid, a sovereign cure for wry faces and other maladies arising from exposure to the cold.

most probably have elicited from any passing Strepsiades the inquiry, —

Τί δὴθ' ὁ πρῶτος ἐς τὸν οὐρανὸν βλέπει ;

in which case the Mathetes who held the lantern might in all truth have answered, —

Αὐτὸς καθ' αὐτὸν ἀστρονομεῖν διδάσκεται.

[Very fortunately, the rest of the manuscript is hopelessly illegible till just at the end, where we find a sentence that has every appearance of being borrowed from some work on metaphysics, though given without quotation-marks. It reads thus : “ To some it may appear that we have been wandering for a long time in a mere wilderness, whence issuing, we again behold the stars.” The author states, in a foot-note, that it was so cloudy on the night when the observations were to be taken, and looked so likely to rain, that no sensible meteor would have ventured to appear ; consequently all the immense preparations were barren of results. — Eds.]

CLASS-FEELING.

How often, as we have sat, some cold winter evening, with a happy circle of classmates around a bright and glowing fire, have we discussed the question, “ Whether or not the strong class-feeling which prevails in college is advantageous.” A few words on this subject, I think, may not be out of place in the Harvard, even though they come in the shape of an argument for the affirmative side.

Wherever men congregate, they will divide themselves into classes. By a law of nature, which limits the extent to which our affections can be moved, we are unable to hold everybody as an intimate. Men will be to us acquaintances, friends, or intimates, according as circumstances, their char-

acters, and our tastes decide. It is said that we are capable of loving but one person, and I believe this true in so far as it means that we always love one person best, although we often find it hard to decide between our best friends. Then our intimates, friends, acquaintances, range themselves, one after another, as we often see their counterfeits purposely arranged in our photograph albums, first those bound to us by the ties of blood, then "the bright, particular star," and so on down to those whom we know the least, and take the least interest in. It is impossible to say where either of these great classes ends and another begins, so gradually do they slide into each other without leaving any mark to determine the division line; but that we know this man to bow to, and that we would feel like asking that man to do us a favor, while we make a third our confidant, is the common experience of us all. And no less in college than in the outside world is this rule in force. Four hundred students cannot all be intimates, nor friends, nor even acquaintances. They will not, then, all feel the same interest in each other. You will always like to be with some men rather than with others. Sets will naturally be formed, and those sets will hold relations to each other, depending upon circumstances, and the kinds of men which are included in them. The broader classes of friends and acquaintances will, probably, in college, be decided in one of two ways, either by the regular college classes, as here at Harvard, or by societies, as in many other colleges in this country, and especially at Yale and Williams. I propose briefly to consider these two ways; and, first, of classes of friends and acquaintances formed by societies.

Two principal objections seem to me to arise against this method of separating the various sets, which will render the friendships thus formed unstable. And first, the various members are not upon an equality. The Senior has had far greater experience than the Freshman, and wherever brought in contact, *in college*, he must feel that he is his superior.

Any one who has had an intimate friend in a higher class, I am sure, will freely acknowledge that, while in college, there has always been a feeling of inequality which has prevented in their intercourse that perfect freedom which existed before the relation of Junior and Freshman was established. A true friendship can only exist between those who are upon the same level ; for if one is the superior, he must necessarily regard the other either with contempt or with pity, while the inferior will admire the former, causing him to feel his own inferiority. These feelings are incompatible with strong and firm friendships.

Secondly, the fact that the members join and leave the societies at different times, and are together various lengths of time, must operate to produce less interest in each other than is the result of a four years' course with the same men. We see how it is in other things ; Seniors are better acquainted with Juniors than with Sophomores, and with Sophomores than with Freshmen, but with all less than with their own classmates ; and if our friendships were regulated by societies rather than by college classes, this rule would operate in the same way, causing marked distinctions and producing less general interest in each other than we now see exhibited by classmates.

Coming now to the second method of division, by college classes, with which *we* are all much more familiar, we find that it has one great advantage, namely, that it is more natural, as it is the way in which we are divided in regard to almost everything else, — recitations, seats at chapel, assignment of rooms, and in all matters in which we come in contact with the government of the College. I think that it can hardly be doubted that the friendships formed between men who meet four or five times a day regularly, and the intimacies selected from these, will be stronger and more lasting than those which are formed in the first way which I mentioned. Everything in college will tend to strengthen such friendships (except where a class allows the various elections

to produce ill feeling), while, on the other hand, all our college life will tend to weaken friendships between men whose only bond is their society. So many things are carried on by classes, — Class-day, class suppers, class photographs, class-books, class elections, — all bring us into contact, and tend to make us better acquainted.

It may be urged, that these class friendships will prove so strong as to alienate the classes from each other, and thus prevent a general feeling of devotion to, and interest in, the College. What is the fact? Were the students of Harvard less united in their devotion to their Alma Mater at the college regattas than those of Yale? Does a Junior prevent the strong class feeling which animates him from cheerfully greeting a Sophomore when they meet in the wild mountains of New Hampshire? Do our Commencements show less interest exhibited by the Alumni in their Alma Mater than those of Yale?

For these reasons, I am in favor of class distinctions, of strong class feeling. I hope that none of those natural results which it produces, which lend such a charm to our college life, will ever lose one iota of their interest, or ever fail to occupy a prominent place in our thoughts during our stay with our Alma Mater, and even after we have received her blessing and gone forth into the great battle of life.

AD QUINTUM DELLIIUM.

HORACE, C. II. 3.

SINCE, Dellius, your death is always so near,
Remember in trouble never to fear,
Nor less in prosperity's happiest day
Restrain from joy's exulting sway,
Whether you live a long, sad life,
Or in happy days apart from strife,
Outstretched on a grassy bank you recline,
And quaff from cups of Falernian wine.
For what do the poplar and lofty pine
Their branches in kindly shade entwine?
And why does the flying streamlet contend
To reach its winding channel's end?
Hither the wines and the perfumes bear,
And the short-lived flowers of roses fair,
While now the threads of the sisters three,
And age and fortune leave you free.
Your groves and home and the country-seat,
Where the yellow Tiber rolls at your feet,
You must leave behind, and your treasured gold
An heir shall obtain. If ancestors old
And riches fall to your lot, or you roam
A beggar and outcast, the fields for your home,
Your fate is the same, and at last you fall
A victim to Pluto, seizing us all.
For we all must die, and are driven on,
And sooner or later our lot is borne
From the shaken urn, and Charon shall bear
Us away to Hades and exile there.

TALKS WITH "UNCLE HAL."

STUDENTS have their peculiar trials and vexations, and are as liable to give way to the weaknesses of human nature as the rest of mankind.

I suppose I was a fool the other day, for anger rested in my bosom and clouded my brow; but the Faculty were to blame for making me a fool. For, soon after dinner, that ubiquitous animal, the President's Freshman, came to my room and informed me, as intelligibly as his sense of the awfulness and superiority of a Junior would allow, that the President wanted to see me at his office at three o'clock. "In the morning or afternoon?" thundered I. "In the afternoon, if you please, Sir," whispered he. Mercury vanished.

Upon responding to the summons, I learned, to my surprise, that the Faculty had been "sitting on me," and had given in a verdict of GUILTY—of going out of the Chapel seven mornings in succession, by the Freshmen's door, that they had voted me a *Public Admonition*, and had instructed the President to write a letter home to my parents, informing them of the heinousness of my crime and the amount of the penalty.

I was pacing the floor in a rather excited state of mind that evening, thinking of the letter home and its consequences, when the smiling face of Uncle Hal beamed in upon me.

"Hillo! what's the matter, my boy? what's the matter?" said the old gentleman. "Those eyes of yours look like a young tiger's, and your complexion is unusually ruddy. You are not dangerous, are you? Had a 'private,' I guess."

"Yes," said I, "that's what's the matter, and more too. I have got a '*public*.'"

"Well, well, I'm very sorry to hear it; but sit down and tell me all about it. I don't believe you have been a very bad boy, after all."

I then related the circumstances as above; adding, however, that I did n't care two rows of pins for the deduction itself, but I did care about the letter home. For father was away, and the letter would fall into mother's hands; who, seeing that it was post-marked at Cambridge, would naturally think it was from me, and of course would open it and read it. What does she know about a *Public Admonition*? I never told her what it was, and I don't believe father ever did. Of course she sees at once that it is n't from me, and then she reads the "regrets to state," — "by the instruction of the Faculty," — "your son's conduct," — "breaking one of the laws of the College," — "must be painful to you," — "we trust that home influence," — and all that sort of stuff that generally make up the letters home. Not understanding the circumstances, she will think that I am no better than a common brawler, an incorrigible law-breaker, and disturber of the peace; — in short, that I am on the road to ruin. Then come tears and sleepless nights, and all the thoughts that would naturally run through a mother's head under such circumstances. Then the rest of the family must know what the matter is, and their faces grow long, and they are shocked to find out from such a trustworthy source what an awful wicked brother they've got, and imagine him exposed to public odium, pointed at, and grinned at by the whole College, and all this, just because my breakfast was nearer the Freshmen's door than the front door. "I declare, Uncle Hal, it is too bad," I cried, starting up and pacing the floor again. "Who ever heard of such a childish proceeding? The Faculty are down on me and down on my class. They are roughing some of us all the time, and have been ever since we entered college. Who wants to be treated like a little young one? I don't."

There sat Uncle Hal during the impassioned delivery of the above, convulsed with laughter. That nettled me the more; and I hastily told him to laugh away if he wanted to; that I did n't believe he ever had a "Public" and a letter

sent home to his parents, or he would n't sit there laughing at a fellow's calamities.

"Well, my young Vesuvius, as soon as you get through spitting fire, just sit down again, and let us reason together. I had half a dozen 'Publics' while I was in college, but I don't think I ever flashed quite so much lightning about them as you do. But I must confess that I am surprised to know that giving 'Publics' and sending letters home is still a part of the system of college discipline. I was laughing to see you lashing yourself into such a fury, not from want of sympathy."

Heartily begging the old man's pardon for speaking to him so hastily, I sat down again.

"Ah!" said he, "I see that human nature and student nature is the same as it was fifty years ago. You young chaps talk just as we used to talk. You break some college law, and suffer the penalty; and being thoughtless, full of spirits, and impatient of restraint, you are frequently subjected to some kind of censure and discipline. In your vanity and conceit, you fancy that you are the constant objects of the Faculty's deliberations, and that the College Faculty are sworn enemies to students generally, and to your class in particular. Now it is no such thing. The Faculty are *not* 'down' on you, as you say; on the contrary, they are very friendly towards you, and like to see you doing well. But if you break the College laws, you must expect to take the consequences. It is no use to storm about these things and create disturbances. Students are always the losers in so doing. The Faculty are older and cooler than you are, and have the law in their hands; consequently, they have the advantage over you."

"But you don't think college faculties are perfect, do you?" said I. "I thought you said just now that you were surprised to know that giving 'Publics,' and sending letters home, was still a part of the system of college discipline."

"No, I do not think that college faculties are perfect, or

that all wisdom and justice will die with them. What I mean is, that, while you are in College, *subordination to the rules of College is your prime duty*; and when I speak of the system of discipline, I do not mean to berate your Faculty, or any college faculty, but to object to the system itself. As Talleyrand remarked, with regard to the public school education in England, — 'It is the best,' he said, 'which I have ever seen, and it is abominable.' So I, of our system of college discipline, may say it is the best in New England; but there are a good many things to be mended in it."

"Good for you, Uncle Hal; it is comforting to me to hear that just at this time. I wish you would pour the oil of consolation into my wounded spirit, by explaining to me at length your reasons for thinking so."

"No, I can't stop long enough to-night to talk about it as I would like to; but I will give you in brief a few leading ideas on the matter. And, then, you young plagiarist, you will steal my thunder, and write a flaming article for the next Harvard on '*Tyranny in College*,' or '*A Cry for Reform*,' or some such loud-sounding title, and get another 'Public,' and then you will call on me again for some more 'oil of consolation.'"

"Never mind; if the Faculty can't stand a — Well, I guess I won't say it. Perhaps it would be better for some older head than mine to say the truth on such matters. It is very likely I should n't write with an unbiased judgment; — to-night at any rate. But pray go on, Uncle Hal; I am impatient to hear you. I am all ears, having made a great ass of myself before you within fifteen minutes."

"Shame on you! that joke was hardly worthy of a Freshman. But in regard to this subject of college discipline, I think there is too much of a division made between college education and college discipline or government. Discipline ought to be a *part* of education; that is to say, government should not be merely police, — something that has reference solely to keeping watch over students at chapel, in reci-

tation-seats and study hours, — but it should be paternal in its character, acting with a greatness of soul, and making every individual who is governed to feel that he has some part to play in the world, some great character to sustain ; that college is a centre of influence and a nursery of principles. This will make him feel a sense of manly responsibility, a personal interest in the honor and welfare of the institution, and a sincere and hearty esteem for those who administer the government. It ought to be such a government that a student will love, and defend when it is assailed, with the same kind of spirit that a patriot will defend the honor of his flag, or a child the honor of his parent. But no student can love a government that represses his manhood ; and a college student is supposed to be man enough to be beyond the reach of the little inquisitive and artificial penalties and degrees of punishment generally enforced against school-boys. To be sure the birch and the

'Ferulæ tristes, sceptrâ pædagogorum,'

do not create a reign of terror in college ; but there are other remembrancers of school-boy days that are retained in it, and you have been giving a fine illustration to-night of their workings and their weakness. A certain number of absences from prayers or from recitations, — a greater demonstration of youthful exuberance of spirits on being released from recitation than is consistent with the gravity of a minister, — an expression of approbation for a teacher upon leaving his recitation-room for the last time, — or, as in your case, the going out of chapel by one door instead of another, entitles the culprit to a heavy deduction and a heart-rending letter, addressed, not to himself, but to his unoffending parent at home. As you have rather extravagantly, yet with no little truth, shown, the Faculty inflict a severer punishment upon the parent than upon the culprit himself. The document, being always couched in very impressive language, creates a misery and anxiety far away from the place where it was

indited, not because it is understood, but because it is misunderstood, and the offence exaggerated in the mind of the anxious family. The student considers it a farcial proceeding, but it is a leaf of tragedy to fathers and mothers. Soon, 't is true, the matter is explained, and the parents rejoice to learn that it was only a few occasional morning naps, or a shorter cut for a hungry boy's breakfast, that brought about this stupendous correspondence.

"The moral effect of the act of discipline is neutralized, and the parents, glad to find that their anxiety was so groundless, preserve the President's autograph, and throw the letter into the fire; at the same time denouncing the childish, infant-school system of discipline which they have been made to comprehend by such a painful process."

"But don't you believe in any government at all in colleges, Uncle Hal?"

"Most certainly I do. I am no apologist for college criminals. It is needful that the pupils should be amenable to some laws; that the instructors should execute those laws; and if a young man cannot make up his mind beforehand to conform to the laws of the institution with which he is to be connected, he had better stay at home. If he does become a member of the College, let him consent to abide by its rules and regulations. Even if he thinks the system is foolish and childish, this is no reason for defying it; and when he conducts himself in such a manner that he endangers the peace of the College, and makes it profitable for him to leave, then let the Faculty break the connection between the student and the College; *but not till then*. My point is, that punishments should never be small and puerile; should not be applied for noisiness, inattention, and all the demonstrations of youthful exuberance or youthful carelessness. Such offences are better corrected by a frank and manly interview, with advice and appeals to the manliness and sense of duty of the student. These artificial grades of punishment are calculated to weaken the manly pride of young men, and to

inspire contempt for the system of discipline established. And in this way the students are kept in an attitude of puerile hostility to their instructors. Human nature is not perfect, and when authority condescends to great artificial strictness and minuteness in making and enforcing rules, a sort of foolish pride is taken in eluding or overbearing it. The risk of punishment makes low adventures seem chivalrous to the mind of a student. It dignifies tricks and capers to deeds of prowess, necessary to the full development of a good fellow."

"That 's so. You 're right there, Uncle Hal ; and I have noticed that the fellows don't care to 'cut up,' and take advantage of an instructor who is known to take no notice of *peccadillos*, and who is friendly and accommodating in his nature. Such instructors never complain of a fellow. But when a teacher is on the watch all the time, and is so terribly sensitive to foolish pranks or inattentions, the fellows are apt to take a malicious delight in tormenting him ; and they expect deductions, and don't care for them when they do get them."

"Ah, yes ; that 's just it. *They don't care for deductions.* Authority and government have *lost their power.* It is a legitimate effect of the system of discipline in American colleges. Look at two cases you have just mentioned. In the one, the students look upon the Professor as their friend ; in the other, as their policeman. Now there is an inconsistency in the two professions, of teacher and policeman, which young persons of spirit find difficult to reconcile and respect."

"That 's so, too ; and I would n't be a tutor in college for a thousand dollars a year ; they have so much of this police duty to do."

"The tutors are not to be blamed ; as long as this system is kept up, they will be obliged to perform their prescribed duties. Probably their recent experience as undergraduates is advantageous in the councils of the college senate, and in the execution of its regulations. And if young graduates are

preferable for this service, let them be employed ; but I don't like the idea of their going into the recitation-room as instructors. Let the professions of tutor and policeman be kept distinct.

"Our New England colleges, in this matter of college government, would do well to imitate the foreign universities, especially the German, or even the comparatively young university in the State of Arizona. (By the way, two of my classmates are professors in that university.) In these institutions students are supposed to be men, and are treated as such. There is nothing in their system of discipline to destroy the self-respect of the student, but, on the contrary, everything to cultivate self-reliance and a sense of manly responsibility. Respect for the instructors there is an honest esteem for men of personal worth and superior wisdom, not the homage of craven cowardice. In the University of Arizona the system is working with great success, and there are but very few cases of discipline during a year. But in cases of riot and great disturbance, the offenders are made to feel their responsibility, and that they must suffer the penalty of the violated law of the land.

"But I must say good night to you. I have already stopped much longer than I intended."

"Don't go yet, Uncle Hal. It is n't very late."

"Yes, I must go. Have you got a good stock of apples on hand ? If you have n't, come with me to my lodgings, and I will send you back with as many as you can carry ; and then do you sit down and write a letter to your mother, and relieve her mind from needless anxiety."

"Uncle Hal, be my Mentor forever, and let me be your Telemachus."

NEW BOOKS.

1. *Dick Rodney; or, The Adventures of an Eton Boy.* By JAMES GRANT. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 1864.
2. *The Red Eric; or, The Whaler's Last Cruise.* By R. M. BALLANTYNE. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 1864.
3. *The Wild Man of the West; a Tale of the Rocky Mountains.* By R. M. BALLANTYNE. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 1864.
4. *I will be a Sailor; a Book for Boys.* By MRS. L. C. TUTHILL. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 1863.

IN no branch of our literature has progress been more apparent than in books for children and youth. This is not a fact of trifling or inconsiderable importance. The reading of children can be made of such a character as to combine instruction with pleasure. We all remember the books which delighted us in childhood,—the “Rollo Books,” the “Jonas” stories, “Marco Paul’s Travels,” &c. But these books, to insure attention, must be entertaining, not merely in the matter contained, but also in illustrations, printing, and the general finish of the book. Our young readers of the present day, indeed, are beginning to be fastidious in this matter. This is caused by the advances which have been made in our time, the elevation of the standard, and the vast multiplication of juvenile books. Our grandfathers and grandmothers, nay, still later, our own fathers and mothers, were obliged to content their childhood hours with Barbauld and Edgeworth. Little idea could they form of the wealth of children’s literature which was in store for the next generation. Now-a-days juvenile books are poured from the press in the most lavish profusion. Their mechanical execution is excellent; in beauty and appropriateness of finish they may vie with those for children of a larger growth. To add to their attractiveness, the talents of the best designers and engravers in the country are often brought into requisition to illustrate their pages. The books before us are examples of what we have said. They are all from the press of Messrs. Crosby and Nichols, a firm who have won an enviable reputation as publishers of books of excellence in every department of literature. Two of the books are from the pen of Mr. Ballantyne, an author who is

already extensively and favorably known as a writer of books for youth. "I will be a Sailor" is from the pen of Mrs. Tuthill, a lady of whom we entertain favorable recollections as the authoress of books which delighted our own early days.

These books are all excellently printed, and are full of capital illustrations. We would heartily recommend them to all of our readers as appropriate holiday gifts to their younger brothers or cousins.

COLLEGE RECORD.

THE annual supper of the Harvard Natural History Society took place on Friday evening, November 13, at the Cattle-Fair Hotel, Brighton.

There was a very full attendance of members, and the occasion was one which will long be remembered by those who participated in the festivities of the evening.

Supper Committee. — John W. Atwood, John T. Ward, of the Class of '64, Henry B. Williams, of the Class of '65.

The following ode by Mr. R. H. Bancroft of the Class of '65 was sung to the tune of "Fair Harvard."

The pleasures of life are but fleeting, they say,
And the brighter the sooner they fly;
As the loveliest flowers endure but a day,
And then breathe out their fragrance and die.
Be this as it may, — while we can let's be glad,
Ere the shadows fall dark o'er our way;
'T were worse than ungrateful for us to be sad,
While we've Youth, — that bright gem, as to-day.

Then send round the wine! let us prove here to-night,
That staid Learning with Wit agrees well;
We need n't a moment of Science lose sight,
While discussing the bivalves on shell.
The Mastodon lives but in story; alack!
That pre-Adamite beast is no more!
But let us not sigh, for we can't bring him back;
Rather fill to him cups that run o'er.

As often the sunset of some summer day,
Is the pleasantest hour we find,
So the bright things of life when they vanish away
Shall leave sunset memories behind.
Come, fill up with wine! here's a toast we will bless: —
Our Society, — long may it last,
May its fame never fade, nor its treasures grow less,
When our names are but parts of the past.

"Publish it, — — — dead indeed."

(SHAKS., *Much Ado*, I. iv.)

The last meeting of the Rumford Society of Harvard University was held on Friday evening, June 26, 1863.

Present, two officers and one member. Since that time the Society has been growing weaker and weaker, till she may now be *officially* announced as *dead*. We understand that the rooms are to be fitted up for recitation-rooms for Prof. Lowell.

The following were officers of the Sophomore Class Supper held at Point Shirley on the first evening of recess: —

PRESIDENT: Charles Heber McBurney.

ORATOR: John Green Curtis.

TOAST-MASTER: Eugene Douglass Greenleaf.

ODIST: William Payne Blake.

COMMITTEE: Charles Heber McBurney, Richard Cranch Greenleaf, Edward Henry Clark.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THERE is an old maxim that has come down to us with letters of introduction from past ages, which seems quite applicable for a text to our table-talk about Thanksgiving Recess. That we take a text does not justify our readers in supposing that we are intending to use our modest table as a pulpit, or that we propose to give a moral dissertation on any subject from our easy-chair. We shall preserve our strength in that department for our next theme, and only say to those who always unite texts to sermons in their ideas, that they would do well to study those papers that immortalized Addison and Steele.

Ancient Rome, as you *used* to know, has been noted for its young men, who, while they were pre-eminent for brilliancy and ability, at the same time were distinguished almost invariably for an unfortunate tendency to low debauchery of every kind. Now, one day when one of these, whose name we omit to spare the feelings of his family, was revelling with his dissolute companions, sallying forth into the streets he happened to meet a respectable old Roman gentleman, a friend of his father's, who, stopping immediately, began to remonstrate with him on his evil ways, and warned him against the sin of yielding to the inebriating bowl. He told him that, if he continued in his wicked course, he would soon be bad enough to become one of the Senate, and asked him what excuse he had for his low conduct. The young man, nothing abashed by the benevolent words of his senior, coolly proceeded to light his cigar with one of those *Roman* candles for which the city was distinguished, and tucking up his toga, said in his defence only the three words of our maxim, at the same time making a spasmodic attempt to commence one of his school-day's declensions. His answer was then as follows: "(Hic) Omnia petunt (hic) bonum."* (This anecdote we give on our own responsibility, and it is our first attempt in a department which, perhaps, belongs to those of stronger imaginations than ours.) To show how this maxim applies to our subject, we need only state, what is evident to all, that students are a class under the head "*omnia*" and that a Thanksgiving dinner is decidedly "*bonum*." The special application then gives: "Students petunt a Thanksgiving dinner," which declares a truth that we all do confidently believe.

It has frequently been said that the pleasure-seeker is never happy, and that he who passes his time in the pursuit of happiness alone is always unsuccessful in his chase, and finally settles down to mourn over his mis-spent hours. Pleasure is called a fickle goddess, who seems to resemble in her habits the Irishman's flea. "You put your hand on her, and she is n't

* See Codex Σ.

there." And we have no doubt that during the last two weeks at least eighty young writers have made the original remark, that to be happy one must not seek to be so. Now we have no intention of overthrowing the sincere beliefs of these eighty writers, so enthusiastic for at least three pages, but will simply state a fact, and leave it for our readers to decide whether it is one of those exceptions that prove the rule, or a strong flank movement to show the weakness of the position. At the beginning of recess we packed our trunks and started away by every railroad, the most of us for home. Now we did all this after days of expectation, with the deliberate purpose and settled intention of having a good time. With earnestness we set out for a week's hunt after happiness, determined to succeed and enjoy ourselves. According to the *rule*, we ought to come back after the most unhappy and wretched week of our existence, and this the more so as our purpose was of a more aggravated nature. But as yet we have found but one or two that do not think that they have had a *jolly* time. These, we fear, are either obstinate, or perhaps think it a fine opportunity to be odd and independent. Besides these suppositions there is but one other that will explain at all satisfactorily this remarkable phenomenon. It is that these solitary ones had not the firmness to persist in their first determination, and consequently, and deservedly, too, failed to succeed. Except these few, every one will admit that recesses are convenient to have, and above all is heard the evidence of the Freshman. After weeks of waiting and counting, he at last has been permitted to return to those circles which he adorned as a "sub." Although fearing the shock his newly acquired dignity may give the quiet circle of his home, he has jauntily stepped in, startled his maiden aunts by sundry exhibitions of college slang, whistled college songs all over the house, confidentially bored his friends with accounts of college, surprised his fond father by demands of money for college bills, and returned to college after his brilliant sojourn — to study Ramsay. Never but once has he lost his self-possession, and that was when a new acquaintance innocently asked him if he belonged to the Senior Class. But now he is gracing the ground-floors again, and talks, as we all talk, though perhaps in a more exaggerated way, of the week spent at home.

Since we came back, matters in college have been very quiet. We are thankful for an extra hour's sleep in the morning, but think we pay well for it by the loss of an hour's leisure after dinner. Our rooms seem more cosy than ever, now that the blazing fire seems to defy the cold wind whistling around the corners of the old buildings. We have settled down into nice bracing winter.

THE following pages were found in the yard a few nights since, the result, probably, of some Sophomoric soporific night-work: —

A good joke is a good thing, but a poor one is worse than nothing. In the October number of the Harvard, a writer closes an "essay on punning," with the advice that "all public-spirited punsters should be moderate in the use of their powers," fearing that in a short time the English language would fail in its supply of words. What a sad state of things this would be, certainly one to engage the attention of every anti (or antic) punster. But as the excellence of a pun depends, *in toto*, upon its total depravity, there need be little fear that, in the present state of the world's morals, *pun-ica fides* will cease to exist anywhere. Speaking of the Carthaginian faith, reminds me of the *dido* Æneas cut while on his voyage to Italy. Doubtless he acted thus strangely because he had heard that

"Dido et dux,"

and so gave her a *second cut*. As to the meaning of the word *pun*, if there be any, the old Italian maxim perhaps approaches the nearest to an explanation, —

"Avere su la *pun*-ta dilla lingua, —"

to have a thing (i. e. pun) at the tip of one's tongue. But the punster carries on a *bellum pun-itivum* at his own risk, (a war risk,) and he is responsible for the result, whatever it may be.

Among the most proficient in this art that I ever heard of was Lord Timothy Dexter, who had such a *mathematical* turn of mind that he had the avenue approaching his mansion in Newburyport, flanked on either side by *figures*. His pun-ctuation was world renowned, and he was not without wisdom and learning, for he was a man

"Consilio *puniri* potest,"

and right *dexter*-ous at that.

I trust by this time that it has been shown that to exhaust the English language is almost an impossibility. In truth after the dictionary is used up, then we can coin our own words. Messrs. T. A. C., tailors in a neighboring city, have lately availed themselves of this convenient mode by advertising *pantaloonery* as a part of their stock; one thing is very sure, and that is that they have a good stock in store.

Now that the Magazine once more is prepared to resist all attacks of grim Death, at least for the remainder of the year, we wish to have a little plain talk with our subscribers. There have been made for the past year or two many declarations, whose general import was that the Magazine was a "bore," and many persons, sadly deluded we think, have expressed repeatedly a wish that "the thing was dead." Perhaps they are right in this wish, and it is better that the time spent in editing and preparing pieces for the Magazine should be employed otherwise, and that the money

expended in issuing it should be applied to lighting the college entries, obtaining a convenient Post-Office, or some other laudable enterprise. Perhaps it is better that the students in general should be dunned no longer for subscriptions, nor the writers in particular for articles. Perhaps it is better, in short, for the "Harvard" to die. Far as we are from agreeing with these declarations, it is not our purpose to discuss that question now, but only to speak of the best manner of ending its existence, if such is the decree.

If the Magazine must be cut off in the prime of its youth, after a life of but ten years, and must become one of the things that were, let it at least have an honorable death. Never let it sneak out of existence, as it came so near doing at the beginning of this year. Would you like to know how near it was to leaving us then? Upon the first of October it was in so deplorable a state that four of the editors thought that the case was hopeless, and that it was a kindness to put it out of misery by knocking it in the head. It was finally agreed to wait one more week, as a forlorn hope. Had our Magazine then followed its predecessors, how many of its subscribers would have liked to enlarge upon the manner of its death? It certainly would have been no honorable proceeding to be mentioned with pleasure, that after we had elected editors we had killed the Magazine by refusing to subscribe. No, if the majority of us think it is advisable to give it up, this is not the way to show our opinion. It would be the right way to refuse to elect editors, and by class votes to discontinue to publish the Magazine. This would certainly be a better way next year, than to repeat the forlorn proceedings that ushered in this volume. Let the last number be as full and good as the first, and let it be said that we deliberately stopped its issue because we were convinced of its uselessness, and then we shall not see the sad spectacle of its emaciated form dragged before us for several months previous to its final departure. Now we may be looking ahead too far, but we wish that when the next elections for editors are held this subject would be considered. Let the primary meetings be fully attended and the matter well discussed. We do not fear for the result. It has been suggested, and well, we think, that the election of editors should take place so long before the end of the year that the subscriptions may be obtained that term, and everything made ready to begin fairly with the year. Why not have it just before the May recess. We have more leisure then than later, when the "yearlies" are coming so near. If it is decided at this meeting to go on, do not dare to vote for an editor unless you are willing to assist him by a prompt subscription. If the vote is for death, let this epitaph be written:

Here lies the Harvard Mag. at. 10:
It died better than it lived.



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THE

HARVARD MAGAZINE.

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No. 88.

PROVERBS AND MAXIMS.

GREAT difficulty always has been found in getting a suitable definition for a proverb, and although many have been offered, none seem entirely to satisfy the demand, either losing their force in vagueness or failing to embrace the whole nature of proverbs by describing characteristics and parts instead of the whole. An instance of the first kind is that of Johnson, who defined proverbs as "short sentences frequently repeated by the people," which evidently gives no idea of their nature, and entirely leaves out a class, by no means small, of curious and quaint ones, not generally known to the people. Another writer has called proverbs "instructive sentences, or common and pithy sayings, in which more is generally designed than expressed, famous for peculiarity or elegance." Now, whatever definition we give them, it is evident that brevity without obscurity is necessary to their perfection; and all must grant that Howell was especially happy in stating the ingredients required to make up an exquisite proverb to be *sense, shortness, and salt*. Since an accurate definition, however, is not entirely necessary to the purposes of this article, we will not attempt that in which so many others have failed, and for the same reason the nice distinctions between

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proverbs, maxims, "sayings," and epigrams will not be strictly adhered to.

Could it be known how much influence has been exerted, directly upon individuals and indirectly upon the history of countries, by humble and homely proverbs, the truth would, perhaps, reveal much more than any one at first thought would imagine. The words of Rousseau, taken up by orators and revolutionists, and repeated by the people, till they regarded them as proverbs whose truth no one would deny, played an important part in arousing the feelings of the French people to such a state, that they hastened to throw themselves headlong into their long and bloody revolution. Could not Louis XVI. perceive the power of a "saying" when the people so eagerly caught up the cry, "The King is so good," — a cry, the sarcasm of which it required the scaffold to explain? And in our New England, every one must see that the proverbs continually presented to our fathers in so quaint a way by Franklin, had some share in shaping the customs and directing the modes of thought that at present prevail among us. Remarks in the writings or speeches of men, influential by position or worth, frequently have passed into proverbs, finding appreciation and repetition in every class of the people; and thus an idea set forth by an individual has become an idea of his country, directing and influencing the administration and conduct of a government. Every influence of this kind is, of course, quite indirect, and sometimes traced to its cause with difficulty; but that proverbs have exerted such influences in the feelings, and consequently in the actions of nations, no one will hesitate to believe.

But the task of this class of sentences is usually an humbler one, at least so in the understanding of the world. It is only on individuals that they act directly. Their task in regard to these is to regulate private conduct, to increase the sway of common sense, to strengthen foresight, inculcate honesty, generosity, and all the virtues, and to disparage avarice, meanness, and ambition. Peculiar in expression, draw-

ing their similes from humble pursuits, yet so dignified as to repay the careful study of the learned, they impress their truth upon all, and we should feel a regret that they have grown so much as they have into disuse. We know that in the latter part of the sixteenth century they were carefully collected by courtiers, especially in England, and used freely in their conversations and writings. But now we are, perhaps, at the other extreme, and proverbs are strictly interdicted from polite and educated circles. Lord Chesterfield gave his opinion against them, declaring that "a man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms." It has been remarked, that since this decision proverbs have been used less and less.

It is interesting to investigate the history and sources of proverbs. The origin of most of them is evident upon first examination ; but there are many whose sources have never been investigated, which would repay us for our time spent in searching out their history. Many are connected with historical events, as Cæsar's crossing the Rubicon. Others take their rise from the actions and expressions of distinguished men. Alexander's disposal of the Gordian knot, and his conversation with Diogenes, the reason given by Æmilius Pallus for divorcing his wife, the laconic replies of the Spartans, are a few of the many instances. Lines from the poets, and characters from plays, or fortunate expressions first used even by some ordinary person, have caught the fancy of the crowd by their elegance or oddity, and been added to the list of proverbs. Thus many expressions of Shakespeare have become sayings, and his characters have given rise to as many more. Proverbs also arise from the peculiarities and customs of nations, from the manners of mankind, and from responses of ancient oracles ; but by far a greater part are drawn from rural pursuits and trades of an humbler kind. Examples of these are met with continually, and are quoted by authors from Hesiod to the latest modern writers. Thus we see that most maxims arise from the people themselves.

We find proverbs among all nations, the most elegant ones coming from the East. Lord Bacon has well said, that "the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs." These convey to us, also, the peculiar modes of thinking and domestic habits of a nation, and numerous examples of this kind will be found in any collection. Spanish, French, and Italian proverbs all carry the national marks of their origin in their expressions and figures. An Italian proverb tells us to "see Naples and die," while a French one declares, "there is but one Paris." An old Spanish saying reveals the happy state of the country at one time: "With the king and the Inquisition, hush!" and the ancient Briton one shows not a very elevated idea of the dignity of old age: "An old man's end is to keep sheep." To one acquainted with the habits of these nations, the parentage of their proverbs is never a subject of doubt. Among the twenty thousand proverbs that are recorded, it is to be expected that we should find many whose import is the same in different languages, but they are always tinged by the character of the people among whom they originated. The idea is the same, but the expression shows the nationality. Cæsar's characteristic declaration on his coming to a miserable village in Spain, "I would prefer to be first here than second at Rome," has passed into almost every language in the form of a proverb, the idea frequently being clothed in words showing the peculiar ideas of the different nations who have accepted the saying.

Again, it is not surprising that in so large a collection we should find many with which we cannot agree, which are either false in their first statement, or are always misapplied and perverted, until they have lost even their credit with us. A few of these have been summarily treated by Lamb, and their falsity clearly brought to light. Among these are the following: "A bully is always a coward," "A man must not laugh at his own jest," "Love me, love my dog," and "Enough is as good as a feast." There are many others, however, whose career has been too long successful, and it is

to be hoped that some critical pen will soon be used against them. For proverbs which carry falsehood under a seemingly truthful front are dangerous weapons for evil, from the fact that so much credit is given them simply because they are proverbs. One rarely thinks of refusing to accept what has been so long received by all as an undoubted truth, till they have made it an axiom.

Although proverbs are now so unpopular that their use is almost entirely discarded by educated men, as detracting from the dignity of a speech or book, yet we would do well not entirely to overlook their influence and importance; and perhaps it would be better if we paid more attention to their common-sense teachings.

OUR NEW KNIGHTHOOD.

THE knight of old was true as gold,
He loved the broadsword's clang,
And the helmet of steel and spur on heel,
When the tourney-trumpets rang.

He rode for fame and a victor's name,
And he counted it naught to die;
And in joust or fight his brightest light
Was the light of his lady's eye.

On the burning sand of the Holy Land
He smote the pagan Turk;
He cooled his sword in Paynim blood,
And reckoned it holy work.

But a nobler knight, in a grander fight
Than was ever fought of yore,
In these latter days claims brighter bays
Than the Red-cross warrior wore.

He flames in the front of the battle's brunt,
Where the musket volleys pour,
And the firm earth quakes, and shuddering shakes
To the cannon's hurtling roar.

Ah, know ye him 'mid the smoke-wreaths dim,
This knight so leal and true ?
No colors he 'll wear of ladies fair,
But the Red and White and Blue.

For he leaves his love to God above,
In his country's hour of woe,
And his holy ire, like a blasting fire,
Shall scathe his traitor-foe.

Then a wreath we 'll twine of the myrtle-vine,
And in story and in song
We 'll blazon his name and build his fame
Who fights the ancient wrong.

Yes, lift his praise in hero lays,
This knight of latter years ;
Let his deeds be sung by the minstrel's tongue,
And hallowed by woman's tears !

THE FIRST SCHOOL AT NEWTOWNE.

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

UNTIL the latter part of the last century, Nos. 2 and 4 Massachusetts Hall, now occupied by the Harvard Natural History Society, were devoted to the use of the College Butler, or, as it was anciently written, Botiler. Entering No. 4, we find a rude, rough room, with a counter and a few shelves, behind which the Butler's Freshman holds sway. The Butler was usually a resident graduate, and he was paid for his services. He was also allowed a Freshman, who tended the counter, while he took charge of the books. The duties of the Freshman consisted in calling on the President in the morning, and seeing if he would attend prayers, if not, he must hunt up a Tutor to officiate. Then he must ring the first bell, and, descending to the Chapel, which was then in the second story of Harvard Hall, he must light up the candles, — for our ancestors had need of candlelight at prayers, being early risers; when this was done, it was time to ascend to the belfry and toll the last bell. After prayers, he must put out the candles,* and spend the rest of the day, at least during office hours, in the Buttery. For these services, he was allowed the same provisions in the Hall as the waiters, and no charge was made to him in the Steward's quarter-bills, under the heads of "Steward, and Instruction, and Sweepers, Catalogue, and Dinner."

The duties of the Butler were manifold. He was obliged to keep the Buttery supplied at his own expense, with all such articles as are needed in a college course. Such, for instance,

* Old graduates tell of a prank often played at prayers when candles were in vogue. A piece of tin, of the shape of a triangle, was inserted in the candle about half an inch below the wick, and on this a small quantity of powder was placed. Soon after prayers commenced, fuzy! fuzy! fuzy! all over the room, and darkness reigned. Of course, on such occasions the students were more enlightened than usual by the prayers.

as beer, cider, tea, coffee, chocolate, sugar, biscuit, butter, cheese, pens, ink, paper, pen-holders, rubber, tobacco, etc., etc. The Butler had also to supply the Chapel with candles. The selling of wine, distilled spirits, or foreign fruits, on credit, or for ready money, was strictly forbidden. No student was allowed to contract a debt of more than five dollars a quarter. It was also the duty of the Butler to keep an account of all fines imposed by the President, and other officers connected with College. Absence from Commons Hall and from prayers was also kept account of, and fines therein incurred were imposed by him. A register of all members of College was also kept in the Buttery. In fact, the Buttery was a kind of supplement to the Commons, and indirectly connected with the Steward's department. The salary of the Butler has varied at different times. In 1765 it was £ 60 per annum. The office was abolished about the first year of the present century. It had long since ceased to be of any use, and the entry of Massachusetts, in which the Buttery was situated, had become a sort of student's exchange, to idle away time, and gossip, if nothing more. Some of the Buttery books are now in the possession of the College Steward. In the Buttery we find the College Boards, as they were called. Within six or nine months after Freshmen were admitted, official notice was given of this by having their names handsomely engraved on boards, in large German text, and hung up in a conspicuous place in the College Buttery. If a student was expelled, his name was erased. They tell some curious stories of those, some of whom have long since passed away, and some of whom are now bowed down with age and care. In olden time an undergraduate sang as follows : —

“ My name in sure recording page
Shall time itself o'erpower,
If no rude mice with envious rage
The *buttery books* devour.”

Let us look in for a moment upon the College Freshman who lives in No. 1 Massachusetts Hall. He is generally

known as the *bookkeeper*. Most of his duties are now performed by the Class Tutors. Formerly students were allowed to go out of town on Saturday after the exercises, but if not back to evening prayers, they were obliged to enter their names before 10 P. M. with the *bookkeeper* ;

“ For while his light holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.”

There is another old institution of Harvard which I find nowhere mentioned in detail, and that is the Brew-House. It is but fifty years since the old building was one of us, but with consuming age and the merry pranks of the Class of 1817, the elements have devoured it, and it is a thing of the past. The old brew-house was a two, or rather one and a half story wooden building, about seventy feet in length and twenty in width. It fronted the east end of Harvard Hall, and stood about forty feet to the west of the kitchen pump, or perhaps better known as the *old* Hollis pump. The northern end was about thirty feet from the south end of Hollis, and the southern end just about crossed the present carriage-way leading from the street to University Hall. It was erected for the purpose of brewing beer for the students, and had large copper boilers supplied for that end. After the use of beer was discontinued, it was used as a lumber-room, storehouse, etc. For a long time, in the south end of this building the sand was kept which was used twice a week to *carpet* the rooms throughout College. At the north end of the building a *pigsty* was attached, and in balmy summer afternoons occupants of Hollis amused themselves with plaguing piggy by the hour. Being the other side of the College fence, and in the President's pasture, no complaint could be entered against the old sty. So piggy flourished while the brew-house stood ; but the time came when both must fall, and in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifteen, the sophomoric torch was applied, and the brew-house vanished from sight. In vain did the College authorities call on the valiant Engine Club to

bring out their machine; they were told they might have known what was brewing, for on the morning of that day a placard at Commons announced that at 11 P. M. the brew-house would go for sure. The tub, or water-tank, in front of the kitchen pump, was filled with crackers, and when the town engines tried to use the water, the soaked crackers quite prevented the water from doing its duty, and so the brew-house fell. As mention has been made of the famous Harvard Engine Club, perhaps a closer acquaintance will not prove objectionable. When or where the idea of having a college *tub* started no one seems to know. But that the idea was started, and proved a great success, all know. In the year 1792, a member writes in his journal as follows: "This day I turned out to exercise the engine, P. M." The company, as was quite natural, sought often to mingle enjoyment with their labor. One of the results of their peculiar system of engineering was, that when Freshmen slept with their windows open in winter time, a well-directed stream of cold water might perchance awaken them suddenly from a pleasant dream. The engine trumpet was a great institution at one time in College. Its melody might be heard at any hour of the day or night (especially night), from one end of the yard to the other. Often the echo was surprisingly long. Its memory is preserved in the "Rebelliad," where Touchy

"The deafening engine trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
That Hollis from its centre shook,
And dogs and cats, aghast with terror, fled."

Often, very often, when the company attended a fire in Boston, the members would find themselves out in College the next morning, but the *tub* left behind. But some friendly city company were sure to send it out during the day. A favorite method of procedure was, when the company considered themselves called into Boston, to fill the *tub* with water before starting, and this was done especially in the

winter season. The result was as might be expected. On reaching town, the brakes broke, and the congealed state of the contents of the boiler rendered it necessary to watch the progress of the fire rather than to stay it. The company would often parade through the streets of Cambridge in "masquerade dresses," so that, in one way and another, considerable fun was got out of the old Engine Club. The engine society was at times decidedly literary in its taste. The most noted of its poems is the "Rebelliad," first published in 1842. A new and beautiful edition was published last year, under the auspices of some members of the Class of '63.

The "Rebelliad" was written by Dr. Augustus Peirce, of the Class of '20, and was delivered before the College Engine Club July, 1819. The orator on that auspicious occasion was James F. Deering, Esq., one of the founders of the well-known Med. Fac. Society. Report says that the oration was fully equal to the poem, but no copy of it has been preserved. It is quite probable that the oration was never written out, as Deering was always so ready with his wit, that it would cost him no effort to deliver an oration extemporaneously. When the "Rebelliad" was written, Mr. Peirce was not seventeen years of age, and was the youngest member of his class. The poem was received by the students with much applause. Many manuscript copies were taken of it, since the author was unwilling to have it published. Some person or persons unfriendly to the author pasted portions of the poem upon the President's door. Nothing illustrates the inimitable manner which President Kirkland had in dealing with such cases better than the course he then adopted. The next day Peirce was summoned to the President's study for "cutting prayers." The President then told Peirce that he did not blame him for the libels he found upon his door. "But," said he, "Peirce, I think you would be more regular in attending morning prayers if you retired earlier in the evening, and did not sit up so late *writ-*

ing poor poetry." The subject was never referred to by any of the Faculty again. Many pictures illustrating the poem were drawn by Mr. William H. Furness of the same class as the author. All of these are lost or destroyed except one, which is preserved in the copy of the poem now owned by the College Library. The author died in 1849, at Tyngsboro'. He was noted for his wit and humor long after he left College. It should be mentioned that the publication of the poem was made against his will, and without his knowledge. A friend who valued it more highly than he did obtained the manuscript, and sent it to the printer. A classmate of Dr. Peirce says that the poem was written, for the most part, in the recitation-room. After the author had recited he would take out his paper and pencil and begin to rhyme. At one time the author's father got hold of the manuscript and destroyed it, but it was soon rewritten. It is well known to those in College at the time of the Prince of Wales's visit, a few years since, that, on asking for wine at the College Lunch, he was informed that all kinds of spirituous drink were forbidden by law from any College festive board. Many think that this law is as old as the institution: far from it. On the other hand, until about the end of the last century, at the Corporation dinners, which were generally held at the Steward's house, not only wine (usually sherry) was on the table at public expense, but also, without fail, each member had his own brandy and Jamaica rum. Beside each plate, also, a long, clay pipe was placed. Doubtless it was to the well-known presence of the above luxuries that called forth the satirical dialogue between "Doctor Sikes" and "Logic," in the "Rebelliad."

"The Doctor fixed his glasses on,
And looked as wise as Solomon;
Then grimly peeping round on each,
He thus sent forth his parts of speech:
'The "*scope*" of what I have to state,
Is to suspend and rusticate;
And as I said last night, to fine
Enough to buy ten pipes of wine.'"

After Dr. Pop has quoted a little Greek, then Logic rises and says, —

“ ‘ I think what brother Sikes has said
Has hit the nail upon the head.
Ten pipes of wine, in these hard times,
Are seldom got for rebellious crimes ;
For times are n't as they used to was,
For this plain reason : hem ! *because.* ’ ”

Indeed, sixty years ago there was hardly a room in College that did not have its little side-table, with bottle and glasses, to offer to any visitor. But we are told that times are sadly changed, and indeed in some respects they are. I find the following on the records of the Corporation, under the date of June 22, 1693: “ The Corporation having been informed that the custom taken up in the College, not used in any other universities, for the commencers to have plumb-cake, is dishonorable to the College, not grateful to wise men, and chargeable to the parents of the commencers, do therefore put an end to that custom, and do hereby order that no commencer, or other scholar, shall have any such cakes in their studies or chambers ; and that if any scholar shall offend therein, the cakes shall be taken from him, and he shall, moreover, pay to the College twenty shillings for each such offence.”

What there was objectionable in “ plumb-cake ” does not seem to be known, but quite possibly the accompaniments made it objectionable. However, it is certain that there were repeated breaches of the law. Commencement Day in those distant times seems to have been a sort of Saturnalia, in which the whole neighborhood partook. Mention is made in the records, not long after this, of the attendance of large numbers of the police, to keep watch by day and night.

The Navy Club of Harvard College was founded somewhere about the year 1796 ; of course it went on increasing in popularity until it reached a climax, and then slowly declined, until at the present time it exists only in the memory of those who used to have such jolly cruises on board

the flag-ship of the Navy. Its primary object is not known; in later times, however, it seemed to be devoted to administering some solace to those who were forgotten by the Faculty when Commencement parts were assigned. The Lord High Admiral was appointed by the admiral of the preceding year. He was supposed to be the poorest scholar, but the most popular man in his class. Under him were a vice-admiral, rear-admiral, captain, sailing-master, &c., &c. In the year 1815 a great celebration took place. A marquee was moored in a grove not far distant from the College grounds, called "The Good Ship Harvard." Internally the arrangement was, as much as possible, like a man-of-war's deck. At an appointed time, not long before Commencement, the boatswain would sound his whistle in front of Holworthy Hall, and thence the sailors would march to their craft, when a general-good-time would follow. Often the Marines—those who had been favored with parts—kept guard outside.

The naval operations for the year closed with an excursion down the harbor, and a clam-bake; not, however, in their own craft, but one hired for the occasion. The expedition lasted for three days generally. On the return of the navy to Cambridge, the fact was made known with no little noise and clamor, and, after the admiral for the ensuing year was appointed, the navy was disbanded until called together for further operations in the summer following. We are informed that the harbor excursion was omitted for the first time for many years by the Class of 1851. The last great procession took place in 1846. In this procession the *digs* had a prominent position assigned. The first scholar marched between the second and third. The former having an "enormously great square shovel," while the two latter carried pointed shovels. The *digs* in general bore iron spades.

"At first like a badger the Freshman dug,
Fed on Latin and Greek, in his room kept snug;
And he fondly hoped that on Navy Club day
The highest spade he might bear away."

To read over the account of the merry times our fathers had during their college days makes one at the present time feel quite old and sad. So few of the class customs remain of former days, in truth hardly one of real old times is now kept up.

When Mr. Kirkland was a Tutor in College, on leaving that office soon to take the highest seat among us, he respected a good old custom. He invited his friends to a masquerade ball. (This was usually held in the College rooms of the outgoing tutor.) The occasion above referred to was spoken of as being "one of the most splendid entertainments ever given." This custom held out until the year 1811. Even after this members of the different college societies would appear in the street in masquerade dresses, and would even enter houses, with the occupants of which they were not acquainted, thereby causing much merriment.

Another good old custom was that of the jackknife. For many years a jackknife was presented to the ugliest member of the Senior Class, "as a reward or consolation for the plainness of his features." A college poet has thus mentioned the custom:—

*"That horror of a College life,
That celebrated ugly knife,*

*Let some one of Apollo's firing,
To such heroic joys aspiring,
Who long has borne a poet's name,
With said knife cut his way to fame."*

Sometimes a wooden knife was presented, and often one of considerable worth. A writer not long since speaks thus of the jackknife: "The custom of presenting the jackknife is one of the most amusing of those which have come down to us from the past, and if any conclusion may be drawn from the interest which is now manifested in its observance, it is safe to infer, in the words of the poet, that it will continue

'Till time and ugliness shall end.'"

As long as the custom has not continued, and considering that Father Time still keeps on his way, we are left to conclude that "ugliness" has passed from our midst, and that now we are all handsome men.

"O beauty, where's thy faith?"

BOARDING 'ROUND.

READING in a late number of the Harvard an account of the winter's experience of a pedagogue "among the hills," certain reminiscences of a time when I performed for a season the duties of the same profession were recalled to my mind, which I propose to detail for the additional edification of such of the readers of this periodical as have never, like Mr. Sixty-four and myself, been engaged in the pleasing occupation of training the youthful mind.

The scene of the events herein chronicled was a remote town in New Hampshire, rejoicing in the euphonious name of Bagtown; the date, the winter of '59-60, long before the present writer, then a youth of some seventeen summers, had ever dreamed of becoming an inmate of the classic halls of Harvard; for, having spent a term at a neighboring academy, I was entertaining the pleasing self-conceit that I was master of the greater part of this world's learning, and that I ought, therefore, to "let my light shine before men." This consideration, together with an alarming depletion of my treasury, which my expenses at the academy had produced, induced me to undertake the responsibilities of the teacher's vocation.

The district which was to be the scene of my missionary labors was one in which prevailed the system of "Boarding 'Round," a term which signifieth, be it stated for the benefit of the uninitiated, that the teacher boards in succession with each family in the district, the time spent with each being

proportional to the number of pupils sent. So much for my *prolegomena*.

“ Ah, well do I remember,
'T was in the bleak December ”

that I made my appearance before the imposing edifice devoted to the cause of “ edication ” by the public-spirited citizens of District No. 3, Bagtown. The scene which then and there greeted my anxious gaze was one well calculated to dismay the stoutest heart. Drawn up in front of the school-house stood the rising generation of the district, gazing with hands in pockets, noses heavenward inclined, eyes protruding, and under jaws lopped, upon the humble youth who then felt, for the first time, what it was to be the “ observed of all observers.” Assuming a terrific aspect, at the same time endeavoring to blend with it an expression of benevolence and love, I made my way through the throng, entered the institution of learning, ascended my throne, divested myself of my outer habiliments, rapped the vast assemblage to order, and began my maiden speech. In the course of this oratorical effort, being then a firm believer in the doctrine of Moral Suasion, I declared my determination not to inflict corporal punishment, or, in plain Saxon, not to “ lick ” any pupil during the term. At this novel announcement, I noticed a triumphant chuckle among sundry small tow-headed boys in the front row of seats, as much as to say, “ Golly, won't we have a time, though ! ” Next in order, I proceeded to take the names of my subjects and ascertain the branches of science and polite literature that were to be pursued by each. The result of this latter investigation was a decided preponderance of the “ three R's, Readin, Ritin, and Rithmetic.” One ambitious Miss, one of whose third cousins had recently returned from a boarding-school, wished to take lessons in painting ; but my only experience in the application of colors having been in painting a hand-sled in the days of my earlier boyhood, I was obliged to inform her, with many regrets, of my inability to instruct her in that delightful art.

After having made observations of my dilatory timekeeper for at least a hundred times, I at length discovered, making due allowance for parallax, the hour-hand occulting the IV., and accordingly declared the school adjourned, and, in company with a portion of my flock, started for my first boarding-place, situated one mile distant.

Although it was quite dark upon my arrival there, nevertheless the good housewife, being economically disposed, had not lighted up; so that when the oldest boy, Ephraim, exclaimed by way of introduction, "Marm, here's the 'mars-ter,'" I made a very low bow, very much like the bending of a graceful door hinge, as Orpheus C. Kerr would describe it, at a dark-looking object in one corner of the room which I supposed to be "Marm," but which, *sub prima lumina*, I found to be a vacated flour-barrel, surmounted by a basket of chips, the intended object of my obeisance sitting in another quarter of the apartment.

The customary salutations having been made and the weather duly discussed, supper was announced, and I took my seat at the table. The first course consisted of that heterogeneous compound known by the name of "biled vittles," — an article of diet, let me say, for which, from my infancy up, I have ever cherished an especial aversion. Nevertheless, half famished as I was, and perceiving that it was Hobson's choice with me, when Mrs. Kershaw asked me if I was fond of "biled vittles," I responded, in my blandest tones, "Yes, ma'am, I am *particularly* fond of them." The sequel will show what danger one incurs in thus using strong language to express what is really false.

In the evening, recalling to mind the advice of an old teacher, "to aim to get the good-will of the mothers in the district," I entered upon a great strategic movement for the acquisition of this desideratum, using flattery as the most available means. I unfolded to the delighted matron the capacities of her hopeful progeny. Ephraim had a Websterian cast of intellect, and needed only a little schooling to

place that hitherto unsurpassed statesman in the shade. Ragbona Jane was the most accomplished young lady I had met in all my travels, and must certainly teach school the coming summer. James, whom a Frenchman would probably have called *Jacques le roux*, had a brain teeming with poetic fires. As might be expected, I immediately fell into the good graces of Mrs. Kershaw.

The number of scholars contributed by this generous family was nine; the whole number in my school was thirty-five; the term I was to teach was seventy days; so that the proportion stood thus: $35 : 9 = 70 : 18$. Hence, the length of my stay at this place was eighteen days, at the expiration of which period I left the hospitable abode of Mr. Kershaw and went to his neighbor, Mr. Babb's. Arriving here at nightfall, I was ushered into the front room; but Mrs. Babb having been busily engaged all the afternoon in making preparations for the dietetic welfare of the expected teacher, had neglected to build a fire in this room, and, it being quite cold, she asked me to come out into the kitchen to get warm. The kitchen was in an L, the floor of which, for some reason unknown to me, was upon a lower level than that of the main building, so that in going from the latter to the former one had to take a step down. Of this fact I had no knowledge, and therefore, walking along with that dignity which becometh a pedagogue, the unexpected descent destroyed my equilibrium, so that I fell forward upon the table, tipping it over upon the cradle, and precipitating a quart of molasses upon the head of the infant who occupied that juvenile piece of furniture.

O heavens, what a spectacle was there, my countrymen! The pathetic screams of the dulcified child, the howling of the dog, the hurried departure of the cat, the frantic rush of the mother to the rescue, my own perturbation, as I stood with flushed visage and throbbing heart, making futile attempts to apologize, — these things conspired to make a scene which words are inadequate to describe. Be it said,

however, that I then saw for the first time what I could sincerely call a "sweet baby."

This tragic event, as may be inferred, delayed the evening meal. When it came, of what think you, my reader, it was composed? "Biled vittles." "I've got some biled vittles here," said Mrs. Babb, as she deposited a huge quantity upon the table; "Mrs. Kershaw said you 's ticklerly fond of 'em." I thanked her for her tender regard for my taste, and with heroic energy began the demolition of the mass that was set before me. The next meal we had the same dish warmed over; the third, the same transformed into hash; the fourth, the hash warmed over; the fifth, fresh "biled vittles" again, and so on.

Passing over various other boarding-places, before closing I must mention one which surpassed in interest all the rest; and that was the Widow Vilkins's. I had noticed among the people of my district a frequently expressed desire to know if I was going to the "Widder's"; and on answering, a significant smile could always be observed upon the faces of my interrogators. On inquiry, I found that the explanation of the mystery was, that the "Widder's" reputation for neatness was none of the best, and that hence the teachers, forewarned, usually abstained from visiting her abode. But desiring to "see life" in all its phases, and being repeatedly invited by her numerous offspring, I determined to make the distinguished female a visit, and, towards the close of the term, carried my resolution into effect.

On entering her mansion I found Mrs. Vilkins sitting in the chimney-corner indulging in a peaceful smoke. The clay-pipe that was inserted between the gums of her toothless mouth she had "colored" in a manner that might excite the envy of the possessor of a newly-bought Meerschaum. She was a short, crook-backed woman of some sixty years. Her once raven locks, over which Father Time had begun to shake his dredging-box, were done up at the extremity of her organ of Philoprogenitiveness in a form somewhat resem-

bling a double-barrelled doughnut. She began conversation by inquiring if codfish had "ris" any "daown to the vil-lage" since she made her last purchase. Having reported to her the state of the market as well as I was able, she said she must go "to gittin tea," and left for the pantry. A few moments afterwards I heard her making anxious inquiries for the rolling-pin, upon which her daughter Abigail informed her that that important article of culinary economy was in the barnyard, Josephus in a moment of passion having flung it at Bill as he was passing through that bovine enclosure. "Well, do you go and bring it right in here, for I have got to roll out some pie-crust for tea," commanded the mother.

Sitting down to the table, my attention was first attracted to the cloth, by whose various hues I could easily trace the gastronomic history of the family for the past year. Turning from the ornamental to the more substantial part of the feast, my eyes and nose were simultaneously greeted by the inevitable "biled vittles," of which Mrs. Vilkins informed me she had heard I was "ticklerly fond." Having consumed my usual quantity of this delicacy, I appropriated a biscuit that stood near my plate, from which, on breaking, out dropped a shingle-nail, which the Widow excused by going into a lengthy exegesis of the dilapidated state of her sieve. In looking about for the butter-knife, I perceived that it was not here considered an indispensable table utensil. All the children having obtained their allotment of butter before me, their several knives had left their impress upon the edges of the remaining lump, giving it the appearance of a fortified hill, the ramparts being composed of the vegetable elements of the "biled vittles." I made a heroic dive with my knife into the fort "*superne*," and having succeeded in detaching an amount deemed to be sufficient for lubricating my bread, returned to my plate as a base of operations, when, to my surprise, I found that the whole mass had followed, being attached to my selected portion by a ligament originally forming a component part of the variegated locks

of my hostess. I was getting excited. At that moment the Widow passed me a piece of apple-pie just from the oven; the remembrance of the rolling-pin flashed through my memory; *nasum nidore supinor*, "I lay on my back as to my nose," and "respectfully declined."

My small appetite alarmed my hostess about my health, and an early intimation of a wish to retire augmented her fears. She was a woman apparently of medical experience. She made a diagnosis of my disease. She informed me that my headache was caused by a rush of blood to the head; that this must be drawn away; that for this purpose heat must be applied to the feet. Suiting the action to the word, she brought forth a bottle, which she proceeded to fill with hot water, and inserting a cork gave to me, directing me to put it to my feet on going to bed. The bottle was labelled "Old Bourbon Whiskey." Although hitherto strictly temperate, I thought then that an application of its original contents to my other extremity would be more efficacious than that of the bottle itself to my feet. But I was passive. Anything externally, thought I, but nothing more internally in that house. I retired, adjusting the bottle according to directions. Not till midnight did sleep come to my excited soul. And then what dreams! Horrid visions danced through my brain in which were mingled in an "indiscriminate jumble" shingle nails, rolling-pins, "biled vittles," and so forth. The spirit of Tantalus seemed to be hovering over me. I dreamed that I was returning from California with a dozen bags of gold; as I neared my native shore, I opened them to feast my eyes upon my lucre, when lo! there was nothing but shingle-nails within.

Again, I was a student, I had just received my diploma. As I was leaving my Alma Mater, I attempted to unroll my parchment, but found to my horror that it would *roll*, but not *unroll*, — 't was a rolling-pin.

Next I was a Roman Senator. I was denouncing Catiline. The Senate was entranced by my eloquence. Every head

was motionless; when suddenly all was changed, and the "sea of upturned faces" became but a collection of cabbages. Lastly, I was a lover. Salpeeny was by my side. The moon was looking softly down. Our faces approximated. I was about to impress a kiss upon her rosy lips, when, Presto! change; the moon was the fortified butter-ball, and Salpeeny's lips were beets. It was too much for me. I could n't stand it. Wishing to "shuffle off this mortal coil," I gave a kick to that effect, and suddenly found myself, as I imagined, in the depths of the sea. I woke and found that "'t was not all a dream." In my agony I had kicked the cork at such an angle as to extract it from the bottle and the water was flowing over my feet.

I took a hurried departure from the Widow Vilkins's the next morning, and never saw her more. I hear that she has never been able to understand the mysterious conduct of the "marster" the night he spent beneath her roof.

Reader, if you ever teach school in District No. 3, Bagtown, beware of the Widow Vilkins.

CONSOLATION.

CHEER up! let not your heart despair,
For brighter, happier hours are near;
There's One who hears each fervent prayer,
And wipes away each falling tear.
Hope on forever, 't is the light
Kind Heaven has lent our guide to be,
A cheering ray to gild the night
Whose darkness now o'ershadows thee.

Then let not sad and anxious thought
Our spirits dim, our hearts oppress;
Each sorrow is with blessings fraught,
Could we but feel its power to bless.
'T is sent to wean us from this earth,
Which is so very fair and bright
We oft forget our heavenly birth,
And our blest home of life and light.

'T is only when the golden bowl
Is at the fountain wholly broken,
And hushed the voice by which the soul
Its deep emotions oft have spoken,
Or loosed the silver cord that bound
The spirit to its home of clay,
As upward, its bright wings new found,
It soars to realms of endless day; —

'T is only then we feel how deep
And pure and true should be our trust,
Which (though the eyes indeed will weep,
As earth reclaims her kindred dust)
Can bid us still, with Faith's clear sight,
Follow the angel spirit's flight,
Until we leave it bright and free
In its own immortality.

CONFESSIONS OF A PART-SEEKER.

My friend, did you ever make a fool of yourself? If so perhaps you will find it agreeable to listen a few minutes while I show how it is that you and I are related to each other.

I am a Senior. Grave and reverend? Not exactly; but don't bother me with interruptions and questions if you want to get anything out of me which may be of advantage to you when you come to decide the important question, "Shall I aspire to six and two thirds, or shall I not?" I must of necessity be brief; for, as you see, it is now eleven o'clock, P. M., and my History lesson for the morning is as yet untouched, Greek exercise not written, and a theme coming on at a fearful pace, already by half of the class, and almost ready to gobble us up also, something like a dozen unanswered letters lying round, waiting patiently for me to look after them, and last of all six or eight pages of the next Harvard kindly left for me to fill, and the filling promised for to-morrow morning. Let me go back far enough to get up a momentum sufficient to carry me straight through the confessions I am about to make when I once get started.

At the end of Junior year I stood very near one end of my class; modesty forbids my saying which end that was, but it may be inferred, with a certainty sufficient for all practical purposes, from the context. I shall not attempt to account for the honorable position I then occupied, but merely remark, that through the vacation I was meditating as to the probability of my getting into the first twenty, and also as to the moral right I might be supposed to have to contend for the first twenty.

Here were men who had stood above me, but who must get into the first twenty if they would have a part at Commencement. Shall I enter the lists with them? If they are stronger than I am, it is of no use to try against them; if I

am stronger than they, is it fair for me, who have been taking things easy all along, to come in at the end and crowd them out? I had almost answered this question in the negative, when the new Orders and Regulations came out, giving information that the "first twenty" rule had been abolished, and that all who should get an average of eighty-three and one third per cent should be honored with a part at Commencement, no matter what might have been their standing before. Here, surely, was room to atone in some slight degree for the past; if I should not get a part, or if I should, it made no difference to anybody else, so far as his chances were concerned. Under the new rule there were no moral objections against digging for a part; but was it expedient? was it probable that I should succeed? After a few sleepless nights I came to the conclusion that I would try, and now I propose to relate one or two days' experience in attempting to carry out my praiseworthy resolutions. Let it not be supposed that I am doing this with a view to influence anybody to choose the course of systematic digging that is necessary to develop the intellectual biceps till the red tape of examinations indicates the magnitude of $6\frac{3}{4}$, or on the other hand that I wish to discourage anybody from making the attempt.

Suppose, then, that the first term of the Senior year is over half through; that the weather is suggestive of the frigid-zone; that you see me sitting alone in my room, so deeply engrossed in May's History that I do not observe that my chum has retired, that the fire has gone out, that the hour-hand of the little clock over the place where the fire ought to be makes an already large and continually increasing angle on the right of an imaginary vertical line passing through the centre of the dial and the figure XII.; that you see me turn leaf after leaf, till at last my fingers refuse to obey the mandate of the will, and I find that they are stiff with the cold; by degrees I become conscious of the fact that the temperature of the room is too low; I reluctantly give up digging, shiver till the paraphernalia of the day is shaken

from my almost frozen limbs, and retire to dream of "Reform Bills," — "Corporation and Test Acts," — "Catholic Emancipation," — and innumerable other equally delightful things. Finally I come to the "Trades' Unions," some miserable wretches belonging to which undertake to set the Thames on fire, and the alarm-bells begin their infernal clatter. I awake, and my chum inquires if I am going to prayers, says the first bell has just got through ringing. Of course I get up, feel a little stiff, head aches a little, feel sleepy about the eyes, cough a little, wonder if I got cold last night, wonder if I shall be up this morning in History; go to prayers, hurry through breakfast, look over the lesson again, go into recitation, not called up.

After recitation I made my usual visit to the post-office; find a note, — "The pleasure of your company, etc., this evening." Sorry, I can't go; must dig to-night; shall be up to-morrow morning sure. On the way back to my room I meet a friend who addresses me in phraseology something like the following: —

"How are you, J——; come up to Fresh Pond; it's first-rate skating."

"Thank you," I reply, "I don't feel much like skating to-day; and, besides, I've got to dig."

One hour later.

"Hullo, J——! what makes you look so blue? Come round this evening, won't you? Tom and Jerry will be there, and we'll have a rubber at whist."

I am tempted in a very weak place. I like Tom and Jerry; have not seen them for some time; and if there is any way of wasting time that has more charms for me than all others, it is in playing whist; and only think what a jolly crowd of fellows! I am on the point of accepting the invitation, when I recollect —

"Thank you, I'm very sorry; but I was up late last night, I've got a little cold, don't feel very well, want to get to bed early to-night; besides, I shall be up in History in the morning, and I've got to dig."

Two hours later.

"Come, J——, let's take a walk."

"Thank you, I've got some writing to do. You know the Harvard is a little behind, and I have promised to have an article done for the Editors' meeting this evening; besides, I'm up, etc."

Still later.

"Well, J——, what are you up to this evening? Come in town with me and see Fanchon; it's a big thing."

"Thank you," I reply, and make my interrogator informed as to the next morning's History lesson.

Flattering myself that I deserved some reward for these repeated acts of self-denial (for some of them were repeated many times that day), I pegged away till a late hour. The next morning I went to recitation as confidently as I ever stood up in the grammar-school to define a noun. By the way, what food for contemplation is offered to the thoughtful mind during an hour in the recitation-room. Thirty men, more or less, come in at the sound of the bell, the five minutes of grace are over and the exercises commence. How still it is; nobody seems to breathe; every man looks as if a shot was about to be fired at random amongst the crowd, and he was apprehensive of being hit. But the ball is opened; some pay attention to the recitation; some sit with note-book and pencil ready to jot down anything that may be said; some begin to tickle the man next to them, and act over again the harmless sports of childhood; some take out the last new book or magazine, and lose themselves in its pages; some, who were studying late the night before, go off into dream-land; some busy themselves in regulating the temperature of the room by manipulating the door, windows, and stove; some fall into reveries; all are busy about something. Meantime a rattling fire is kept up between the desk and different parts of the room, jokes are cracked and laughed at, and one man after another sits down, the words "That's sufficient" ringing alike on the ears of those who

have made voluminous answers and those who have condensed their whole knowledge of the subject into two words, "yes" and "no," which, on the principle of "excluded middle," form a correct answer to any possible or conceivable question. Finally, the last man is seated, the chair nods an *au revoir*, the class starts up promptly and leaves the room, without once thinking to stop and return the farewell nod.

But about that morning recitation. I went in with the conviction that I should make an excellent recitation if the opportunity should be offered, and in the peace of mind produced by this pleasing hope, and in the fatigue consequent on my last night's exertions, and the stupid feeling occasioned by the cold I had contracted, I went to sleep and dreamed. It was Commencement day; one man after another recited his part and left the rostra; the time was nearly up and the exercises were soon to close; I seemed to hear the words "Expectatur dissertatio ab —," followed by the humiliating confession on the part of the person whose name was pronounced that he was "not prepared." Again I heard the words "Expectatur disquisitio a —." I started up, rubbing my eyes, for my name was the one this time called. But why tarry longer on this? Let it suffice to say, that I had made a blunder as to the limit of the lesson, and was now solicited to recite on what I did not before know to be a part of the lesson. Sleepy, confused, astonished at the slip up I had made, I "deaded" with only a few faint struggles, heard the words "That's sufficient," those words so pregnant with joy or sorrow, pronounced over my mortal remains, and in company with the rest of the division sought the free air outside. "All my self-denial and midnight oil were so much dead loss. The illusion of a black gown at Commencement, though pleasing, is nothing but an illusion; in short, I'll give it up altogether, get along as easy as I can, and if I get a degree will be satisfied."

But is this decision wise? Is it right to give up continuous, hard, persevering study, just because you have been a

little unfortunate? Does it not seem like making college honors the end of a college education, instead of regarding them as an inducement to the study necessary to make a person a well-educated man? I am going to talk seriously a few minutes on the duty of working hard and faithfully on the studies appointed to us while here. Why do we come here? Do we come to get a knowledge of men? Four years spent in business would bring us in contact with a greater number and variety of men than we meet here in the same time. Have we a right to consult simply our own interest, or advantage, or taste, or pleasure, or convenience, or should we take a higher and nobler view of a college education, and what ought to be its end? Ought we not to regard all the advantages that are here placed within our reach as a sacred treasure which we are commanded to use to the best of our ability, in order that it may yield fruit for the good of society and the whole country? I answer, We ought. What, then, are the advantages peculiar to college? in other words, what can we get at college that we cannot get elsewhere? Not a life of ease and leisure for four years, — this could be had elsewhere; not a knowledge of men, — this could be acquired better elsewhere; but nowhere else can we find it so easy to form habits of regularity, punctuality, diligence, perseverance, concentration of thought on whatever may claim attention. We want to see a noble purpose animating every member of this University, making all as eager to improve every moment of time as if the future welfare of the nation depended on it. The great end in view, or rather the great end that ought to be in view, can be best accomplished by working diligently, patiently, perseveringly, on all the tasks assigned us, subduing the passions, appetites, desires, and making everything subservient to the discharge of daily duty.

Does any one say, "Physician, heal thyself?" If I had fallen on some slippery place and fractured a limb, should I not be perfectly competent, even before the broken bones should become reunited, to warn you, to remind you that there was need of caution in the dangerous locality?

EDITORS' TABLE.

WE are fully aware, kind reader, that when you turned to this page you expected to find either a sermon or a ghost-story for the New-Year's editorial. We knew you would, and were very anxious that your expectations should be realized. But we have been baffled in our attempts, and will apologize by giving you an account of the causes of our failure.

First, we tried the sermon. But we were at a stand-still, to begin with, for a text. And as we had no ministerial editor to call to our assistance, we began to consult concordances of every kind. Under the word "year" we discovered that "All the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years," and a great many other facts of like nature, which may be important as chronological data, but are rather unpromising subjects to preach a sermon upon. Nothing daunted at our failure here, however, we turned to the word "new," and the first reference which met our eye was this, — "new thing" (Eccl. i. 9). We thought we'd got the text we wanted this time, and were all prepared to show that this "new thing" was the "New Year," when, turning to find what was said about it, we discovered the following: "There is no new thing under the sun." This was a stumper, and convinced us at once that the belief in the advent of a New Year was "the great fallacy of human beings," and totally unscriptural. So we put up our Bible and Concordance, and abandoned our rash attempt at sermonizing. Solomon be praised for it. The only thing which remained to be done was to devote New-Year's eve to ghost-seeing. We made the very best resolutions on the subject, and when the time came arranged everything to the best of our ability. In the first place we built up a bright fire, piled a table and two or three chairs before the door, (we suppose we did it because we were afraid that some ghost would disgrace himself by entering in that way instead of coming up from the floor or down the chimney,) and then, with a convulsive effort, turned out the gas. Now we were ready, and drew up our chair before the fire. We waited and watched, but no ghost appeared. We gazed wistfully at the table, the chairs, the lounge, hoping to see them gradually assume a human form and address us; but everything looked its plain self. The fire had much the same appearance as during the day, and did not assume a single grotesque shape. It did not even crackle unusually loud, nor did the curtains "rustle in the midnight breeze." We are not quite certain, however, whether, if the desired ghost had appeared, we should not have been in the position of the herdsman, who, having given Jupiter a kid if he would show him the thief who stole his lamb, when he discovered a lion devouring the lamb, offered Jupiter a bull if he would show him how to get away from the thief. Nevertheless, we had no chance to find out, for the ghosts obstinately re-

fused to appear. The result was that it soon got to be a decided bore to sit and stare vacantly around the room; but the Harvard must have an editorial, and we persevered. At last a happy thought struck us. We could see the ghosts just as well if we were abed as if we were sitting up, and the former was by far the more comfortable position. We acted upon this belief, and, as you may imagine, the next thing we were conscious of we opened our eyes at a late hour next morning, minus the ghost. At first we felt a little bewildered. We had an idea that we had n't gone to bed for the purpose of sleeping. Finally, the whole affair flashed upon us. We were to have seen a ghost, — we had n't seen any, — and there was an editorial to be written for the Harvard.

For a day or two we were in a very unenviable state. The wildest plans rushed through our mind. Put NOT PREPARED at the head of the Table, and leave the Editorial Chair in disgrace, — get suspended or expelled, — be made a Brigadier-General. But on the morning of the 4th of January (it is a red-letter day now), as we were rushing to prayers, we espied a small bit of paper lying on the ground. We stooped and picked it up almost involuntarily, when lo! "A NEW YEAR'S APPARITION." We at first determined to put it into the Magazine as our own, but on entering the Chapel, the very air of the place made us shudder at the thought of committing so base a deed. We at length decided to publish it for the author, as it was obviously intended for the public eye. It may be a Sophomore's effusion for the Institute paper.

"It is New-Year's day. With composure can I now detail the events of the last night. Often had I longed to behold some spectral apparition. I entered my room alone late at night, and threw myself upon the lounge. The gas was extinguished, but the room was brilliantly illuminated by the crackling fire upon the hearth. Suddenly there appeared before me — I knew not whence — an old white-bearded man. He was clad in black, and carried in his hand an enormous scythe, with this inscription :

'Neque ulla est aut magno aut parvo leti fuga.'

He fixed his gaze directly upon me. '*Obstupui, steteruntque comæ et vox faucibus hæsit.*' He addressed me, but I could not answer him. I tried to call to my 'chum,' who was asleep in the same room. '*Non lingua valet nec vox nec verba sequuntur.*'

"The clock struck twelve. 'I looked again at the old man. '*Genua labant, concidit,*' and he vanishes

'All at once, and nothing first,
Just as bubbles do when they burst.'

But lo! Phoenix-like, there arose from the place where the old man stood a young man full armed, as Minerva came from the head of Jove.

"Ἐροπλος πηδᾷ καὶ τὴν ἀσπίδα τινάσσει καὶ τὸ δόρυ πᾶλλει."

Here the MSS. becomes hopelessly illegible from having been trodden upon. We can only find below a few Latin and Greek quotations, but it is impossible to imagine what connection they have with the subject without the context. Enough, we think, has been given to enable the author to identify his article. Thus a kind Providence rescued us from our dilemma.

In conclusion, we will only extend to you the compliments of the season, and "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." 1864 will effect the same general changes in the college world as former years have done. The Senior will become his own Faculty and Parietal Committee; the leisurely Junior the busy and reverend Senior. The Sophomore will give up his Mathematics, monthly examination, and transmittenda; the hazed become hazers in their turn, and a new troupe come in to support the part of rustics.

"Thus the whirligig of time brings about its revenges."

HARDLY had Chicago handed in to the treasurer of the Sanitary Commission of the West the proceeds of a Fair held in that city, before a similar call was made upon the liberality of Massachusetts, and the Boston Music Hall was thrown open to the crowds that flocked together from all parts of the State, each eager to add his mite to swell the treasury of this noble charity.

It is not, of course, our intention to describe the Fair; almost every one was there, and saw for himself the tables laden with contributions from far and near, and the crowd of men and women all willing to buy what had been so generously contributed. At this early day, it is impossible to state the exact sum realized by the Commission; it can only be safely said, however, that *one hundred thousand dollars* has already been handed over to its treasury by the treasurer of the Fair.

The money was spent in such a way, too, that it could only be called the most unbounded liberality. Few bought for the sake of what they received in return for their money. Everything of any value went by lottery, so that the great mass of the money spent was expended with hardly any expectation of realizing anything in exchange. The only wish of those who visited the Fair seemed to be to swell the fund of one of the greatest organizations the world has ever seen.

Ever since the Sanitary Commission has been established, all who have in any way been brought in contact with it have been loud in its praise; and the promptness of its action, the hearty co-operation of all in its employ, and the willingness which it has ever shown to aid the government by any means in its power, have been the theme of the unqualified praise of all who have been the recipients of its bounty, or the witnesses of its operations.

SOME evil-minded persons have found fault with one of the phrases in the letter from a venerable divine which we published in the number before the last. They take exception to one of his expressions, and ask what the undulations of light have to do with his clerical gown. We are surprised at their want of thought, and only are willing to state the way we understood our reverend friend's idea, because we fear an injustice may be done to him. He asks in his letter how any one can doubt the undulatory theory of light, when it is observed how his borrowed gown undulates between him and the students. It seems almost unnecessary to explain this declaration, but since objections have been raised we will say but a word. His gown is dark. His gown undulates, therefore dark must. But light always follows darkness and darkness light, as seen in our day and night. One steps in the footsteps of the other and must act in the same way. For instance, where it was commanded "Let there be light," the dark went out from the face of the earth and light came in. On the other hand, when the light goes out it is immediately all dark. In the first case if the dark went out it must have undulated out, and since light followed it so instantly, light when it came in must have undulated in. Therefore light undulates. We hope we have silenced these fault-finders and beg Mr. Chadband's pardon for the liberty we take of interpreting his words, hoping he will rejoice that we have shown the weakness of these criticisms.

WHY would it not be a good plan for each class, before it graduates, to select some book relating to the College, and publish it by general subscription. The Class of '63 published the "Rebelliad" in this way, and have preserved an interesting book, and added one more to the long list of their achievements as a class. There are plenty of books left, among which I would mention "Childe Harvard." Every student, I am sure, would wish for a copy of it.

THE Editors consider it due to themselves to state that the piece of poetry "To a Classmate" was published under a misapprehension, upon the supposition that the person who gave it to them was its author.

MARCUS T. CICERO, a Roman orator and lawyer, who was well, if not favorably, known amongst his contemporaries, once on a time said that he was at a great loss for anything to say, not because he lacked ideas on the subject, but because he had so many ideas he could not make up his mind which to select. We feel that we resemble Marcus in this respect (witty reader, spare yourself the trouble of remarking that this is probably the only point of similarity), when we attempt to enlighten the world with our ideas of Christmas. We wish we had the vivid imagination which enables a newspaper reporter or a historian to write such glowing descriptions of

battles by an eyewitness, said eyewitness at the time of the battle having been no nearer the field than a Paris correspondent of an American newspaper is to the French metropolis ; but, far from having a vivid imagination, we have no imagination at all. We wish we had a faithful memory, so that we might relate some of the pleasing incidents of the holidays not long since passed ; but we have not, and if we had, there would be many reasons why we should not undertake to tell what happened to us, amongst which reasons we may mention our natural timidity and dislike of appearing prominently before the public ; a feeling of independence, as if we were under no obligation to make a confession of any of the good times we may have had ; and, above all, that peculiar feeling of satisfaction a person has when conscious that he knows something of which almost everybody else is ignorant, even when that something, though surrounded by a mysterious veil, does not in the least require secrecy. We are haunted with the pleasing recollections of those three days and nights, particularly the latter. We have remarked as often as twice before this since we returned, that we had a splendid time at ———, and were much averse to coming back ; in fact, that we hated to leave the orbit of dear friends in which we were so happily revolving, and return to the practical, matter-of-fact treadmill in which we toil from day to day, to the monotonous hum-drum of the College bell. But such is life ; sunshine and storm follow each other in irregular but sure succession,—the storm made endurable by the thought that sunshine will come sooner or later, and the sunshine, when it at last comes, seeming all the brighter from the contrast with the storm. Among many things we have to be thankful for, was the omission of the regular morning recitation on Saturday, the day after Christmas.

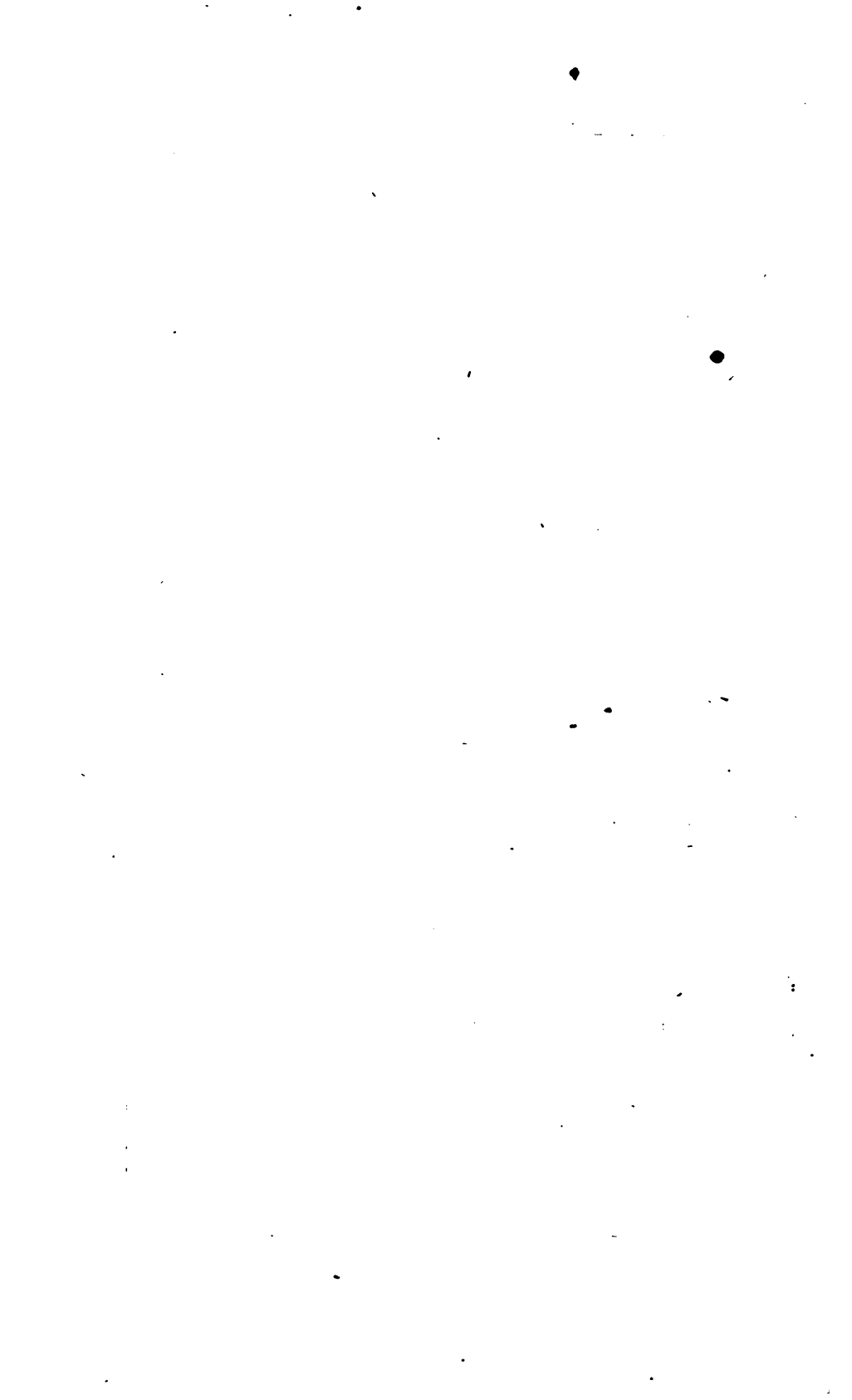
THE present Senior Class seem to have been beloved of gods and men, or at least very lucky in one by no means trifling respect, for in the great fate-mill, the thread of destiny had been so spun and reeled that Christmas, and of course New Year, came on Wednesday when the Class of 1864 were Sophomores. Any man who has made satisfactory progress in Mathematics since his admission to College is competent to see that Christmas came on Thursday the next year, as leap years were for the time being played out, and for the same reason that our much-prized holiday fell on Friday of the current academic year. This fact, or rather this succession of facts, may not at first sight appear of much importance, but the more careful and considerate mind that is cognizant of the signification of the terms Sophomore Themes, Junior Themes, and Forensics, which is the short, or slang for Senior Themes, and is mindful of the fact that Sophomores hand in their productions on Wednesday, Juniors on Thursday, and Seniors on Friday, will at once perceive that the result of the combination of these classes of phenomena is quite agreeable. In other words, the present Seniors have had a theme put off two weeks every year since they began to write themes.

But all rules have their exceptions, and it could hardly be expected that we should be the recipients of so much good fortune without some impediment. The stumbling-block has been run against, and defied all attempts to remove it completely. Give ear, O ye people, while one of the sufferers relates how he barked his intellectual shins on the sharp corners of the block aforesaid.

About a month before Christmas, rumors became rife that the Senior themes were of so great excellence and productive of so much satisfaction to the instructor whose pleasing duty it was to examine them, that he could not forego the accustomed treat, but must have the themes handed in on the day before the holiday. Some public-spirited men, thinking it unfair that the convenience and leisure of a hundred should be sacrificed for the pleasure of one, made inquiries relative to the truth of the disagreeable rumors. The answer came that there would be no theme for Christmas, and we innocently supposed that there would be none for the New Year. What was our surprise, then, on being informed at very short notice, that the theme regularly coming on the first day of the new year must be handed in on the last day of the old year. Consternation immediately became clearly visible on the faces of all. We "could n't see it," and cheerfully acknowledged the defect in our optical apparatus. The hero in the "Clouds" was not in greater apority* with respect to the "old and the new" than were we. A petition was drawn up, representing the deplorable state of affairs, and praying that the matter might be settled in the Gordian knot style by cutting out the theme altogether. With what anxiety the result was awaited I shall not attempt to say, but the answer came, and, though adverse to our wishes, was given in such a philosophical manner that the sting of the refusal was concealed. "If you don't want the day you need n't have it, but the theme must be handed in the day before." Everybody seemed more pleased by this sally of wit than vexed at the unpleasant nature of the meaning of the answer. In truth, may we say from experience, "Great are the consolations of Philosophy."

WE respectfully suggest to the Seniors that the coming vacation will give first-rate facilities for writing "lives" for the Class-Book, including genealogies. If this matter of Autobiography be put off till late next term, it will then be done hastily, or not at all, either of which alternatives ought to be avoided. Climb up your family-trees, fill your pockets with whatever useful or interesting information you may find, and draw up your proof-sheets, to be corrected, revised, and enlarged at leisure.

* Gr. *ἀπορία*. It means a difficult place, with no way of getting out; the idea of way, or rather the want of it, being the most prominent. We are indebted to the Editors of last year for the word, but have taken the liberty to alter the orthography a little for the better, we are vain enough to suppose. In pronouncing, accent the second syllable, giving *o* the short sound, as heard in *not*.



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THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

MARCH, 1864.

No. 89.

THE FIRST SCHOOL AT NEWTOWNE.

" Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

THE present system of having the academic year divided into two terms of equal length is of modern date. It is only a short while since, comparatively speaking, that the year consisted of three terms, and previous to that of quarters ; hence the old quarterly bills. The day on which Commencement exercises took place has also been changed from time to time. In fact there has hardly been one ten years like another in this old institution. Change, inevitable change, has placed her marks everywhere around these domains.

In the year 1816 Commencement occurred about the first week in August, and the present Class Day was usually somewhere near the middle of July preceding. The President at this time was John Thornton Kirkland, whose kindness and forbearance will ever live in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to be under his rule. He knew that there was a right and a wrong way to do everything, especially where students were concerned, and he studiously avoided the latter, while he sought the former and easier path with care and forethought.

It had been, for some time past, the custom to suspend all
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College exercises on the farewell day of the Senior Class, and then to resume them, with the three lower classes, until Commencement Day, as is done at present. But about this time the Faculty took it into their head to "turn the screws" a little tighter on the students, and an order was sent forth to the effect that College exercises should go on as usual during Class Day.

The students, who had just begun to feel a kind hand in College discipline, under their President's auspices, refused, one and all, to go into recitation on the above-mentioned day, and Class Day passed by, but the recitation-rooms were empty. Here was a halt. What was to be done? The Faculty had ordered, the students had refused to obey, and, *all* being concerned, one was as much to blame as another. The Faculty, however, met and separated, and met again. Four were chosen from each class, and sent off. They refused to go. Then all the classes refused to attend any more recitations until their classmates' sentences were rescinded. But the Faculty were firm.

Day after day, for a whole week, the prayer-bell rang, but the Chapel was empty; the recitation-bell rang, but no answer was made to its summons. The Professors waited the accustomed "five minutes," and then strolled back to their rooms. Meanwhile the whole company of students spent the long, pleasant summer days stretched out on the greensward in front of Hollis, Stoughton, and Holworthy Halls. Singing, conversation, and watching the Professors and Tutors as they trudged down to their recitation-rooms and back to their own rooms occupied the time, and so the days went. Petitions were got up after the well-known Round Robin fashion to have the suspensions taken off; but all were to no purpose.

One feature, however, enlivened the week considerably. One day, not long after the twelve were sent away, it pleased the students to carry their condemned classmates about town ere they departed, and show them the sights. Two hacks were *hired*, and a rope FOUND somewhere, and, the unfortu-

nates being seated, away they went, at the heels of the whole College, up one street, and down another. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs from the windows of private houses, the crowd applauded, the students shouted, and altogether there was a merry time. On the return of the procession, coming down the present North Avenue, the whole Faculty were descried, standing at the College gate, with paper and pencil in hand, to note down the offenders, or rather the leaders. When the students perceived this array, they gave a shout, and rushed pell-mell into the midst of the noble crowd. "Doctor Sikes" (better known, perhaps, as General Scope) hastily jumped the neighboring fence, "Logic" found the "scope" of his sight removed some distance from where he first stood, and so, hastening on, the students reached the centre of the yard with their precious burden. After politely assisting their fellow-students to descend, the Faculty were informed that the hacks were no longer desired, and as for the rope they might consider it as a present.

At last President Kirkland called one of the Juniors to him, and asked *his advice* in the present state of affairs. The Junior told him that he thought the best thing to do was to let the whole College go off for a few days' vacation; but he also added, that the feeling about the dismissed students was very strong, and, unless a different course was pursued on their return, a great deal of trouble would ensue. The President then sent the whole body of students off, to be absent for two weeks, when they were to return to be present at Commencement. In a few hours Cambridge was deserted.

At the appointed time the students returned, but on no account would they attend a single recitation until their classmates' punishment was revoked. And the next day the *twelve* were sent for, their sentences revoked, and for the first time during three weeks the College recitation went on.

This rebellion is a fair type of all that have taken place here. Generally speaking, however, the trouble has arisen from something connected with Commons, though the pres-

ent trouble had no connection whatever with that institution. Of late years little of the same sort has been attempted. The ghostly threats of a rebellion of the Class of '63 may recall to some of us the tales of times long since buried away, far away in the past.

The present generation has greatly degenerated, we all know; but how is it, that with our forefathers rebellion and such like troubles were thoughts of a day, whereas of late nothing of the kind has existed except in theory?

As we approach the modern history of our "school," topics of much greater interest come before us, and by no means the least among these is the subject of College Societies. A great deal has been written both for and against such institutions. This is not a proper place, however, to enter into a discussion as to the relative merits or demerits of any particular phase of social life at College. Too often an historical sketch is marred and rendered uninteresting by the insertion here and there of private opinions, which are at once unbearable and of no possible use.

College societies, I suppose, have existed in some form or other almost from the foundation of the "school." In truth, how could it be otherwise, in a large collection of individuals brought together for the purpose of pursuing the same studies at the same time. And so the two *socii* add another and another, until at length the society is established. Its purposes may be various, either for good or bad ends, for moral or physical improvement. Of course the use of each society depends upon the objects sought for by the members of it.

At Harvard more societies, without doubt, have come into being and disappeared again, than at any other University in the country. And yet at the present moment probably no similar institution of learning can muster so few as old Harvard. It is not for me to discuss the cause of so great a change. I can only call up the shades of the seemingly dead (letter) societies, and pause a moment to touch on the history of their rise and fall. As to those still alive and in ac-

tive operation, perhaps the less said the better, though I trust even they will not object to having a passing notice of their existence and origin.

Who has not heard of the great contest between Hercules and the Lernean hydra? Of the immortal head which that giant in vain strove to destroy with his club, and at last succeeded in making HEADWAY only by burying said head under an immense rock? So for many years has the contest gone on between the Faculty and the Med. Fac. (fact). But, judging from a recent photograph, the renowned M. F. still exists.* If, then, it exists, or has existed, it must have had a beginning, and that was a merry one, I assure you, reader.

It was a cold, stormy night in the year of our Lord 1818, and, Commons supper being over, the students had retired to their rooms to *study*. Let us call on a friend in Hollis. The south entry of that venerable Hall is dark (as usual), and we stumble up, up, up three flights of stairs and knock at No. 13. A shuffling noise is heard, and soon we are admitted. The occupant of the room, as soon as he perceives who his visitors are, bursts into a loud laugh, and cries out, "No harm, boys, come forth." Herewith from closet and beneath the bed three forms appear, and after a good laugh at the interruption, the door being fastened, we draw up to the fire, and smoke away the passing hours. A merry, merry time we had that night, and when we separated the M. F. was almost hatched. The President, a "fellow of infinite jest," was chosen forthwith, and soon the *initiated* formed quite a respectable crowd. The main object of the society was to have a good time, a merry-making. Some malicious or jesting persons have thrown out vague hints to the effect that the name Med. Fac. was called an abbreviation of Medical Faculty, only to shield the true name, which was Meddling Faculty. However this may be, it is well known that a *lazy*

* The author would have it understood that no jest was intended in speaking of the *STILL* existence of this Society; in fact, it was always noted for its *still life*.

atmosphere often hung around their movements, thereby causing them often to be held in *misterious* awe, by Freshmen especially. By the last Triennial Catalogue I see that two of the founders are deceased. The merriest of all died a few years since of *melancholy madness*.

In the infancy of the Society no regular meetings were held, except, perhaps, the annual one for the election of officers. The meetings for the initiation of members were held in some student's room, usually in the afternoon, daylight being excluded. The Faculty were arranged around a long table in some dress of bygone days, "almost all in large wigs, and breeches with knee-buckles." At the examinations the most absurd questions were propounded, and often students were invited to attend, simply to be made fun of. If (as often was intended beforehand) an applicant could not pass, he was advised to "study up" a month or so more; and sometimes a letter was sent home to his father "to break the matter gently to him, that it might not bring down the gray hairs of the old man with sorrow to the grave." Some of the questions asked are too ludicrous to mention almost. I will give two or three as an example.

Draw and describe a four-sided triangle?

How many horns has a dilemma?

Who is the wisest man in the world?

The Faculty did not condescend to explain the first two and those of a similar nature. The last, however, was explained in the following manner. After the *confused* applicant had guessed the names of all the learned men he had heard of, he finally gave it up. He was then told by the President of the Faculty to refer to the members, who all shouted out, "Our President, of course," and with that ringing in his ears he was pushed out into the entry, and left to himself. Degrees were conferred on all the members, — M. D. or D. M., according to their rank, which is explained in the catalogue. Diplomas were given to the M. D.'s and D. M.'s written in "*hog*" Latin, with a great *seal* appended by

a green ribbon. Tradition says that an honorary degree was conferred on a gentleman at the South, who was notified by letter; that he considered himself insulted, and wrote to the College Faculty to that effect; that herewith the Society was stopped, i. e. it lived *still*. This was about the year 1834.

A member of the Class of 1828 writes that he was "*made Professor longis extremitatibus*." Many stories are told of how its members possessed keys to every door in College, and made nocturnal visits to the President's room in University, and arranged marks to suit themselves, etc., etc.

The catalogues of the Society were got up as a burlesque on the Triennial of the College. The first was printed in the year 1821, then followed one in 1824, 1827, 1830, and 1837. On the latter the following inscription was written:—

"Catalogus Senatus Facultatis, et eorum qui munera et officia gesserunt, quique alicujus gradus laurea donati sunt in Facultate Medicinæ in Universitate Harvardiana constituta, Cantabrigiæ in Republica Massachusettsensi. Cantabrigiæ: Sumptibus Societatis. MDCCOXXXIII. Sanguinis circulationis post patefactionem Anno CCV."

In the catalogue of 1824 we find the following interesting items in the Preface, which some learned individual has translated from the *piggish* Latin of the original.* "It is an undoubted matter of history, that the Medical Faculty is the most ancient of all societies in the world. In fact, its archives contain documents and annals of the Society, written on birch-bark, which are so ancient that they cannot be read at all. . . . Nearly all the documents of the Society have been reduced to ashes at some time amid the rolling years since the creation of man. . . . This Society formerly flourished under the name of the 'Society of Wits,' — *Societas Jocosorum*."

"The Library at present contains a single book, but this

* The orthography greatly admired in the text, more so than the style, perhaps, has been carefully corrected.

one is called for more and more every day. A collection of medical apparatus belongs to the Society, beyond doubt the most grand and extensive in the whole world, intended to sharpen the *faculties* of the members."

In the catalogue for the year 1830 we find a conclusive argument as to the antiquity of the Society. "We establish its antiquity by two arguments: Firstly, because everywhere in the world there are found many monuments of our ancestors; secondly, because all other societies derive their origin from this. . . . It appears that the Society of Free-masons was founded by eleven disciples of the Med. Fac. expelled A. D. 1425."

The title-page of this year's catalogue was embellished with "a picture representing an examination and initiation into the Society."

In the year 1833, we are told, that a new office was created, namely, "Apothecarius." This office "many quacks and cheats have desired to hold." At this time the Library of the Society contained "quite a number of books; among others, ten thousand obtained through the munificence and liberality of great societies in the almost unknown regions of Kamtschatka and the North Pole. . . . It has become (so says the catalogue) so immense, that, at the request of the Librarian, the Faculty have prohibited any further donations."

The honorary degrees that this Society has conferred are numberless. Here, for example, are some specimens.

"Alexander I. Rus. Imp. Illust. et Sanct. Fœd. et Mass. Pac. Soc. Socius, qui per Legat. American. claro Med. Fac., '*curiositatem rarum et archaicam*,' regie transmisit, 1824, M. D. Med. Fac. Honorarius."

Mordecai-Manasseh Noah, *Armig.* "homo ad unguem factus."

Andreas Jackson, *Armig.* Major-General et *ergo* nunc Præsidis Rempub. fœd. muneris *candidatus* et "Old Hickory," M. D. et M. U. D.

Day et Martin, Angli, qui per quinquaginta annos toto Christiano Orbi et præcipue *Univ. Harv.* optimum *Real Japan Atrimentum*.

Robertus Short, Prænominatus "Your Honor," Hibernicus brevissimus, propola "in short-cake, cigars" omnibusque aliis nugis, quas pro pannis læte permutat. "Sly-go et Med. Fac. hon."

Oliver-Wendell Holmes, M. D. Bug. Prof. Adj. et Med. App. Curat. et Classis poeta.

Cheng et Heng, Siamesi juvenes, invicem *a mans* et intime attacti.

Samuel Patch, socius multum deploratus, qui multa experimenta de gravitate et "faciles descensus" suo corpore fecit.

Frances Wright, prænôm. "Miss," sed vere neut. gen. quæ primum cum Owen patriæ, tum Owen filio vixit.

Duff Green, quondam bubulcus, nunc Jacks, factionis Dux, qui contra Mr. Webb et canem, cum "pistol, 8 inch barrel et mahogany stock," se defensit; Qui Diabolum mentiri docuit.

Martin Van Buren, *Armig.* . . . Nov. Ebor. Gub. "Don Whiskerandos," "Little Dutchman," atque "Great Rejected."

Magnus Serpens Maris, suppositus, aut porpoises aut horse-mackerel, grex; "very like a whale," [Shak.] M. D. et peculiaritur M. U. D. Med. Fac. hon.

Gulielmus-Lloyd Garrison, Liberator; qui nuper, apud Londinum (adjuvante Dan. O'Connel) Americanos *up salt river* rowavit. "Rara Avis," adhuc implumis, sed nunc honorum ornithol. (sub specie. "Tar et Feathers.")

Among the various officers of this renowned Society we find the following: Professores; Obstetricaologiæ; de Multifariousness et Gout; Bugologiæ, Cornucopialogiæ; Craniologiæ; Vitæ et Mortis; Cholera Asphyxiæ Asiaticæ; Intelligentæ Generalis; Scribæ, Pharasei, Gens d'Armes; Bibliothecarii.

We also find attached to some names in the catalogue "Enginæ Societatis Orator, or "Orator Poetaque" or "Socius et Leather Medal" or "Intonitans Bolus."*

The catalogue of 1821 closes with the following table, which was enlarged in each succeeding issue of the same, to meet the continued increase of members.

Numerus integer (suppositus)	7371
Quorum esse mortuos (cognitum est)	2
Supersunt adhuc	7369
Quorum nomina ignota	7268
Supersunt	101

Erroribus expectatis et exceptis.

The catalogue of 1880 is embellished with a *superb* lithograph, showing the manner of initiating an outsider into the secrets of the Society. The plate being very scarce, not many copies can be found. Beneath we read:—

EXAMINATIO INDUCTIOQUE IN MED. FAC.

In M. F. Convoc. MDXXIV° Kal. Nov. MDCCCXXX.

The above sketch is but a page in the history of that merriest of merry societies, the Med. Fac. of Harvard College. Within a few months the sun has brought to light a picture—photograph—of a member of the Med. Fac. of the present day. But we are kept entirely in the dark as to the name of the member. Clothed in deep black, he stands, resting one foot upon a block, while in his hands he wields a huge battle-axe. On his sombre, priest-like gown we can make out the

* Intonitans Bolus. Greek, βῶλος, a lump. Latin, *bolus*, a bit, a morsel. English *bolus*, a mass of anything made into a large pill. It may be translated a *thundering pill*. For a long time it was a custom at Harvard College to present the strongest fellow in the graduating class, or as some say, "the greatest bully," with a huge cane or club; and this was transmitted from class to class. The joke of the custom was, that if any one thought that he had a better right to the club, he had free leave to TAKE it. This club has disappeared of late years. Mention is made of its existence in the Class of 1828.

three "mighty" letters M E D. Were it a speaking likeness, doubtless we should hear a Stygian voice wail as follows: —

"I have lived long enough; my way of life
Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have."

NIGHTFALL.

SHADOWS are falling on vale and hill;
Longer and dimmer they momentarily grow.
Hushed in the wood is the blackbird's trill,
That erstwhile drowned with its joyous thrill
The brooklet that babbles its way below.

Swiftly downward speedeth the Night,
Borne on its pinions dusk and gray;
Far o'er the hills dies the western light;
Then from our straining and baffled sight
Meadow and woodland fade away.

Blindly, madly, the bat whirls by,
Close at our feet the crickets leap,
Far off rises the whip-poor-will's cry,
Night's darkest shadow sweeps over the sky —
Wearied Day is asleep, asleep.

MEXICO.

OCCUPIED as we have been by the terrible war raging within our borders, the course of affairs in Mexico has not excited that interest among us which it would otherwise have done. Had not our attention been distracted from outside matters by troubles at home, it is probable that we should not have looked upon the invasion and conquest of Mexico with calmness. In fact, it is very likely that, but for the Southern rebellion, the expedition to Mexico would never have taken place, or, at any rate, would have been confined to its first and legitimate purpose of forcing Mexico to pay her foreign debts. But situated as we were, — scarcely recovered from the disastrous campaign of Bull Run, with a navy wholly insufficient for our needs, with an army hardly organized, with a war of indefinite extent and a future dark with uncertainty before us, and with the lines of a victorious enemy forty miles from our capital, — there was no danger of our interfering with the plans of any other nation, and we were glad if no one interfered with us. Such was the state of things when, October 31st, 1861, the representatives of England, France, and Spain signed a convention at London in regard to the Mexican expedition. There had been many injuries and outrages heaped upon foreigners for a quarter of a century back, but the immediate provocation of the convention was the stopping, in July, 1861, of all payments to foreign public creditors by the Mexican Republic, of which Juarez was President. These creditors had previously been allowed a percentage on the custom-duties. The result of this convention was an expedition whose object was, "to demand from the Mexican authorities more efficacious protection for the persons and properties of their (the Allied Sovereigns') subjects, as well as a fulfilment of the obligations contracted towards their Majesties by the Republic of Mexico," and among the articles agreed to was the following: "The high

contracting parties engage not to exercise in the internal affairs of Mexico any influence of a nature to prejudice the right of the Mexican nation to choose and constitute freely the form of its government." To this agreement England and Spain kept honestly, but there can be little doubt, despite the protestations of M. Thouvenel, the French Minister, that Louis Napoleon had no intention of keeping it. One proof against him is, that there were a number of Mexican refugees at Paris, leaders in the defeated church party, who set out for Mexico soon after the sailing of the expedition, and who have been fighting on the side of the French for the last year or two. One of these men, General Almonte, declared that he had been sent out by Napoleon to found a monarchy, and under French protection issued proclamations to the Mexicans. The Spanish part of the expedition took possession of Vera Cruz, December 12th, 1861, which excited the suspicions of France and England, but when Spain explained that it was only to collect the customs there, England was satisfied, but France took occasion to send out four or five thousand more troops. The acts of the returned refugees caused the Spanish and English officers to suspect the intentions of France, and increased the want of unanimity already existing.

On the 19th of February, 1862, General Prim, chief of the Spanish division, as representative of the Allies, met Doblado, Juarez's Minister of Foreign Affairs, at Soledad, and assured him of the intention of the Allies not to interfere with the Mexican government, — agreed that they should recognize the Mexican Republic, that the Allies should be allowed to occupy certain towns, as garrisons, and that another meeting should take place at Orizaba to confirm these agreements and settle everything. If this meeting did not end satisfactorily, the Allies were to withdraw from the places which they had been allowed to occupy. The meeting at Orizaba was not very harmonious. Count de Saligny, representing the French, said that so many fresh insults had been given to

France that a war was needed to wipe them out. What these insults were he refused to tell, when asked by Sir Charles Wyke, the head of the English division, who with General Prim declared that the course proposed was a violation of the convention of October 31st. A writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* says that neither party was wrong, as it was necessary for the protection of French subjects — one of the objects of the expedition — that the Mexican government should be broken up, while, on the other hand, to interfere with the internal affairs of Mexico was a direct breaking of one clause of the agreement. But what could be plainer? The three powers, in the convention of October 31st, made a general statement of the purpose of the expedition, and then, as they were suspicious of each other, they made a limitation of the means to be used for this end. The French, on the strength of the general statement, completely ignored the limiting condition, and with no other pretext than an indefinite complaint of injuries, which they refused to specify.

Disgusted with the conduct of the French, the English and Spanish withdrew their forces, and sailed for home, near the end of April, 1862, leaving the French alone, no longer to obtain redress of grievances, but to make a hostile march on Mexico, and overthrow the Mexican Republic. Vice-Admiral Jurien de la Gravière was lowered from his position, as leader of the French division, to that of commander of the Gulf Squadron, and General Lorencez took the chief command. It was thought that all that would be needed would be for the French to march through the country, and be hailed as deliverers, and that there would be no resistance worth speaking of. To fulfil the agreement made at Soledad, the French withdrew towards Vera Cruz. While doing so, they were attacked by the Mexican General Zaragoza, and they then immediately turned and advanced — the Mexicans retreating — past Orizaba, till, on the 4th of May, they reached Puebla, where the Mexican army was. On the next morning, expecting an easy victory, Lorencez ordered an assault, but was repulsed. The

works about Puebla were very strong, and, not having artillery enough to reduce them or men enough to take them, he retired to Orizaba, where he remained five months or so, suffering chiefly from want of supplies, which had to be brought from Vera Cruz, a month's journey, owing to the very bad roads, which were infested, too, with guerillas. At last reinforcements arrived from France, under General, now Marshal, Forey, of "coup d'état" notoriety, who brought with him in all thirty-five thousand men, and immediately assumed the command. The first detachment had consisted of two thousand five hundred men, and the second of four or five thousand. Forey had arrived at Vera Cruz near the end of September, and he reached Orizaba the 24th of October, where he had to wait four months before going farther, as means of transportation were very hard to get. To add to the difficulties of the French, the yellow-fever was raging round Vera Cruz. Juarez, meanwhile, had been very active in collecting forces, fortifying and supplying Puebla, and raising money. Zaragoza had died suddenly, and Ortega now commanded the largest and best appointed of the Mexican armies, which, consisting of about twenty thousand men, was stationed at Puebla. Near the end of February, 1863, the whole French army started from Orizaba by two roads which met near Puebla, and on the 16th of March the columns united. On the 18th a systematic siege began. Forey cut all communication with Vera Cruz, a circumstance, which, allowing no sure news to pass, gave rise to many rumors. The French advanced slowly, blowing up block after block of houses, and meeting a most obstinate resistance. General Comonfort was commissioned to raise the siege, but was anticipated by the French, and attacked himself by General Bazaine, and his army completely routed. This defeat caused great dejection in Puebla, particularly among the Indians, and the day after Ortega proposed an armistice, to arrange a surrender of the town, allowing the Mexicans to march out. Forey demanded unconditional surrender, and a few days afterwards, the 18th

of May, Ortega, having had his arms broken, his cannon spiked, and his flags destroyed, surrendered, two months from the beginning of the siege. The surrendered forces numbered thirteen thousand men, including twenty-six generals. This was a crushing blow to the Mexicans, who lost not only their finest army, but the ordnance and supplies accumulated at Puebla during eight or nine months, besides Puebla itself, the defence of the city of Mexico. The works about Mexico did not amount to much, and Juarez immediately transferred the seat of government to San Luis de Potosi. On the 2d of June, a deputation from the city government of Mexico waited on Forey, and invited him and his army to come there. On the 10th of June, Forey at the head of his army entered Mexico, amid the acclamations of the populace, who greeted him with processions, flags, and other holiday preparation. This is not so strange when we remember that only one twentieth of the population of the city of Mexico is white, — the rest consisting of Indians, half-breeds, quadroons, &c., — and also that, though Forey had verbally severed connection with all parties, he was still regarded, and showed himself to be, a friend of the powerful church, or conservative party. A splendid ball was given by the French, attended by four thousand persons, which added *éclat* to their entrance.

An assembly of two hundred and fifteen Mexicans was then appointed indirectly by the French, one hundred and thirty-five of whom (all the Liberals, or Republicans, staying away) met, on the 16th of July, and invited the Archduke Maximilian, brother of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, to assume the Mexican throne, and, in case of his refusal, Louis Napoleon was asked to choose an Emperor for them. A Mexican deputation was sent to offer the throne to Maximilian, and meanwhile a regency is the form of government. Maximilian received the Mexican embassy with thanks for their offer, and said he would accept it, if European guaranties were given him, and if the Mexican people elected him Emperor, but that he would not enter Mexico before the civil

war was over, and the popular assent obtained. Everything in Europe was favorable, and in Mexico town after town has handed in its support to the imperial government, and several entire provinces have declared in favor of the Empire. An English correspondent says that the way in which a Mexican town is brought over to the imperial side is this. The imperial army enters a town. The generals appoint some officers, who in turn choose a city government, which immediately draws up a petition, asking for Maximilian. This is no doubt much exaggerated. In one way and another, however, the required assent is procured, and petitions have been coming in so fast that there is no obstacle in that direction to Maximilian's acceptance. In regard to the war's ceasing, too, the appearance of things is very hopeful for the Empire. There have been few battles of much consequence since the taking of Puebla. One was fought at Morelia in December, and resulted in the defeat of Juarez's party, with the loss of a good many prisoners and cannon. An attack on San Luis Potosi, after its occupation by the Imperialists, was repulsed with loss to the Juarists. Everywhere the Imperialists have been successful. Meeting with little resistance, they have occupied many of the principal towns, and have advanced, on the north, as far as San Luis Potosi and Zacatecas, and on the west to Manzanilla. On the approach of the Imperialists, Juarez left San Luis secretly, and his whereabouts is not known with certainty, but is supposed to be at Saltillo. The French are assisted, too, by several divisions of native troops, under the leaders of the old church party. Fifteen major-generals, eighty brigadiers, and two hundred colonels have joined them, besides a great many subalterns. Forey left Mexico in the fall of 1863, leaving General Bazaine in command.

We can look forward, then, with considerable confidence to the accession of Maximilian to the Mexican throne before many months are over. Louis Napoleon will probably succeed in his attempt to fit up Mexico with "all the modern

improvements" of imperial France, and will transform her into an empire in many respects resembling his own,— with an Emperor, half elected by the people, half usurper,— an army modelled after that of the French, and with all the machinery of a "strong government." As to the Mexicans themselves, scarcely anything could be a change for the worse. For the last forty years they have been in continual disorder and civil war. Corruption and lawlessness have characterized all parties. Life and property have been insecure, and, whether the government has been a republic or a monarchy, nothing but the name of freedom has been there. Maximilian will have a difficult task to perform. If the whole of Mexico becomes his, he will rule a foreign empire five times as large as France, half civilized, and thinly settled with a population but one fifth that of France. More than a third of Mexico—the northwest part—is a wilderness with a population of but 1.5 persons to a square mile, and it may be that the defeated Liberals will retire there, and there maintain themselves. Should Maximilian show himself equal to the work imposed upon him,— should he give order and firm government, the foundations of political progress, to Mexico,— should he develop her resources and commerce, and introduce railroads and factories, and the other accompaniments of civilization,— the conquest of Mexico would be the greatest blessing that could fall to her, despite the unjustifiable means by which it was brought about. But such a task calls for a man of extraordinary abilities, invested with great power; and it is extremely doubtful whether Maximilian will come up to his requirements, and whether his accession will be the end of strife. Backed, however, as he is, by Austria and France, we can look forward to peace at last, unless the Mexicans resort to the rude weapon of assassination. What the motives of Louis Napoleon were in starting the Mexican expedition it is of course impossible to tell, but there seems to be some connection between the presence of French troops in Mexico and the extreme willingness of the French Emperor to be-

come peacemaker (the good, peace-loving, honest, little man!) between us and the Rebels. If so, his designs have been thwarted, and he has gained so far only unpopularity from his course. What, too, will be the ultimate result of this movement we cannot tell. We hope that the American nation will not be so infatuated as to engage in a needless war, for which the only excuse would be to uphold an antiquated and exploded doctrine. But hopes and fears about that are too remote to affect us much now.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE" — WHAT?

A HODGE-PODGE FOR SENIORS.

WHAT shall I be? what shall I do?
How quickly these four years have past!
The time which seemed so long is gone,
And my last term has come at last.

Soon will my recitations stop;
Soon — squirts and deads alike forgot —
I'll have to leave this "thinking-shop,"
And somewhere else to cast my lot.

But where's that somewhere else to be?
Ah, there's the thing which puzzles me;
That somewhere else, — and what, O what
'S to be that lot, — 's to be that lot?

The impossibility of answering this last question, and the antagonism between thought and an easy-chair, on which the Senior is lying in all the *ot. sine dig.* of vacation, lulls him asleep as he murmurs slowly, "s to be that lot, — 's to be that lot." He has a dream, in which a person whose features bear just the slightest resemblance

to those of R—lph W—ldo Em—rs—n, appears to him, and thus addresses him :—

“ Student ! Student ! Boy no more !
 You must leave the pleasant shore,
 Where you ’ve passed your boyhood’s hour,—
 Leave it for life’s broad, wild sea ;
 Listen, listen, then, to me.
 Wheresoever you shall be,—
 Whatsoe’er shall be your part,—
 Be it in science, law, or art,
 On ocean broad, in busy mart,—
 Whether you shall try to preach,
 Or your calling be to teach,—
 Whether yours to kill, or cure,—
 Of this one thing make you sure,—
 Be in every place a man ;
 All else may follow as it can.”

[The voice stopping wakes the dreamer.]

That’s true enough, for the profession
 Is but the coat, and not our chief possession ;
 ’T is not the work that dignifies the man,
 But man makes of his work the best he can.

And yet in coats there is a difference ;
 To have yours fit you is of consequence ;
 Not large enough to trip or cumber you,
 Nor small enough to pinch, and freeze you too.

And a profession is a coat you ’ll wear,
 Unchanged, through many a long and weary year ;
 Be careful, then, to put the right one on,—
 One that will last you till your work be done.

DRAMATIC REFORM.

WHEN that important question, what theatre to choose for an evening's amusement, — a question which must sometimes force itself upon the mind of almost every highly civilized man, — arises in all its gigantic proportions before my own, I confess to having a strong preference for dramatic entertainment of what is considered a somewhat lower grade than that afforded by the sanguinary performances of the Tragic Muse. When the arduous duties of the day are over, when the recitation-rooms pour forth their last diurnal throng of wearied undergraduates, when the dispirited soul needs encouragement for the future and consolation for the past, new motives to action, and at the same time gentle stimulants to present enjoyment, what place is most fit to give the tired spirit rest? What refreshing springs, welling up from perennial waters of pure delight, can for the moment carry the imagination away from a world of care and sin, to revel in the pleasing fictions of fancy? My taste may, I am afraid, be open to the censure of recognized critics, as low; a nervous tingle goes through me when I remember that the professional theatre-goer will regard my opinions with contemptuous pity, that the incipient amateur will direct his first opera-glass at me in silent wonder, that conservatives will revile me, that men of generally liberal opinions will denounce my conclusions as false and dangerous; or, worse than all, an effort virtuously intended to effect a much-needed reform in the drama may pass unheeded and uncared for by, producing no change, correcting no abuse. But whether, on the one hand, my remarks are to be followed by clamorous disapprobation, and the controversy begun on one side of the Atlantic is to be echoed and re-echoed from one shore to the other with ever-increasing vituperativeness, or whether, on the other, heresies so entire will be received with a pity too deep for utterance, I still must admit that Tragedy is beyond me.

Perhaps the difficulty is with me, and not the play; perhaps a man of a naturally morose and murderous disposition, cultivated to a high pitch of perfection by a few acts of arson, piracy, or treason, and wound up to the proper point by a parental letter refusing supplies; may find a heathenish and cynical delight in the mimic agonies of the murdered heroine and suicidal hero, whose unfortunate deaths are hardly consummated when the villain of the play, becoming remorseful and stabbing himself, affords a pleasing tableau, the sight of which not unnaturally brings to gloomy ends the agonized lives of the fathers and mothers, themselves fortunate if lucky enough to escape so long, leaving the remnant of this sad, eventful history to be performed by the menials in the inspiring occupation of removing the corpses.

Such pictures may furnish to the worldly mind the needful lesson that our lives are not immortal; the devotee of pleasure may by them be induced to consider his ways and recollect that a few short hours are sufficient to cut short not only his own mundane career, but that, too, of all his immediate relations; even the philosopher may require an occasional reminder that life is but a span; yet, when all allowances are made, and every possible chance for violent deaths admitted as fair play and necessary for a full development of these murderous plots, does not the Muse of Tragedy, after all, overdo the business a little? Is there no hope either for virtuous or wicked except in another world? Must all shuffle off their mortal coils in indiscriminate slaughter? Must the virtuous pair on the very eve of a happy marriage be hurried off to that bourne from which no traveller returns, while the next scene witnesses the harrowing termination of the unrepentant sinner's troubled existence,—a designing wretch, who has probably worked out his destiny by achieving the destruction of some dozen innocent victims, induced by artful wiles to trust his deceitful nature? Is there no possibility of having a smaller number killed? Must all die? As every act brings with it its appropriate dead, and the grave

closes over one unfortunate being only to open for the reception of another, does the insatiate muse with demoniac laughter still shriek for more ?

Yes ; there is no alternative : brother, sister, father, mother, husband, wife, — let them surrender all claims to their threescore and ten years if they wish to act tragedy ; let them, indeed, be thankful if they even reach maturity, and are not garroted by a relentless uncle in a convenient tower at an early period of their infancy ; let them remember with grateful emotions that the stern decrees of a terrified parent did not expose them at a tender age to the ravening wolves on the mountain-top. Why should the lover make night harmonious with his serenade, or write the name of his mistress on the forest-bark, when he must be morally certain that somewhere before the fourth act those fatal words are written which close the course of his ephemeral existence ? — that significant sentence in brackets which conveys the needful lesson, how to die ! “ Falls on his sword and dies,” or “ they fight ; Jones is killed,” or again “ Combat : Jones, Brown, and Robinson fall ” ; such are the refreshing variations with which Melpomene gives a zest to the otherwise too monotonous round of daily life.

And yet there must be something pleasant in the emotions called up by the ferocious fury of the bloodthirsty individuals who keep continually making their entrances and exits from the stage, seeking whom they may devour. It cannot be one of democracy’s demoralizing effects that we delight in the representation of our fellow-creatures’ miseries, for the same unwholesome taste for horrors prevails in an English monarchy, and even flourishes in rank luxuriance under the despotism of France ; nor can it be that this love of others’ woes is one of the unfortunate results of our unhappy war, for even in countries whose populations lament in sympathetic melancholy our miserable dispute, remembering with pride their own peaceful annals, tragedies are still acted to crowded houses. We must look deeper than the mere accidents of

country or government to discover the springs of these most morose delights ; the secrets of the great human heart must be laid open and the innate sources of our attractions and repulsions be brought to light if we would know why an insatiable thirst for blood brings throngs of civilized men to see Booth act Hamlet, and revel in the sight. Hamlet ! that any man should have been capable of imagining that gory drama, that web of unjustifiable homicides, should have been enough to brand its author with eternal infamy ; and yet Shakespeare receives the plaudits of the world ! Why, here is an odor of foul play even before the curtain rises : as if to prepare the minds of the audience for the further casualties of the Danish prince's checkered existence, warning is given that his father, having been struck from the rolls in a sort of imaginary prelude, need not be expected to support during the performance any other than a spectral part ; while the hollow calm which pervades the first two acts is broken in the third with sudden tumult by Hamlet's natural mistake in taking the voice of the Lord Chamberlain, crying lustily for help behind the arras, for that of a rat, — an error unfortunately fatal to the Chamberlain. We are hardly given time to recover from the shock necessarily experienced in reflecting how impossible it might be to prevent a like result if we too were behind an arras, when a grave is dug and the information indirectly conveyed that the beautiful but insane Ophelia has somewhat anticipated the course of events in the engulfing current of a neighboring stream. No. 4, the Queen, whose insidious consort had prepared for her son, by this time altogether *de trop*, a convenient goblet of poison, persists in swallowing the draught herself, an act which meets with so little opposition from her husband as to leave the impression that he considered it a deed of kindness to allow Gertrude to relieve herself in this summary and unintentional manner from the ever-recurring anxieties of her high position. However this may be, the plot is not suffered to drag, for Laertes, — carried perhaps beyond the bounds of moderation by the peculiar cir-

cumstances of his sister's death, — having with heartless villainy previously made ready an envenomed sword, engages with the ingenuous prince in the usually innocuous game of foils, but finds himself, No. 5, unexpectedly wounded with his own weapon, which has already done its work on Hamlet, No. 6, and is not put away before being passed through the body of his step-father, No. 7.

The taste for the dramatic representation of crime and pain, which must thrill the nerves of every sensitive man with feelings of horror, but which still crowds our theatres with applauding multitudes, deserves the condemnation of society, and particularly at the present time of American society. In the midst of a war which fills our daily journals with all the unpleasant details of battle and bloodshed, while our weeklies teem with artistic efforts portraying in only too vivid lines the ensanguined scene where the panoplied Mars stalks in wrath, is there no means of avoiding the roar of cannon, the echoed clash of contending armies, the tumult of newsboys shouting their fabulous tidings on the astonished breeze? When relations and friends are imperilling their lives on the Potomac or the Gulf, who cares to see Othello murder his wife, or Richard III. extirpate almost at one fell swoop all who interfere with the accomplishment of his somewhat peculiar views? It is expecting too much to suppose that a man engaged in bewailing the unhappy lot of his native land can be endowed with the power of commiserating at the same time the woes of individuals who flourished before his birth, who reached maturity centuries before the battle of Bull Run, who shouted in ages of mythological antiquity, "On to Troy!" and had never even dreamt of a postal currency.

"What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?"

Then there is the Melodrama, or whatever it is called, a little lower in the scale according to the common standard, where, while most of the players do their utmost to harrow

the soul to its lowest depths, some farcical fellow, as if to alleviate the effects of these melancholy endeavors, is detailed to do the comic ; where no time is allowed for soothing the ruffled breast, no interval for calming the overwrought spirit, but the audience, weeping over the tale of murder, desertion, starvation, or the like, is in a moment called upon to burst out in a roar of laughter at some humorous remark from the irrepressible buffoon ; where the rising tear must needs be checked by a laugh, and the rising laugh must needs be choked by a tear. There is no name for this kind of play. It is not Tragedy. It is not Comedy ; it is an attempt at combining them which should be frowned upon by every true lover of histrionic performances, whether his taste lead him to prefer Shakespeare or the Buckleys.

Although to persons who view the world with a jaundiced eye the miscellaneous murders of fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters may appear more suitable than the same number of natural deaths, and though others, gifted with a fortunate facility of adaptation to circumstances, may find a sort of kaleidoscopic pleasure in the ever-shifting emotions called forth by plays which, never following implicitly the guidance either of Thalia or Melpomene, occupy as it were a neutral position, and vainly attempt to combine the attractions of both, it still seems to me that tastes like these deserve, not to be cultivated, but discountenanced, and that we should remember, in endeavoring to lead our children in those paths which they ought to tread, to instil into their infant minds the lesson, that one of the most saddening indications of the conservatism which prevailed even in an age illumined by the civilization of our own, was the estimation in which the so-called Standard Drama was still held. But let us not despair ; we live in a period of reform. Around us on every side the bulwarks of society are being torn down, new and better ones thrown up, old landmarks dashed to the ground, while worthier ones rise in their stead ; the very earth trembles beneath the march of opinion, and deeds fit to make

splendid a thousand years are crowded into the space of a day. At such a moment of revolution, and ere yet the waves of popular excitement subside to their accustomed level, how fitting an opportunity do the times present for making one effort at least to break in pieces the idols which past ages have unwisely worshipped, and to place in their vacant niches, heightened in the public consideration and fortified by universal esteem, the Farce, the Burlesque, and the Negro Minstrels! No delay should be admitted, no compromise thought of, but the iron struck while it comes hot from the furnace. Though on political questions of minor importance the country may be divided, and parties may contend in hot dispute over constitutional questions, let all in this great movement for dramatic reform show a united front, and, advancing with steady eye and hand to attack the narrow prejudices which, in spite of the startling progress of improvement that characterizes our century, have hitherto maintained a demoralizing ascendancy over men's minds, prove to an astonished world that democracy is no mere name, nor republican institutions the dream of visionary enthusiasts.

THE OAK.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THEODOR KOERNER.

EVENING comes, the sounds of day are silent,
Ruddy glows the sun's expiring beam ;
Here I sit and muse beneath thy branches,
And my heart is full of thought, I ween :
Olden times, most true and trusty witness,
Ever deck thyself with life's bright green,
For the stalwart form of many an ancient hero
In thy May-day pomp and pride is seen.

Much that 's noble has the age down-trodden,
Lovely things have died an early death,
Through the wreaths of thy thick, glossy foliage
Sighs its parting day's expiring breath ;
Yet of destiny thou e'er art careless,
Naught to thee the time's insulting threat,
Voices in the waving of thy branches
Tell me all that 's great must die the death.

Yet thou hast firmly stood, amid all dangers,
Joyously in brightest green arrayed ;
Never a tired traveller will pass by thee
Till he rests beneath thy loving shade ;
And when in autumn's cold thy leaves have fallen,
Even in death their use shall never fade,
For, decaying, of thy children's ashes
Shall thy future springtime's dress be made.

Gallant emblem of old German honor,
When in better times than these it stood,
When with noble, dauntless self-devotion
Burghers built their country's house with blood,
Ah, what avails it to renew the sorrow,
For by all this woe is understood,
German folk, thou noblest of all nations,
Though thou low liest, still thy oaks are good.

A MORNING CALL.

It may not be generally known, yet any one may assure himself by experiment, that the spinal marrow is an exceedingly delicate part of the human organization, and that its rupture, which would be caused by the dislocation of the first vertebra, will assuredly cause the death of the unhappy person, a victim either to cruel chance or rash experiment. In adults this part is stronger than in children, yet in none will it endure much tampering with.

It was ignorance of this little fact, which I thus generously communicate to you, free of all charge except your attention, which stained my hands with human blood, and rendered me an object of hatred and aversion to my fellow-men. Ere that time, I was an innocent, prattling lad; I am now morose, and prematurely old. I then was the pride and hope of my family, and at once the adoration and envy of my friends, but now my career is blighted, and I am loathed by all. This was the turning-point of my career, which I purpose to describe, although my powers are hardly capable of doing the subject justice.

It was on a pleasant morning in June when I left my happy home to visit a married lady, a cousin of mine, who lived not far off. Her name, for obvious reasons, I will call Smith. She was of course young, lovely, and accomplished, according to the obituary notices, (but why do I anticipate?) and I calculated on enjoying my visit without a doubt. Her husband, whose name, for more obvious reasons, I will call Smith, was a well-to-do merchant, devoted to his wife and only son, a smart little boy of about four summers. Such was the family I was about to visit.

I reached the house without accident, rang the bell with precision, was ushered in, and calmly awaited my cousin's entrance. It is unnecessary to repeat our whole conversation. Those who are interested to a sufficient extent may have their curiosity gratified by turning to any fashionable

novel. I believe it was about the weather, the opera, etc., but we were interrupted by little Eddie (the boy of four summers), who rushed into the room, asking his mother to give him two cents with which to buy some candy. Eddie was so talented and witty a child that he used to be a principal contributor to that quarter of the Editor's Drawer of Harper's Magazine which contains the first utterances of our little one- or two-year-olds.

His mother adored the boy, praised his smartness much to his harm, and was in the habit of making him show off before company,—an exceedingly pernicious habit, as the sequel showed. She bade Eddie repeat a few passages of *Paradise Lost*, which he did with an eloquence and grace which the writer of this history in vain aspires to. He was inimitable in his representation of Satan. When he had finished, I thought it but proper to say something complimentary to the little fellow, and thus gratify his mother. I did so, and flattered her still more by making him recite the whole of the third book. After that I was not satisfied with mere verbal approval, but the wild idea seized me of fondling him. I had done enough, but I would do more. I would swing him up in the air, an exercise in which he as well as most of his age delighted in. I put one hand under his little chin, the other on the back of his neck, in my own wild, careless way, and raised him from the floor. I heard a strange click and noticed a peculiar, convulsive start, for he shook his body a little, and then hung perfectly limp. I saw immediately what was the matter. The dislocation of the first vertebra had ruptured the spinal marrow. His neck was broken. He was dead. I felt immediately the horror of what I had done, and began to wonder what I had best do now. I had about decided to lay the boy down in the chair as if nothing had happened, avert his mother's attention for a few moments by earnest conversation, and then, without taking any further notice of what had occurred, go away, leaving her to find out the truth at her leisure,—I had decided on 'this, I say, but one glance from her, full of mingled sorrow and vexation,

showed me how utterly futile would be any attempt at deception, for she had seen it all. I did what I think every gentleman would have done under the circumstances: I turned towards her and offered ample apologies for my conduct, asking her to excuse my unfortunate awkwardness. She received my explanation with visible coldness, though at that I hardly felt hurt, but said, as she was in duty bound, that it was not of the slightest consequence, begged I would not mention it, etc. But her whole manner was constrained. I felt awkwardly, and was about to leave, for it was growing late, and I had some more calls to make, when suddenly she became a jibbering idiot. Here was a new complication! Her sole idea was to break my neck; she leaped at me like a tigress on her prey, and, with her nails driven nearly through my metallic collar, detained me there for one hour and twenty-five minutes. The fact that my collar was of iron alone saved my life. It was a memorable position to be in,—the child with his neck, and his mother with her heart, broken. I endured that, and the wrench of her maniac hands, as I said, for one hour and twenty-five minutes, when the door slowly opened, and the bereaved husband and father appeared. One look disclosed the whole truth to him; he did not waste any time in useless recrimination, but, spurning my attempts to draw him into conversation on the leading topics of the day, said that he had no more to live for now, and that he forgave me. He said no more, but with a paper-cutter which lay near him on the table cut his throat from ear to ear. He rapidly expired. At that last sight, I tore myself from my cousin's grasp, leaving my metallic collar in her hands, (notwithstanding the assurances of the shopkeeper, who had told me the day before that it would last me two years when I bought it,) and rushed from the house. Brain-fever racked me for eighteen months. I arose from my bed, and was carried to the court-room. I was there tried for "Justifiable Infanticide in the second degree," (the child was my second cousin,) and was acquitted. My story is told. Plaudite.

COLLEGE RECORD.

THE Semiannual Supper of the Hasty-Pudding Club took place at the Revere House, Boston, Thursday evening, January 14.

Orator. — William Lambert Richardson, Boston.

Poet. — Russell Nevins Bellows, New York.

Odist. — Charles Henry Coxe, Philadelphia.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, held January 15 and 16, of which George Winslow Pierce, of Boston, was chosen Chairman, and George Bliss Morris, of Springfield, Secretary, the following Class officers were elected:—

Orator. — George Callender Brackett, Somerville.

Poet. — Isaac Flagg, Somerville.

Odist. — Charles Henry Coxe, Philadelphia.

Chief Marshal. — Charles Coolidge Read, Cambridge.

Assistant Marshals. — Constant Freeman Davis, Cambridge; William Robertson Page, Baltimore, Md.

Chaplain. — William Adams Munroe, Cambridge.

Class-Day Committee. — Robert Todd Lincoln, Washington, D. C.; Marshall Munroe Cutter, Cambridgeport; Frank Waldo Wildes, Boston.

Class Chorister. — Russell Nevins Bellows, New York.

Class Secretary. — William Lambert Richardson, Boston.

Class Committee. — Class Secretary, *ex officio*; Henry Harrison Sprague, Athol, Mass.; George Golding Kennedy, Roxbury.

CLASS SUPPER OFFICERS.

President. — Richard Jones Mekonkey, West Chester, Pa.

Class Supper Committee. — President, *ex officio*; John Wynkoop Atwood, New York; Peter Butler Olney, Oxford, Mass.

Chorister. — Jonathan Dorr, Roxbury.

Odist. — Prentiss Cummings, West Sumner, Me.

Chronicler. — Isaac Howard Page, Lowell.

Toast-Master. — Arthur George Sedgwick, New York.

ROBERT RALSTON NEWELL, of Cambridge, a member of the Class of 1865, having been appointed Second Lieutenant in the 54th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, was presented with a sword and sash by the members of his Class on his departure to fill that position. George Albert Fisher, of the same Class, was also presented with a sword and equipments prior to his departure to accept a commission as Second Lieutenant in the 5th Massachusetts Cavalry.

At the Annual Meeting of the Board of Overseers, the appointments of Frederick G. Bromberg as Tutor of Mathematics, and W. H. Pettes as Assistant in Chemistry, were confirmed.

The following appointments as University Lecturers for the next academic term were also confirmed:— John Dean, M. D.; James C. White, M. D.; William Watson, Ph. D.; Alexander E. R. Agassiz, S. B.; James Edward Oliver, A. M.

EDITORS' TABLE.

If, as Shakespeare asserts, Time *gallops* with a thief to the gallows, we should like to know with what pace he carries a young man through a college vacation. For surely no thief ever found himself so quickly at the scene of his life's termination as we found ourselves again on our way to Cambridge. It seems but as yesterday since we left these scenes of our literary achievements, and yet here we are back again, studying *as hard as ever*. Once more the old bell commences its hourly rings, and we soon fall back into our old routine of recitations and lectures.

The Freshmen returned home to spend their first vacation as Harvard Undergraduates, and what with matriculation papers and a borrowed college air, have almost persuaded their fond parents and blushing sisters that they were Seniors, or at least Sophomores. But the illusion, however pleasant it may have been while it lasted, has only too soon vanished, and they find themselves again at college studying — *afresh*.

The Sophomores once more indulge in their favorite pursuit after the truths of Analytic, and attempt to make up their minds whether they wish to take it as an *extra* — during the summer vacation. Remember, young aspirants for mathematical honors, that you have an annual examination before you, which we, who have passed through the ordeal, can assure you is no *joking* matter. By the way, speaking of mathematics reminds us of a question Green asked us the other day: if we knew who the first mathematician mentioned in the Bible was. We confessed we did not. "Why," said Green, with one of his sweetest smiles, for even he sometimes *smiles*, "did not you know that Noah once studied up the subject of *arks*?" "No! — ah! Yes, I see. Pretty good for *you*, Green," we replied, and he looked amply repaid by our ultimate though tardy appreciation of the point. Green knew our Sophomoric weakness, and could forgive us for not seeing his joke at once.

THE Editors hope that their explanation in regard to the publishing of the piece of poetry "To a Classmate" was not considered as implying any attempt at deceit on the part of the gentleman who handed it to them. It was simply a misunderstanding, the gentleman laying *no claim whatever* to its authorship.

CONTRARY to our custom, we this term did not return to Cambridge with our usual punctual regularity on Thursday morning. On the following Monday, however, we set out for these "classic shades." On the way we confess to a few thoughts of a peculiar stamp. Thought we to ourselves: "Wonder if the machinery is in motion, and things are really under way. Wonder if recitations have begun," &c.

And when we reached Cambridge, and met one and another familiar face, and found that everything was in operation, we felt a little surprised to find that we had not been waited for. And we then came to the conclusion that we were not such an important personage, after all.

Have you never, reader, after a long illness, during which you have been confined to the house perhaps for months, on coming forth once more into the busy world of life and activity, experienced a vague sort of surprise at finding everybody out of doors and everything going on as usual; in short, to find that the world still moves; that your absence from the scene of action has created no sort of disturbance or derangement whatever in the mechanism of the daily round of life in the world? We confess that we have often had some such thoughts. Some dozen years ago our attention was first turned in this direction. It was a balmy, beautiful day in spring. All nature seemed glad. It was one of those days when, in the country, everything is clothed with a superadded loveliness; such a day when we wander forth over the green fields, feeling perfectly satisfied with ourselves, with mankind in general, and with life and with the beautiful world which God has made. Everything around seems to rejoice.

"Crowds of bees are giddy with clover;
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet;
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet."

Nor does such a day come freighted with less of pleasure to the denizens of the crowded city. There it infuses a new life into every living thing. The merchant hurrying down to the counting-room, the mechanic hastening to his work-bench, the laborer to his daily toil; yes, from the highest stratum of society, down through every grade to its very lowest, to all the sunny day in spring comes with its mission of comfort and delight.

Now, reader, that you understand (we hope you do, at least) what kind of a day it was in the springtime, we will go on with what we were going to say. It was a balmy, beautiful day in spring when we stepped forth into the bustle and stir of the city, leaving behind us a bed of sickness whereon we had languished during long weeks and weary months in pain of body and in that pain of mind which results from hope deferred.

O sickness, what a teacher thou art! Though thou comest to thy victims with messages of sorrow and of pain, yet dost thou, when thou takest thy departure, leave behind thee a gift of inestimable value. Thou dost strike down the strong man in the midst of active life and vigor only to fill him with a greater appreciation of the value of health when he is again raised up.

It is well always to draw from every affliction and from every source of pain its lesson of instruction and profit. On this day when we came forth once more into the world it seemed as though God's creation had never seemed so lovely before. It seemed as though we had never prized health so much as we did then, and that it would ever after appear to us the most priceless of earthly blessings. We visited a friend who had always exercised a sort of paternal care over us; an excellent man; one full of wise saws and modern instances; one who was ever moralizing; always bringing up to our minds, whenever we met him, some train of thought which had never occurred to us before. On this day he met us with something of this sort. "Well, my boy, you've been sick. The world has gone on without you, hasn't it? You don't find the wheels have stopped anywhere, do you?" We thought a moment. Yes, he had read our thoughts. It had never occurred to us in precisely that light before. Still we found that we had almost unconsciously been expecting to discover that something had gone wrong during our temporary absence from the world. We did really look around, thinking that we must certainly have been sadly missed. We, however, found ourselves mistaken.

Often since that day we have thought of those questions of our friend, often have we discovered ourselves attaching too great importance to our presence. But we learn by experience. We soon find that the world readily gets on without us. Some few may miss us at first. But soon time smooths out every ripple in the great ocean of existence and no trace that its surface has ever been ruffled is left behind.

But some one will say, "This is a gloomy strain to listen to. We'll have no more of it." True, reader, in one way of looking at the question it does wear a sombre aspect. But in another it will appear to us in the light of a beneficent provision. In the present constitution of the world and of human nature it would not be well for any one to be too much missed. When obliged to part from near and dear friends, we sometimes feel as though the parting were impossible; that it never can be that one must

go to the East and one to the West; or, worse even, that one must leave our companionship for another world; still, when the appointed time comes the parting does take place. We grieve at first. But it is not long. Like our first parents, when they took their departure from Eden,

"Some natural tears we drop, but wipe them soon."

Erelong Time, with benignant hand, binds up the wound in our hearts, and gradually we become reconciled to the stern mandates of our destiny. And well is it for us that it is so. Otherwise bereavements, or even the temporary removal of friends from our sight, would tend to unfit us for the duties of life.

But we had wellnigh forgotten the point from which we started. We were intending to give a long account of the peculiar experience of a man who does not return to Cambridge for some days after, vacation having expired, it becomes his imperative duty to do so. We were going to describe those feelings of exquisite pleasure on returning to find your room all "put to rights," dusted, warm, &c.; and thus being spared that horrid feeling which oppresses the heart on finding yourself obliged to be the first to enter your room after vacation, that dismal prospect of a grate full of dead, frigid-looking coals, of dust clinging to everything, and that general forlorn aspect which everything wears; that feeling of satisfaction at finding that your chum has got here before you. Then, again, we meant to speak of the feeling of importance which you have on coming a few days after time. You are the expected one,—the coming man,—your arrival is constantly looked for. You are thus elevated into a temporary distinction from the general throng. But of these and other kindred thoughts our limits forbid us to speak at greater length.

WE would remind Seniors of the necessity of seeing that their names are entered in the Autograph Book of the University, which is to be found at the Library. Let this be attended to *at once*. No class has as yet entered the names of every member; let a good example in this respect therefore be set by Sixty-Four. The photographs also demand *immediate* attention; and half an hour's time is all that is needed on the part of any one to perform his share of the labor required to hasten forward the work, and to aid the Class Committee in their efforts to have the pictures distributed *before Class-Day*.

EXCHANGES RECEIVED. — Yale Literary.



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THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

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No. 90.

OUR SOCIAL LIFE.

ONE of the most pleasant results of a college course are the numerous friendships which a person forms during the four years which he spends under the protecting care of his Alma Mater; not the friendships of the cold world of fashion, dependent upon the prosperity of both parties for their continuance, but friendships where hand and heart always stand ready to obey the call of every one, whether in prosperity or adversity. The tie of classmate is a silken band, so soft that while together we hardly notice its presence, but so strong that no separation of distance or of time can sever a single one of its threads. It is a band which death alone can loosen, and the Great Destroyer himself can loosen it only by parting its separate threads one by one.

It is not while we are meeting daily, and are engaged together in the same pursuits, that we feel the value of these friendships, which are steadily growing stronger and stronger; it is not while we study together, walk together, row together, play together, and talk with each other, that we notice the effect for evil or for good which we are producing in others, or are having produced in ourselves; but when, after we have passed through all the "legalized rowdyism" of Class

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Day, and received our parchments, we look back over the four years that have slipped so quickly by, and compare the timid, bashful Freshman, as, ignorant of college customs, he rushes to recitation five minutes before the hour, with the grave and dignified Senior, as, regardless of college rules, he lingers with his classmates after dinner around the doorways of Holworthy; then it is that we can fairly estimate the value of these friendships which we have formed, and can recognize the claims of each for our respect and regard. And how are these friendships formed? In many ways. By kind deeds, by cheering words, by displaying in our treatment of each other all the "unbought graces of life," by contending with each other in the various sports and games, by eating together, but, chief of all, by sitting around our firesides in comfortable easy-chairs, coloring our meerschaums, while we talk over together subjects of common interest; in short, by our social life in college. What, then, is the proper place of this important branch of our life here? Is it our first object to form these friendships, to smooth off our rough natures till we make ourselves polite, urbane, and affable men? With a few I suppose this is the case. There are men who do not come to college to study, but to be polished by intercourse with the best-educated men of the country, and finally to get their degrees; who care nothing for rank nor for literary acquirements. I knew of one, a smart, rich, agreeable fellow, who went to college merely for the sake of the influences of college life, and to gratify his father's wish, who knew that he never would be forced to depend upon what he had acquired for his livelihood, and who only desired to gain sufficient knowledge to enable him to make a respectable appearance among educated men. But with the vast majority this is not the case. Study is the principal and main object of their stay. Most of us are fitting ourselves for some one or other of the various means of earning an honest livelihood, and live a life of benefit to mankind. Then, I say, that it is of great importance that the seductive pleasure of social

life shall not take the place of the sterner duties of study, lest in after-life we fail to produce those substantial fruits which proper attention to our duties in early life would have secured.

And, I would ask, are the social and the studious elements of college life incompatible with each other? Must the best scholars — as they often are — always be “digs,” devoted only to their books, and failing to recognize the claims of their classmates upon their conversation, their writings, and their wit? That these questions should be answered in the negative, I have but to point to the rank-list, where one will generally find that less than one half of the first thirty can claim that despised name. I certainly think that a man of fair ability, by faithfulness, may hold a *good* rank in his class, and still maintain a place among the cordial and the social. Every man has a duty to perform in his studies, to accomplish as much as possible with a proper amount of work; every man is no less bound to contribute his fair share to the social life in college.

The allurements of the social life are very seductive and enticing. It is much more pleasant to sit and listen to the amusing stories or the brilliant conversation of our classmates, than to study the principles of latent and sensible heat. An easy-chair and our favorite brier-wood, with pleasant friends, are more attractive than solitude and the focus of incident rays. And these are all very well in their place, only let them keep strictly within the limits of their province. The *superfluous* time given to these pursuits is all I protest against. Vainly have I been trying to find time to read since I have been in college. With wonder I have looked back upon my unoccupied time, and wondered what has become of it; and I had almost made up my mind that reading and studying were incompatible in college, when the consideration of this subject cleared up the difficulty. Talks after breakfast, talks after recitation, talks before dinner, talks after dinner, talks before recitation, &c.,

&c., talks all day long, use up our time, and, though profitable in themselves and unobjectionable in moderation, are nevertheless to be welcomed as part of the dessert of the sumptuous feast which our Alma Mater spreads before us in the four years of our stay here, of which study forms the principal, and reading and writing the lighter courses.

SONG OF THE STUDENT.

IN THE SAX(ON) DIALECT.

EARLY in the morning,
Tumbling out of bed,
Rushing through the entries,
Swearing overhead ;—
Second bell is ringing !—
Plunging through the yard ;
Bless me ! is n't College life
Getting rather hard ?

Cannot find my beaver,
"Jerk" a pair of pants,
Get inside the Chapel
Time to hear the chants ;
All the students titter,
Cause — I don't know why ;
Ask 'em what's the matter ?
Answer, "What a guy !"

"Cutting" recitation,
Morning, noon, and night ;
Going into Boston,
Getting jolly "tight,"
Fearing "rustication,"
Till the heart is sore ;
What is education
But a "beastly bore" ?

Monday got a "warning,"
Tuesday made a "dead,"
Wednesday got a "private," —
Curse my stupid head! —
Thursday made a "fizzle,"
Cause — I did n't know;
Heard the "That's sufficient,"
Thought it was "*just so!*"

Friday got a "public,"
Cause — unlucky day;
Saturday a "summons,"
Thought the "deil to pay";
Rushed to Prex's office,
Found him "not within":
"Open Monday morning,
Nine o'clock till ten."

"Digs" are in the attic,
"Digs" are down below,
In the middle stories,
Always sure and slow;
Miserable fellows,
Sober, still, and glum,
Ask 'em how they like it,
Answer, "Very some."

Up and down the Buildings,
Wasting "heaps" of gas;
Look as if they lived on
Musty books and grass;
Digging up old Greek roots,
Till they cannot see,
Getting mad as hornets, —
All for a "degree."

Tried to study Chemistry,
Found that 2 H O

Heated up sufficiently,
 = melted snow;
 Tried sulphuric acid
 Mixed with phosphorus,
 Found the little mixture
 Rather hazardous.

Took up Anglo-Saxon,
 "pe þú me sealdest,"
 Gave it up instanter,
 Could n't stand the test.
 Took up Mathematics,
 Fought and bled and *died*,
 Working by subtraction
 When I should divide.

Class Day is approaching,
 I am mighty glad,
 Yet, to tell the honest truth,
 I am very sad.
 "Such is life," however,
 And — ah! there's the bell, —
 Halloo! I've been sleeping,
 And 't is all a "sell."

THE FIRST SCHOOL AT NEWTOWNE.

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

THE celebrated Harvard Washington Corps was established in about the year 1769. It is not known surely whether this was the first military company formed among the students, but it is the generally received opinion that it was the first, and as such I shall consider it. It is not mentioned in any of the current literature of that day whether the "Corps"

took active part in the Revolutionary struggles that occurred in its infancy; however, no one will doubt that the sons of Harvard were as true to the great principles of liberty at that day as they have been at the present.

The first captain of the Corps was Mr. William Whetmore, a graduate of the Class of 1770. At that time the Corps adopted the motto, "Tam Marti quam Mercurio," which it continued to bear through every period of its existence. At first the company went by the name of the Marti-Mercurian Band, but, under the auspices of Governor Gerry of this State, the name of Harvard Washington Corps was adopted. It was through the aid of Governor Gerry that a loan of arms was effected from the State. The "ancient uniform" of the Corps consisted of "a blue coat, the skirts trimmed with white, nankeen breeches, white stockings, top-boots, and a cocked hat."

In the year 1787 the chivalrous spirit of the students seemed to have burned more dimly, as is quite usual after a severe routine of duty in the field, and hardships endured with great perseverance, all of which we are to *suppose* the noble "Corps" suffered in the cause of their country. The martial spirit revived about the year 1811, and the company again formed, ready for duty. New honors were doubtless won in the war of 1812. At this time the dress of the company underwent some changes. The privates wore "a blue coat, white vest, white pantaloons, white gaiters, a common black hat, and around the waist a white belt, which was always kept very neat, and to which were attached a bayonet and cartridge-box." The officers dress was the same, "with the exception of a sash instead of the belt, and a chapeau in place of the hat."

In the year 1812 a banner was presented to the Corps by the ladies of Cambridge. On one side the arms of the College were displayed, and on the other the arms of the Old Bay State. A distinguished Professor of this College recited on that auspicious occasion the following impromptu verses. It is said that they were received "with great eclat."

"The standard's victory's leading star, —
 'T is danger to forsake it:
 How altered are the scenes of war!
 They're vanquished now who take it."

In the year 1836, a writer in the *Harvardiana* tells us that the "gilded banner now moulders away, in inglorious quiet, in the dusty retirement of a Senior-Sophister's study."

The members of the Corps were selected from the Senior and Junior Classes. The armory was at one time "in the fifth story of Hollis Hall." The regular time for drill was immediately after evening Commons. The Corps usually paraded (themselves) on Exhibition Day, and astonished the visitors with their skill in military tactics and manœuvring. When peace was declared in 1815, the "H. W. Corps paraded, and fired a salute. Mr. Porter-treated the company." So says a writer of that day.

In the year 1825 the Corps was again reorganized, and members of all classes were admitted into its ranks. From this time until the year 1834 great interest was taken in the company. But a rebellion having broken out, and many of the guns being considerably damaged, some one having thrown them from the windows of the armory, which was then in University Hall, the good old Corps was disbanded, and the arms were returned to the State. The Corps is thus mentioned in the Class Poem of 1835: —

"That martial band, 'neath waving stripes and stars
 Inscribed alike to Mercury and Mars,
 Those gallant warriors in their dread array,
 Who shook these halls, — O where, alas! are they?
 Gone! gone! and never to our ears shall come
 The sounds of life and spirit-stirring drum."

The pleasure arising from such an organization in College was again experienced about three years since. Are there not some still with us who can recall the Gymnasium turned into an armory, the Delta glittering with bayonets, and the gallant squad of Harvard Cadets marching up to the defence

of the Arsenal? The relief of the guard then on duty, and the three days of danger, picket-duty, fun, and frolic! Are there not, even at this very moment, student-soldiers whose consciences smite them as they look above the mantel, and see there booty ill-gotten, property which somehow or other followed them home from the Arsenal, of course unknown to them, and much to their displeasure?

But all these scenes are of the past. The present hour has more urgent calls upon each manly heart, and I doubt not but that men who once belonged to the old Harvard Washington Corps, and men who took part in the stirring scenes of the defence of the State Arsenal, across Cambridge Common, have gone into the strife hand in hand, when the stern realities of civil war have made them feel that they were brothers in more senses than one. There was a time when they thought it an honor to be a private, when their honest hearts were proud to stand beneath the elms of Old Harvard and go through the manual. Now they return to their Alma Mater lieutenants, captains, colonels, and generals.

I take the liberty, at this point in the history of our "School," of referring to an interesting pamphlet published in the year 1807, "By a Senior," entitled,

DON QUIXOTE AT COLLEGE :

or a

HISTORY

of the

GALLANT ADVENTURES

Lately achieved by the combined Students of Harvard
University ; interspersed with some
Facetious Reasoning.

The pamphlet is *rare*, in more senses than one. The style, though clear and lucid, has withal a mixture of the comico-serious blended with the bombastic, which renders the perusal at once easy and attractive. The author states that he simply intends to give a truthful account of the "late

exemplary and dignified tumults at Harvard University," the deathless and noble deeds "of those concerned therein," together with the "splendid exertions and unshaken firmness" with which they "endeavored to attain" their end.

Towards the latter part of March, "in the year eighteen hundred and seven," several students were suspended. And "for no other crime, perhaps, than drowning with a little noise the melancholy toll of the clock in the old Gothic turret, striking the ghostly hour of midnight, and for just sallying out and enlivening the dreary stillness of the night by the cheerful tinkling excited by the shattering to pieces a few glass windows!" "On Saturday morning the twenty-first of March, 1807, another scholar was suspended for the trifling offence of hissing in the face of the Tutors." On the "Sunday succeeding, . . . at about half past eight in the morning," several splinters of sugar-cane "were found in the coffee." "At noon of the same day (Sunday), at about forty-five minutes past twelve, a large spot was discovered upon one of the table-cloths." "It was said to be nearly in the form of an ellipsis." "Its edges were jagged, its color similar to that which comes from a knife that has long lain in a moist place without being used." Any one of these complaints was enough to rouse the "resentment of a man." A committee was appointed to wait on the President; but had they waited forever, no satisfaction would they have received. The kitchen was threatened. "*The Commons bell tolled.*" The attack was deferred. The College Government informed the students, that if all did not "sign a paper expressive of their regret of their past conduct, and promising better behavior for the future,"* their connection with College would be dissolved without delay.

A convention of the students was called, and the following demonstrations were proved: 1st. "The scholars are older

* This process of analyzing the feelings of a Class is by no means done away with. Only a few years since a similar "paper" was ordered by a distinguished Professor of this University.

than the Corporation ; for, their number being two hundred and eighteen, and supposing the age of each student to be on an average fifteen years, the sum of their ages will amount to three thousand two hundred and seventy years. Therefore they are almost three thousand years older than the Corporation." 2d. "They have more knowledge than the Corporation ; for their studies are fresher in their memory." 3d. "They are more sagacious than the Corporation ; for they can judge rightly . . . in an instant, whereas the Corporation are accustomed to examine . . . before they come to a determination." 4th. "They are more wealthy than the Corporation." — Money, not "possession of integrity," is referred to here. 5th. "They are more numerous than the Corporation," and it is well known "that, of two communities, that which contains the greatest number is the strongest. Therefore the scholars ought to govern the Corporation, which is the proposition that was to be proved."

The trouble took such a serious turn, that a pamphlet was called forth from the Corporation, addressed to "The Honorable and Reverend the Board of Overseers of Harvard College," signed by the President, Mr. Samuel Webber. This pamphlet was entitled

A
NARRATIVE
of the
PROCEEDINGS OF THE CORPORATION
of
HARVARD COLLEGE,
Relative to the late
DISORDERS
In that Seminary.

By this it appears that, after much talk and many threats on the part of the students, and the passing of certain resolutions by the Corporation, some "seventy-four were found to have subscribed the requisite certificate." And there were

forty-five who "seemed not to have been implicated in the combination." Ninety-nine, however, remained "who had not given the assurances of future submission to the laws required by the Corporation." This curious paper, copies of which were generally distributed among the parents of the students then in college, bears the date, April 16, 1807. At a meeting of the Overseers in the Council Chamber in Boston, on that day, the measures adopted by the Corporation were unanimously upheld, and a vote to that effect was passed.

It may not be uninteresting to see the form of a certificate required of impetuous students of fifty-seven years ago.

"HARVARD UNIVERSITY, April —, 1807.

"We the subscribers, Students of Harvard College, who went out of the Hall, at the time of dinner, on Monday, the thirtieth day of March last, contrary to the laws of the College made for the preservation of order and decorum, do admit, that our conduct in so doing was improper, that we do regret it, and that we are determined to offend no more in this manner."

INSTITUTE OF 1770.

The date of the foundation of this well-known society is fixed at September 6, 1770. It was established by certain students in this University, who were desirous of improving themselves in elocution. During the first thirty years or so of its existence it went under the name of The Speaking Club of 1770.

The old Speaking Club, unlike many other college societies, has managed to keep its head above water as it has floated down the stream of time, and as a noble river receives from time to time, on its way to the sea, the accessions of many inferior tributaries, so this good old society has "swallowed up" numberless societies of smaller growth.

In the year 1773, the MERCURIAN CLUB OF 1771 was merged into the SPEAKING CLUB, and for some years the proceedings

of the society were strictly secret, as we learn from the records. In the excitement which arose from the removal of the College to Concord, Mass., the SPEAKING CLUB was kept up by the Seniors. In December, 1801, the name of the society was changed to the PATRIOTIC ASSOCIATION, for fear "that its casual mention might disclose the objects of the society." In the year 1825, the HERMETIC* SOCIETY of 1813 and the 'Ακριβολογούμενοι of 1823 were united with the PATRIOTIC ASSOCIATION, and the combined societies took the name of the INSTITUTE OF 1770.† The causes of this union, we are told, arose from the nature and objects of the several societies. It was thought that by consolidation more profit would be gained. In 1848 the I. O. H. was merged in the Institute, and it is in this form that the society stands to-day. A catalogue of the members was printed in 1832, another in 1849, and the third and last in 1857. By these we learn that the first President of the SPEAKING CLUB was Mr. Samuel Phillips of the Class of 1771, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts.

The seal of the Institute — and I find no record of more than one — bears the appropriate motto, HÆC STUDIA ADOLESCENTIAM ALUNT. Within this inscription is an open scroll resting upon a closed book; in the background there seems to be an inkstand; while upon the scroll a Caduceus rests. Beneath the whole is the date of the foundation of the Club, 1770.

In the year 1857 the Library of the INSTITUTE consisted of more than three thousand volumes. The Library Room is No. 2 Holworthy Hall. The Librarian is usually appointed from the Junior Class. The meetings of the society are held in Nos. 17 and 19 Massachusetts Hall. The members of the Institute are chosen at the present time in the following manner. At the close of the second term, the members, who are

* In an old account-book of this society the name is spelt *Hermetick*.

† In an old account-book of this society, the title of FRATERNITY OF 1770 is given; but this was probably never in general use.

all Sophomores, choose ten from the Freshman class, and these ten in their turn choose about half of the class. The number of members is not strictly limited. The Institute is thus a Sophomore society. The members have a right to make use of the Library until they graduate; and during the literary exercises of the regular weekly meeting, which now comes on Friday, all past members are allowed to be present.

The society called I. O. H., with which the Institute was joined in 1848, was established in the year 1829. The first meeting was held September 28. *Where* it was held does not appear from the earliest records which are now preserved in the Library of the Institute. The first President of the club was Thomas Rotch Browne of the Class of 1833. At a subsequent meeting it was agreed that a seal should be purchased for this society, that it should be in the form of an octagon, and that "I. O. H., 1829," should be inscribed upon it; likewise that the medals should bear the seal of the society on one side, and on the other, "Presented to —, 18—."

At first the meetings were held "every other Tuesday in term time," but this was soon changed to weekly meetings, on Monday evening. In the Preamble to the Constitution, the objects of the I. O. H. are declared to be "to promote improvement in declamation, composition, and extemporaneous speaking."

The only secrecy about this society seems to have been in its name. In the "Terms of Initiation," we find the following: "Do you solemnly promise never to reveal, directly or indirectly, the meaning of the letters I. O. H.?"

At a meeting held on March 8, 1836, the Constitution was thoroughly revised, and "an officer called 'the Reader,'" was appointed, "whose duty" was "to receive communications intended to be read before the Society." At one time there seems to have been a paper published by the club, called "The Oracle," which was read by the editor at each meeting. At the semiannual meetings, held in September and March, the officers of the society were chosen, and at the former, "an Oration and Poem" were delivered.

The question of forming a union with the Institute seems to have been talked of for some time before it was accomplished. At a meeting held on April 9, 1840, the subject was discussed, and a committee appointed to consider the matter and report, but nothing followed from this. As stated above, the union did not take place until some years later.

MONEY-MUSK.

It was a pleasant afternoon ; pleasant in more senses than one, for the sun was shining brightly, pipes were drawing freely, tobacco was plenty, and Forensics had been postponed a week. We three, that is, Tom, Sam, and myself, were cosily enjoying the "*dolce far niente*," in jolly old Hollis, when all at once, with a loud whistle as a prelude, Tom struck vigorously into the well-known strains of "Money-Musk," beating time with hand and foot.

"If you'll only stop your noise, Tom," said Jack, "I'll tell you why I have good reason for hating the very *name* of that confounded thing."

"Go in, old fellow!" cried we.

And Jack, filling his pipe, went on as follows: "You know what the weather was the latter part of last winter?"

"Yes, cold, was n't it?"

"Cold, — well it was! For three days the northeaster had been blowing down from the mountains, piling up the drifts before the old school-house door, knocking out the dilapidated hats which relieved the monotony of the window-panes, and, as it whistled into every crack and cranny, sifting in little ridges the meally snow. At length the wind had subsided; but it was stinging cold, the rocks and maples cracked like cannon in the night, and as for the thermometer — why such things were unknown there!

"It was Friday afternoon. The humble aspirant for pedagogical honors was attending to a recitation in grammar, and arousing the sluggish circulation in himself and some offender by applying moral suasion with a birchen rod, and now and then pinching the ear of some urchin at the stove, who, with cheeks as rosy as Baldwin apples, was making faces at some enemy on a neighboring bench, when there happened a knock on the door.

"The *wind* had been doing that for these three days —

"A decided pound.

"Small boy, who is sent to the door, is caught hiding a snowball in his pocket, and while undergoing the consequent shaking, manages to jerk out, rubbing his arm across his eyes and nose, 'Mr. Johns says as how he 's goin' ter have a party, and wants ter have you come.'

"Filled with joy at the thoughts of a country breakdown, only two girls and three boys were kept after school to have their cuticle softened, and then I plodded homeward, a long and unbroken road, and thought over the matter of the party.

"When tea was over, and the worthy gent, who afforded me my rations at a moderate compensation, was filling his evening pipe, I broached the subject of country amusements in general, and he at once broke out with, —

"'Well, I vum, there 's Johns up in Slabholler goin' to have a party to-night, and if you 'll jest take Jemima in and be kinder keerful of the critter, you may have him and go.'

"I liked this, and then again I did n't. Jemima was a nice young lady, of that age reputed sweet, with hair of a modified cider color, and a mouth big enough to indulge in three or four winning smiles at once. But to offset all these attractions, Jemima was fat. Moreover, there was a nice little damsel who sang off the same book with me Sundays, and whom a certain Freshman from Dartmouth, ruling in *Dee*-strict 10, had been seen ogling at prayer-meetings, that I had hoped to have for a companion. But thinking I was

fortunate to go any way, I got into — No, I'm too fast, I did n't get fairly on to the seat, for the huge volume of Miss Jemima occupied full two thirds of it, and I found myself partly in her lap and partly on the rail of the sleigh,—a position so extremely uncomfortable that I resolved to contrive something of the kind for the next rogue I had occasion to punish.

"Well, we went along pretty briskly over the snow; and though the air was cutting as could be, the bright moon sil-
vering the fir-covered mountains and valleys rendered the scene so enchanting that I ventured to remark as much to my fair companion.

" ' Wall, yas, only I wish I had a hot brick to my feet.' "

"I said no more, and drove on in silence until I reached my destination,—one of those rambling farm-houses, so common in New England, and strongly resembling a two-story turtle.

"There was a busy scene. Teams of all kinds were unloading their human freight at the door, and the trampling of the horses on the loose flooring of the barn formed a rough bass to the merry, ringing laugh of the damsels who were tripping into the house. A jolly-looking chap came to my assistance, bearing a lantern; and while Jemima rolled into the house, I saw my horse made comfortable, followed in the wake of the big fiddle, and found myself in an old-fashioned kitchen, with a bright fire blazing in a wide fireplace, the floor here and there adorned with braided mats, and the ceiling streaked and smoked.

"I won't go into many particulars. Suffice it to say, I 'went to Rome,' 'made wheelbarrows,' and had a good time generally, until ill-luck came to me in shape of the crowning glory of the evening,—a dance.

"The room was quickly cleared of all superfluous chairs, a barrel was placed in the doorway, and a raw-boned youth mounted it and began to tune a violin, while a portly individual, with a double-bass, placed himself beside him.

" ' Come, master, you 're going to dance money-musk with us, ain't you ? ' Now, of course, having heard hand-organs,

my ears had often been ravished with the dulcet harmony of that tune, but of dancing it I knew nothing. On turning to my interlocutor to gently decline, I beheld him pulling by the hand towards me one of the most gigantic specimens of womankind that I ever saw. 'Here,' said he, panting from the exertion of moving such a mass of humanity, 'here's a partner that'll put you through.'

"The corpulent maiden grasped me by the hand before I had time to decline, and, yielding to my fate, I was placed opposite to her amid a row of stalwart youths. The double-bass groaned, the violin squeaked, and I instantly found myself struggling amid a medley of men and maidens.

"Jupiter! how that woman did dance. Jerked this way by my muscular partner, turned the other by some one else, hustled by the men, elbowed by the women, stunned by the music, choked by the dust, I was made to run the whole gantlet, and finally shoved into the bedroom, where, sinking into the nearest chair through exhaustion, I alighted on an unfortunate, but ill-tempered cat, which so fiendishly assaulted me, that I yelled aloud.

"Hearing a by no means *gentle* 'snicker,' I looked up, and saw the Dartmouth Freshman and before-mentioned pretty maiden watching me from the open door; and, madder than ever, I started to the barn to harness up and repair damages. See the result of my inspection.

"The elaborate parting of my back hair was destroyed, my snowy choker wilted, a large rent in my new coat, numerous buttons gone, and my watch-crystal smashed. It was not long before Jemima was by my side, the old horse on the dead run, and the party far behind me.

"Since then I have had a perfect horror of that infernal —"

Just then an organ-grinder, not fearing the prowess of the valiant Jones, struck up under my window; and clapping his hands to his ears, with a howl of agony Jack rushed from the room.

FAMINE'S LAMENT.

"O MY God! and can it be?
Is food for all, — and none for me?"
The starving mother wildly cried,
As down she knelt her boy beside,
Whose fleeting life she failed to save,
Although her only crust she gave.

"None for me? Oh, did it seem
To childhood's hopeful, sunny dream,
When riches strewed my path along,
And life was but a cheerful song,
That *such* despair should ever be;
With food for all, — and none for me?

"Is this the proof of charity?
Is this the boasted care for me
Which Christian men pretend to show,
And on their brother-men bestow;
That they pass by and do not see
That all have food, — but none for me?

"None for me? Am I not one
For whom once died the God-sent Son?
Have I a crime committed now?
Have I to sorrow failed to bow?
Can Heaven *so* forgetful be;
Give food to some, — and none to me?

"None to me? Then *this* is love,
That they pretend 's from God above,
For me to die from want of bread,
While wicked men are always fed!
Then *this* is love, for me to see
All have enough, — but none for me.

"I am right then, and all may see,
Others have food, — and none for me!
For now my only child is gone,
And I am starving here alone.
Then I must die. No hope can be.
Food is for all, — but none for me."

"SEEMS, MADAM!"

"*Specie magis quam vi.*" — TACITUS.

You will find my text in the first act of Hamlet, second scene, in which occurs the passage beginning with this line: "Seems, Madam! Nay, it is; I know not seems."

The noble Dane is speaking of the impotency of solemn forms and lugubrious tones as expressions of true affliction. Although his words are directly applicable to the manifestations of grief for the dead, they are equally forcible in suggesting to us the fallibility of public exhibitions of affection for the living. I may be somewhat stoical upon this point, unable to appreciate the emotions of more ardent temperaments; but I must say that violent outbursts of feeling, whether of sorrow for the departed or of love for the living, always arouse my suspicions as to their sincerity.

This idiosyncrasy may be due more to my experience than to any inherent peculiarity; for, dwelling in early youth in a thinly populated district, where public gatherings were of rare occurrence, I was invariably present at all the funerals in the vicinity of my home, these being about the only opportunities for satisfying my social appetite. Hence I may have become subject to the "indifference arising from frequent excitement of sensibility."

Among the mourners upon one of the above-mentioned occasions was a young lady whose expressions of woe were

so pathetic that I should have been extremely affected thereby, had I not accidentally overheard her, a few moments before the services commenced, asking a friend at what time it would be most proper for her to begin to cry. Whenever since I have witnessed excessive grief, so great is the power of association, that circumstance has been very apt to recur.

Longfellow says very beautifully, in his "Evangeline," that

"Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden."

The only fallacy in the sentiment is owing to the fact that the tossing buoy, in its figurative sense, is not an infallible sign that an anchor is hidden beneath; that the outward manifestation is not a sure indication of the inward feeling.

The most potent forces in the universe are the most silent in their action, and the deepest affection is that which makes the least display of itself. I have generally noticed that those persons who are most distinguished for their kissing propensities at depots and other public places, are accustomed to use their labial organs as vehicles for less loving expressions when in the seclusion of their own firesides. Uncharitable though this may seem, nevertheless it is true.

Riding into town a few weeks since, my attention was attracted to a couple occupying the seat opposite to me. They had each apparently had some forty years of terrestrial experience. They were extremely attentive to each other, very talkative and polite, and their faces were inclined in such a manner that their noses formed the vertex of a very obtuse angle. It instantly occurred to me that one of two things was true in regard to them; either that the lady was not the gentleman's wife, or, if they were "bone of one bone and flesh of one flesh," that the said bones were subject to very frequent "irrepressible conflicts" when at home, and there were no outsiders near to witness the ebullitions of their conjugal wrath. People away from home are not apt to conduct in the home manner, but to assume in public that in which

they are conscious of being the most deficient. Hence cowards brag, fools look wise, and heartless people kiss.

If you have ever seen a young man with his eye fixed upon the north star of matrimony, after having made a partial conquest of the fair one endeavoring to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the "old folks," if you have marked with what a reverential air the youthful head is bowed, with what sycophantic tones the paternal ears are addressed, and how perfectly the young gentleman's views upon all subjects coincide with those of the intended father-in-law, you have seen an instance of this seeming affection of which I am speaking. One can comprehend the feelings of that venerable voyager upon the placid stream of single-blessedness, who, being asked why he had never landed upon the sunny (?) shore of matrimonial felicity, replied that he tried to once, that he succeeded quite well in wooing the maiden, "but come to courting the old man, he could n't go that."

Society is full of seemingness. You make an evening call upon an acquaintance. She seems immensely pleased at meeting you; is *so* glad that you have called; expresses a deep interest in your health and that of your friends; makes original comments upon the weather; and finally, when you rise to go, begs you not to hurry, and is very solicitous that you call again. You go away with a high sense of your power for playing the agreeable, and of the impression you have made, little dreaming of the frown that shadowed her visage when she heard your name announced; that she considered you a bore; that she was momentarily longing for your departure, and hoping that your visit would not soon be repeated.

At the theatre you become enamored of the principal actress; so brilliant a talent combined with such personal attractions is too much for your frail heart. But your ardor cools somewhat when you learn that her cheeks are tinted with something more than the rosy hues of health, that her snowy hands owe their beauty to the influence of an enamel, and that her flowing locks are "false."

Do you not remember how, when in boyhood you were warned to keep out of "bad company," you pictured to yourself the individuals to whom collectively that detractive term was applied, how your young imagination painted them as fierce-looking monsters with scowling eyes and long black beards, with red faces and guttural voices, resembling gorillas rather than men, and how inexplicable it seemed to you that young men should be tempted to associate with such demons incarnate, and how impregnable you deemed yourself to all advances from such a quarter? But a brief acquaintance with the world taught you that the persons of whom you needed to beware were those of a different and less repulsive exterior, that they were well-dressed, smiling-faced, lily-fingered men, who seemed to take a great interest in your welfare, and from whose tongues, as from that of Pylian Nestor, "flowed a speech sweeter than honey." I have heard it said that the surest way a policeman had of detecting a pickpocket in a crowd, was by the very refined and honest expression of his countenance and the superior gentility of his demeanor. Those men who *seem* the most amiable are rarely the most worthy of confidence.

In fine, I think it was rather severe on Catiline that Salust should single him out as "a simulator and dissimulator of whatever things he pleased," when the same could be said as well of almost the whole human family. In this the historian is less philosophical than the poet, who says,

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

WASSON.

THE Atlantic Monthly is by many, and particularly by the people of this neighborhood, thought to be a very creditable magazine. But lately its pages have contained articles written in so vague and awkward a style, that they are incomprehensible to nearly every reader. If, after patient study they were found to contain anything new or useful, their first harshness would be considered a great misfortune, but when this unintelligible style is merely a cloak to perfect emptiness of ideas, we naturally feel doubly annoyed at the writer.

The article on Whittier by Mr. Wasson, in the March number of the Atlantic, is an excellent example of this kind of writing. Mr. Wasson begins by calling Whittier Semitic, saying, that at about the time he first met Mr. Whittier he had been taking notes with much interest on the genius of the Semitic nations, which means, I suppose, that he had been reading Renan's *Histoire des Langues Semitiques*, or at least the first chapter, with a lead pencil in his hand, and adds, that he had been so struck by the novelty of the word Semitic, and by Mr. Whittier's dark complexion, that it seemed awkward and insipid to be meeting him in a parlor, in a spruce masquerade of modern costume, instead of in his native tent, eating and sleeping with his fleet Arab steed; and to hear himself welcomed by "Happy to meet you," instead of the "Allah-il-Allah" of the Arabians, or "Any trade this morning?" of our college Semitic friends. For Semitic means Jewish, as much as it means anything, and will, Mr. Wasson hopes, eventually fill the place which has been left empty by the descent of Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic, Celtic, etc., to the rank of simple, indefinite adjectives. Another excellent word is Hamitic, which might be very well applied to Mr. Wasson, who, in his style, strikingly resembles that oppressed race.

The word Semitic serves Mr. Wasson for a key to Whittier's

genius. He harps upon it at great length, introducing monotheism, and contrasting the Greek imagination, which enjoys epic freedom,—whatever kind of freedom that may be,—with Whittier's central Semitic heat, which he confesses is invisible. This central Semitic is the same as *ideal force of heart*. One who knows nothing of Whittier's poems except what he reads in Mr. Wasson's criticism might naturally suppose that they are entirely incomprehensible to all but a very few students who devote a life of toil to their examination. In fact, however, nothing could be more incorrect, for they are written in a perfectly simple and unaffected style, not comparing in obscurity with the intelligent critic's remarks. Mr. Wasson himself sees this, and, by a sort of self-contradiction, acknowledges that whoever has common sense can appreciate them.

After this frank confession, he strains and struggles to call Mr. Whittier names.

He calls him, in the first place, a hen-sparrow, half singing, half chirping on a burning bush, carefully distinguishing him from the lark, that floods with orient hilarity the skies of morning. He calls him, "in other words, organically a poem of the Will."

Also, with a burst of botanical frenzy, which is continually appearing throughout the article, "a flower of the moral sentiment, and of the moral sentiment not in its flexible, feminine, vine-like dependence and play, but in its masculine vigor, climbing in direct vertical affirmation, like a forest pine."

He says with emphasis, "That Whittier's is indeed a life. Yes, once more, a real life." Mr. Whittier's is a nature, fortunately, not beginning with a capital letter. The deep, hot, simple, strenuous, and yet ripe and spherical nature which God gave Whittier, *must* lay an intense grasp upon the elements of its experience, before it can find anything which has deserved all this violent abuse. He may well ask to be defended from his friends.

It would be too long and mournful a task to go in this way through the whole of the article. Similar sentences can be found on every page. I need only refer to his divisions of Whittier's poetic life, his account of the way in which Whittier composes his poems, — "first, inward vital conversion of the elements of his experience, then verse or version ; first the soul, then the body" ; his compliment to the sweet old Merri-mac stream, the river that Mr. Wasson would not wish to forget, even by the waters of the river of life ; his account of the examination for admittance to the modern epoch, and his delicate humor about Mr. Poet's mispronunciation. I think I have enumerated enough to gratify even his most ardent admirers, and they are not few. At the close of the article he pats Whittier on the back, tells him not to be afraid of being thought idle or disloyal, which must be very consoling, and asks him if he knows that the little ballad, "Barbara Frietche," is the other victory which the nation asked of Meade, the soldier, and obtained of Whittier, the poet. If he does know, I wish he would tell us. Is it that the nation asked of Whittier, the poet, to defeat the Southerners, or that it asked Meade, the soldier, to write a poem ? With this question he ends.

And this is the kind of writing that we are bidden to admire. It is printed, not in any little twopenny village newspaper, but in the Atlantic, which, with the blind assent of the whole of New England, considers itself the best magazine in the country, if not in the world.

Many sincerely admire such writing ; they don't understand it, to be sure, but neither do their neighbors ; and consequently the more admiration they express for it, the greater is their reputation for critical sagacity. The Boston Transcript, for instance, chirps, "Happy critic to have such a poet, thrice happy poet to have such a critic !" And this sentiment is re-echoed by nearly every one. At some day or other either these people or their children will venture at first to hint, and then to say openly, that they don't exactly know what

such writing means, that it is a little obscure, etc. ; and then I hope writers will be compelled to drop affectation, and say what they have got to say boldly and clearly, looking at the truth with their naked eye, and not through a thousand telescopes, microscopes, and prismatic glasses, in short, will think more of what they have to say than of the different ways of saying it. Mr. Wasson's criticism, at least where it can be deciphered, is just, though not at all remarkable. I do not find fault with that, but with his generally successful endeavors to disguise his meaning. Because Mr. Emerson writes some fine things in an impressive manner, it by no means follows that all (or in fact anything) which Mr. Wasson writes obscurely is worth reading.

Simplicity of style is as great a virtue as economy, and as the latter is especially to be practised by the poor man, so should simplicity be sought by a writer who is in other respects feeble and deficient. A great writer can afford to be enigmatical and obscure ; his ideas repay the trouble we may have in digging out their meaning. A poor writer does wrong to make such claims. Time spent in conjecturing what he means is time lost.

If he has nothing to say, let him at least try to deserve the praise of having said that well, and avoid the charge of having nothing to say, and of saying that horribly.

APRIL-FOOL'S DAY.

I WAS cosily seated before my fire the other evening, dividing my labors between "that meerschaum" and a "Waverley," when, hearing a rap upon the door, I invited the unknown individual outside, in the usual polite and brief way in vogue with the occupants of the "Buildings," to make himself visible. The door opened, and slowly showed us the form of our friend Scroggs, who, by the way, is somewhat of an antiquarian, looking as blue as "yon empyreal vault." "How now, my old Trojan," said I, "what's the matter? You are looking glum enough for a rainy Sunday or a Fast-Day in Cambridge." "Not that last," said he,—"don't accuse me of looking like that"; and without another word he seated himself in the easy-chair, more dismal than before. On further plying him with questions, he stoutly declared that he was "disgusted," and finally explained his troubles by saying "he could n't find it out." "What out?" said I, getting a little interested. "What out? Why, April-Fool's Day"; and giving the fire a vicious poke, he relapsed into silence. Knowing Scroggs's oddities, I was well aware that he was eager to tell me all about it, and more than half suspected that he called for that very purpose. So I troubled him no more with questions, and soon he began, rather more calmly than was to be expected from his previous excitement.

"Why, old fellow," he began, "you know that I delight in investigating antiquated matters, and the subject of 'All-Fools' Day' coming up, I have been trying for several days to find out the origin of the custom of observing that day in the odd way it is. I have struggled through old tomes, hunted down ancient authors, consulted antiquarians, and bored friends,—but all to no purpose. I know as little about it as before."

"What have you found out?" said I, noticing that he paused, perhaps to see if we wished him to continue.

"Nothing but a number of legends, reports, and theories ; that's all. There seems to be no information that can be relied upon. But the various sources from which this custom is supposed to have obtained its existence, if you would like to hear them, can quickly be told."

Of course I cried out for him to "go ahead," and, taking a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket, as a sort of "joker," he proceeded :—

"There are two accounts of the origin of this peculiar observance, which are much more plausible than any others, and are most generally referred to. The first of these is, that our April-Fool's Day is derived from a similar festival among the Hindoos, called Huli. The nature of observing this festival among them was very similar to that of ours, as sending friends on profitless errands, playing on their credulity, and making them appear ridiculously in every conceivable way. This similarity is attested to by Oriental scholars.

"Others suppose that in olden times it was believed that the day upon which Jesus was sent from one official to another,—from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, and from Pilate to Herod,—was upon the first of April, and that from this arose our present custom. This is the second explanation, and is at best only a tradition. But besides these two, the most plausible accounts, there are many others, new ones being invented and presented by every writer upon the subject. One imaginative genius wisely tells us that it was on the first day of April that Noah sent out from the Ark the first dove, which returned so 'demoralized' from its search, and that from this circumstance arose the observance of the day. He does not inform us whether Noah intended a joke upon the poor bird, or whether he blundered into it ; but the last supposition seems the best. At any rate," continued Scroggs, after a short pause, to prepare me to sustain the shock of what he was about to say, and himself looking a little startled, "this is the first place in which it is related that a dove was 'sold.'"

I immediately rebuked him for his levity, and told him that I supposed he knew the penalty for every such an outrage on the king's English. Now putting two things together, that Scroggs then and there pulled out a cigar and handed it over, and that Scroggs does not smoke, and was never seen before with a cigar; from these two circumstances I am forced to the conclusion that that melancholy pun was the result of much previous mental labor. I am sorry that such an opinion is forced upon me, but the evidence is clear. I made these inferences while lighting the cigar, Scroggs in the mean time concealing his confusion by pretending to be studying out a doubtful word on the ragged piece of paper that contained the "skeleton" of his remarks.

"Well, drive on, old fellow," said I; "if you will never do such a thing again, I will pass it over this once." "Don't smoke that infernal cigar so near my head, then," exclaimed he, "and I will tell you the little that is left, and be off. Still another explanation of the subject we were speaking of is, that as the year formerly began on the twenty-fifth of March, and as the festivities of the 'New Year' continued for eight days, the last one fell on April 1st; and that as the previous seven days usually exhausted the customary modes of celebration, people were driven to their wits' end to keep up the interest. Finally they instituted upon the last day a *Festum Stultorum* or *Festum Fatuorum*, and when the beginning of the year was put back to January 1st, the celebration of the first of April was continued as before. I thought this solution quite a satisfactory one until I consulted another authority, who scouted at the idea that there was any connection between the *Festum Stultorum* and the festivities of 'All-Fools' Day,' and showed that it could not be so. How conclusively he did this I cannot tell; for between his quotations in very old English and his too learned disquisitions, I became so tired that I left him with his argument half finished. This," said Scroggs, cramming his "joker" into his pocket, "ends the list. You now know

as much about it as I do. In fact, the knowledge of every one seems to be decidedly limited. If knowledge is power, as they say,"—and his hand went involuntarily to hunt for another cigar,—“I don't think all the knowledge on the subject combined, even with the aid of a triple compound lever, would be able to raise the weight of a flea.”

“Well,” said I, “if you have not the truth of the matter, you certainly have a full and varied assortment of fallacies; and perhaps that is better than ignorance.” “But it is not only that,” said he, “for I have picked up one or two facts about the day, worth knowing. I suppose you never thought what was the origin of the expression of ‘All-Fools’ Day’; nor had I, but I found it explained in one of the books I hunted up. The name formerly was ‘Old-Fool’s Day’; the first word of which was spelled ‘Auld’, and this was changed to ‘All,’ a change similar to that in many compound words of our own language. I also found a couplet quoted from ‘John Heywood’s Workes,’ written about 1566, which I committed to memory. Here it is:

‘And one mornynge timely he tooke in hande,
To make to my house a sleeveless errande.’

In France, they called the person victimized a *poisson d’Avril*, or ‘foolish mackerel.’ In Scotland, they give him the name of a bird, and call him a ‘gowk,’ which is the same as ‘cuckoo,’ and has, I suppose, a signification like our appellation ‘gawkey.’

“These scraps of information I give simply as odds and ends, as they come into my mind. I believe they finish about all there is on the subject, and so I guess I will go.”

It was no use to ask Scroggs not to hurry, for I saw that he had relieved his mind and accomplished the object for which he came, and would feel uneasy till he was off. So I told him to “drop in again,” inwardly hoping that he would bring again a joke and its penalty with him.

COLLEGE RECORD.

At a meeting of the Drill-Club of the Senior Class, held in the Armory of the Cambridge Washington Guard, March 22, the following officers were chosen : —

Captain. — Frank Wells, Boston.

1st Lieutenant. — James Henry Elliot, Keene, N. H.

2d Lieutenant. — Herman John Huidekoper, Meadville, Pa.

Clerk. — Constant Freeman Davis, Cambridge.

At a subsequent meeting, held March 29, the following vacancies, caused by resignations, were filled : —

Captain. — Herman John Huidekoper, Meadville, Pa.

2d Lieutenant. — Samuel Storrow, Boston.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, held March 29, of which LaRoy Sunderland Gove, of Milford, N. H., was chosen Chairman, and Charles Pelham Greenough, of Boston, Secretary, the following votes were passed in regard to vacancies caused by resignations among the Class Officers.

The Class, having unanimously refused to accept the resignation of Russell Nevins Bellows, of New York, as Chorister, elected Edwin Pliny Seaver, of Northborough, to act as Chorister on Class Day. LaRoy Sunderland Gove was elected President of the Class-Supper, in place of Richard Jones Meconkey, resigned.

At a subsequent meeting of the Senior Class, held April 5, at 2 o'clock, of which E. P. Seaver was chosen Chairman, and A. Gorham Secretary, the resignation of Mr. Page, as Chronicler of the Class-Supper, was accepted, and Mr. F. P. Anderson, of Cincinnati, O., was chosen to fill the vacancy.

THE three new boats, ordered last term, and made by McKay, of New York, arrived on the 9th inst. The new Harvard and the boat built for the Sophomore Class are nearly alike, the latter being about forty-two feet long, and the former a few inches shorter, but a little wider. The Freshman boat is built in the same style as these, and has a length of forty-three feet. Each of the new boats weighs about two hundred pounds, and was built at an expense of nearly three hundred dollars.

WE learn that the new building has been named "Grays' Hall," in honor of two munificent benefactors of the College, Messrs. F. C. Gray and William Gray.

EDITORS' TABLE.

We are not of the number of those who groan over the degeneracy of the times; bewail the loss of the old customs of our forefathers, or set up as an idol in our memory the "good old Colony times," never to be thought of except with admiration and respect. We lay no claim to the title of "*Laudatores acti temporis*." Without running to the other extreme, we are egotistical enough to think that our sombre-visaged ancestors were remarkably *slow* in many of their ideas. It is true, they sometimes appeared to have an appreciation of popular amusements, in which, however, we must be permitted to disagree with them, as far as *taste* is concerned; for we are bold enough to prefer an opera, even indifferently presented, to the hanging of a witch, however successfully the entertainment may pass off.

Still there is one custom which prevailed among our fathers, and farther back still, which is gradually growing into disuse. This is the peculiar observance of the first of April. Whether this disuse arises from the progressive spirit of the age, which disdains to learn even good ideas from old times, because in the main their ideas are not assented to, or from a fear of appearing old-fashioned, it certainly is increasing. It has been suggested that the most plausible explanation is, that the descendants of the upholders of this custom have become so quick-witted and wise, that all attempts to preserve the observance according to the former usage have proved in vain, and have reacted only to the ridicule of the unwise individuals who forget in their reverence for past generations the growing acuteness of the present. Abstaining from all argument concerning the cause of this disuse, but certainly aware that the custom is gradually growing into disrepute, we must confess that we had hoped in our April number to record many instances of innocent victims sent on "sleeveless errands," notwithstanding the general carelessness about a proper observation of the festivities of "ye firste of Aprile." But we were doomed to disappointment, for the day has passed, and we have only one instance to record.

Before mentioning this, we feel constrained to speak of one joke that we hoped to relate, which the day did not bring forth. We had expected that our instructors were men of too firm minds to permit the prejudices of the crowd to move them, and also that they would seize upon the opportunity presented of unbending their usual dignity, and laughing at the expense of their scholars. We pictured to ourselves the instructor coolly locking his door, and stationing himself at the window, as he hears the bell that summons the loved pupils to his recitation on the morning of that day. He sees them joyfully pouring in every direction from the buildings towards "University," little suspecting the almost heartless joke to be played upon

them; on they come, with cheerful steps and smiling faces, joking and laughing, happy once more to meet again in the recitation-room. But a cruel disappointment is in store for them. The first arrivals are startled by finding the door fastened, and the lugubrious report soon is circulated that there is a "cut." Still they linger, hoping to see the heated form of their tardy professor making strides in the distance; but even the hopes raised by a false cry of "There he is!" are cast to the ground. Finally somebody suggests the day of the month, and so, chagrined and downcast, they slowly disperse, to converge to different *foci* and talk over their disgrace.*

The instructor in the mean time, stationed behind the blind, sees the success of his joke, and enjoys it accordingly.

But as we said at the beginning, our expectations were in vain. It was not so to be.

Now let us tell the only attempt at a joke that we really did see. This was a forlorn endeavor on the part of two robins to make themselves and us believe it was really spring, and not so in name only, by hopping about on the snow, and going through the motions of picking up and devouring worms. The birds seemed to be driven to this extremity by their disgust that man had discontinued the proper observance of the rites of the day, for the attempt was the most barefaced we have ever heard of. We cannot understand how those robins succeeded in keeping their countenances, and acting so solemnly throughout the whole proceeding; but so well did they do this, that if they had only been the birds that some suppose to make summer, we might have *swallowed* the joke as it was; but the imposition was so evident and bold, that no one was deceived, and we heard of but one man that asked, "What's the joke?" The robins, finding themselves hooted at for their pains, finally flew away, and it was then that a misguided individual in the crowd, as he saw them disappearing in the distance, declared that he never saw birds look so "small." We say, for the benefit of the reader, that he was then and there frowned upon and kicked.

Since writing the above, we have heard of two or three jokes, which we will instance in closing, protesting that we think them but exceptions to the declarations we have laid down, and in no way denying their truth. One youth surprised our worthy President by presenting himself at his office, and expressing his belief that he had been "summoned." Another one attended a "small party" in town, and lo! no party was to be found. Certain members of one of the Examining Committees came out to Cambridge in post-haste to find out what was the cause of that "radical change in the Greek department," of which they had been informed by note. This ends the list.

* To see joke, compare carefully Hor. Car. I. ix. 5, and Lardner's Optics, § 903.

AMONG the various mild distempers which vex the Freshmanic mind, one of the most conspicuous, perhaps, is their passion for cutting, scratching, marking, or painting the numerals symbolic of their class upon the College property. Only children of remarkable discretion can be safely trusted with jackknives, and we should be afraid of the consequences if we should allow a pot of paint to stand within the reach of a frisky Freshman. Historically, as regards the Class of '64, we remember no public exhibition of the skill of the class in that direction, nor does our remembrance recall anything of the sort on the part of the Class of '65; but the wayfarer, who passes the great door of the Brattle House, may see upon that door, even to this day, a '66 in black paint, done evidently by a hasty hand. Following the illustrious example of this dauber of the preceding class, some one of the present Freshman class has indulged again in this "joke," whose wonderful excellence is only equalled by its extreme novelty. We refer, of course, to the painting in black paint of several '67's upon the Chapel, University, and some of the private houses of the neighborhood. This paint it is extremely hard to remove, and the old proverb about the bird which defiles his own nest does not seem out of place. We should advise these botchers who try thus to bring into notoriety that "youthful aspirant for fame," the Class of '67, that their actions only help to lower the estimation in which the class is held, though the reputation of a class outside of itself is generally an inappreciable thing. Looking at it in a utilitarian point of view, we think it would be better for these juvenile and unskilled painters to attend to the glazing department of their occupation, where they can have full opportunity to practise their hands without injury to the good appearance of our buildings, and without lessening, by defacing them, the none too great beauty and neatness of our College walls.

HARVARD REGATTA, June 11. To take place on the Charles River course, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

1st Prize. Silver Goblet, and six Silver Cross Oars (spoons).

2d Prize. Six Silver Cross Oars (straight oars).

Rules and Regulations.

1. All entries free, and to be made on or before the evening of June the 4th.

2. The drawing for positions to take place on the evening before the race, when each crew will have some authorized representative present to draw for them, or take such place in the race as may be drawn for them by the judges.

3. Any crew of six undergraduates shall be at liberty to row in the race, with the exception of the members of the University crew.

4. There shall be no distinction between shells and lap-streaks.
5. All crews must be uniformly dressed.
6. A gun will be fired at 4.45 o'clock for the boats to come into line.
7. Boats shall round the upper stake from starboard to larboard.
8. The inside boat at the stake shall have the right to the turn.
9. Any boat crossing the bows of another boat, so as to occasion a foul, shall be disqualified to take a prize.
10. The boats in returning must pass between the judge's boat and the Baths.
11. The ruling of the judges to be final in all cases.
12. Any boat, that may have received an accident during the race, can have the right to challenge either or both of the winning boats immediately after the regatta. The race to be over the same course, and for the same prizes. The challenged party having the right to name any time for the race within four weeks.
13. The prizes shall be awarded immediately after the race.
14. The umpire and judges shall be chosen by the regatta committee.
15. Any start made before the signal shall be deemed a false start, and the boats shall return to their stations for a fresh one.
16. The signal for the start shall be decided by the judges.
17. The race, if the day appointed shall not be favorable, shall be postponed to as early a day as possible.
18. The committee shall have power to amend and alter these rules, as they from time to time shall deem expedient.

Regatta Committee. — W. Dabney, F. Crowninshield, W. R. Ellis.



NOTICE.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS. — For the convenience of both Editors and Printers, contributors are requested to use white letter-paper, to write on one side only, and to indicate their paragraphs distinctly. Contributions may be accompanied by the name of the contributor in a sealed envelope, which will not be opened unless the article be accepted. Anonymous contributions are rejected.

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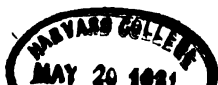
S U I C I D E .

OF late years the attention of enlightened men has been attracted to the investigation of statistics. A novel and most interesting field for speculation has thus been presented to the view of philosophers, and their earnest endeavors prove that this study, instead of exhibiting the dry and distasteful features proverbially attributed to it, must be peculiarly attractive. While the most recent developments confirm, in a great measure, a belief in the "unvarying order and succession of events," we must guard against the error likely to arise from too hasty a generalization. Rash induction, resulting from a desire to reduce all things to scientific system, characterizes all modern philosophy. Mr. Buckle tells us, that not only must a certain amount of vice exist in every community, but that, among a large population, the average annual number of cases of mental aberration is the same, that suicides take place with periodical regularity, and that even the different modes of self-destruction are adopted with some approach to uniformity.

Considering how completely suicide depends on individual caprice and circumstance, this statement may well excite our wonder. Whether or not these facts prove the existence of

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a natural law, that subtly rules our thoughts and actions, cannot be decided until the facility for procuring accurate and thorough statistics is greatly enhanced.

Were all suicides the result of complete wretchedness and despair, their occurrence would be a sad lecture on the world's coldness and inhumanity. Society is more inclined to pity than condemn the suicide. We feel that he has indeed a miserable lot who regards with aversion the life which all others cling to as the dearest blessing. We assume that, when worldly ruin or adversity break down the energy and thwart the efforts of men of a noble and sensitive nature, suicide is not an unnatural result. Death, which was contemplated with a shudder when the prospect was bright, gradually loses its terrors, as life its attractions, and is even looked forward to as a pleasant and easy relief from mental agony. The lengthy and detailed accounts which the papers imprudently publish may suggest to irresolute persons a resource to which calamity alone would not have driven them. Happily, however, there are few cases of genuine misery to claim our sympathy, since even in these days energy rightly directed seldom fails of its reward, and genius is rarely found half-starved or unappreciated.

The reckless levity with which life is often disposed of, from the most trifling and unworthy causes, deserves that contempt which should be extended to inconceivable folly and wickedness. Without doubt the anticipation of the world's regret and sympathy operates as a strong motive in many cases of self-destruction. Would-be geniuses, imitating the lamentable faults, the shiftlessness and dependence of a few great men, when the world has turned a cold shoulder to them revengefully resolve to deprive it of their mature talents, and, by nipping the fruits of their genius in the bud, punish it with remorse; thus hoping to attain a greater notoriety by their weakness than could ever have been acquired by their efforts. The earth is well rid of such maudlin, lackadaisical specimens.

It is a singular fact, that those professions which render a man's life most exposed afford the fewest examples of suicide. The occupation of the soldier or sailor is too varied to admit of ennui, and is not liable to those fluctuations in prosperity that affect other men. A savage does not commit suicide, for he is contented with a bare and monotonous existence, and has not sensibility enough to be affected with spleen; neither do villains, since, in the last extremity, they would prefer to take the chance of detection in the most flagrant crimes. This accomplishment is also wholly unknown to the present heathen nations, unless we apply the name to the cases of voluntary sacrifice more properly called self-devotion than suicide. This cheerful feature in their religion is no doubt calculated to make each member of the community take a lively interest in Church festivals.

Passing over those cases which arise from insanity, we come to the so-called deliberate suicides, and we may still further disregard, as being foreign to the subject, those voluntary deaths that are endured for the world's advantage. The leader of a forlorn hope, the doctor amidst the terrors of a plague, the enthusiast who, for the benefit of science, allows himself to be inoculated with disease, cannot justly be charged with suicide.

Climate and other physical agencies do not appear to have much effect on the number, although observations in Germany prove the singular fact, that, "as the air becomes gradually lighter and rarer from the North German coast towards Upper Germany, the average of suicides regularly decreases." They are also most frequent in July, and least in October. But the social condition of the inhabitants has doubtless much more influence than the natural features of the country.

There is with most persons a morbid tendency to exalt the suicide into an abused hero. The anticipation of this judgment, together with the mere love for notoriety, exert no trifling influence in many cases, and indeed very often no

other possible cause can be imagined. What other motives induced the young Englishman to jump into the crater of Mount Vesuvius, or actuated those who threw themselves from the top of the leaning tower at Pisa? One original genius, in his ardent desire to study the movements of projectiles, performed the very crucial experiment of shooting himself off at the end of a huge rocket-stick, and, being unsuccessful, swallowed cracked glass, which had the desired effect. During one of the conscriptions in France, an only son drew the billet which forced him into the army. A few days afterwards his father was found dead, and in his hands a slip of paper, on which was written, "My boy is now the only son of a widow, and of course exempt." Even this is surpassed by the coolness of an Englishman, who advertised that on a certain day he would put himself to death for the benefit of his family. Admission, one guinea.

Suicide has been considered as a disease, and it seems to have been so in Rousseau's case, who brooded for years over the prospect of death, and yet in a moment of desperation destroyed himself. In common with diseases, it seems to be contagious. A well-authenticated story is told of twelve men, who within three years committed suicide by hanging themselves to a particular post, in an obscure corner of Paris, when the authorities saved what remained of the population, by having it cut down.

The question whether suicide is justifiable, will admit of as many different answers as there are different religious views. The sovereignty and control of the individual over himself is the principle established by John Stuart Mill, and recognized by all laws that sanction capital punishment. Admitting the impracticability of the law's interference, still suicide often violates the rights of others. No man occupies an entirely isolated position, nor is any man's life necessarily worthless. There are other objects of consideration than his own feelings, so that, unless a man is purely selfish, he must be aware that, in shirking the responsibilities of life, he violates the

rights of all who are even remotely dependent on him. Though in no part of the Bible is there any special "canon 'gainst self-slaughter," while several instances of suicide are narrated without any reprobation, the Christian doctrine on this point may be readily inferred. Christianity, in denying that man was created by his own will, alleges that he was created for the performance of certain duties. The Christian, then, considering life as a sacred trust, will shrink neither from sacrificing it when most happy, nor from enduring it when most miserable. These observations are trite, as all acknowledged truths must be. Reason fails in all other cases. The maxim of the Stoics, that "man should live only as long as he ought, not as long as he is able," can be no guide, since no man can judge how long he ought to live; and it is especially worthless in the light of Christianity, which considers that a man who is unfit to live is still more unfit to die. Moreover, the investigation of many cases shows that people are often deceived in forming a gloomy judgment of their worldly expectations. The delay of a few hours may be attended with circumstances that change the dull and dreary prospect into a bright and gleaming landscape. Though for days dark and lowering clouds crowd the horizon, still at any time one ray of light may struggle through the rifted mists, when hope, still holding forth some flattering aim, makes us laugh at all despair, and wonder that we could ever have looked upon life with such a "jaundiced eye."

Apart from all moral or social considerations, is it the action of a weak or strong mind? Can a man who deliberately and unflinchingly meets death be called a coward? Perhaps not; but the motives of a mind overpowered with misfortune or blinded by passion cannot be entitled to praise, unless it can be called heroism to avoid high and important duties. A weak-minded man, regarding life only as a source of gratification, may, in the unnatural strength of frenzy, face death; but, by the very act of self-destruction, he shows that he avoids the great, and chooses the lesser evil.

In an interesting article in the American Whig Review I find mention of a case which is of immediate interest to all Harvard Undergraduates, as showing the deplorable effects of too earnest study in metaphysics. A consideration of the following epitaph may offer no slight consolation to those members of '64 who have neglected that department.

"Here lies a sceptic, who was always doubting,
The proofs even of a God above him scouting;
To his own consciousness he made resistance,
And was uncertain of his own existence;
So, tired of doubt and darkness altogether,
Taking advantage of this genial weather,
He seeks in haste the other world's abyss,
To learn what mortals must believe in this."

But unfortunately it is not the men of feeble intellect alone that are the victims of suicide. Poetry, literature, and science can alike mourn its ravages. Who can estimate the loss sustained in the early death of Chatterton, or who can fill the gap caused by the unhappy self-destruction of Rousseau? And even in our own day, all scientific men have seen with sorrow the extinction of the greatest light in geology, when the great intellect of Hugh Miller succumbed to the weakness of frenzy. While in the full vigor of his powers, he could not divest himself of the idea that his mind was gradually becoming enfeebled by disease, although his last work, so far from evincing a decay of his powers, affords the strongest evidence of ever-increasing ability, being no less distinguished for vigorous expression than displaying the unrivalled resources of his intellect. But his mind, overtasked by application, yielded so forcibly to the delusion as to lead to his tragic death.

"Reason outsoared itself. His mind, consumed
By its volcanic fire, and frantic driven,
He dreamed himself in hell, and woke in heaven."

EPITAPH OF BION.

MOSCHUS.

SING the sad strain with me, woodland glens and Dorian waters.
Weep, all ye rivers, weep, for Bion the sweetest of poets.
Mourn with me now, ye trees and ye groves, with your soft sighing
music.

Flowers, now droop your heads, and weeping breathe out your odors.
Now pensive roses blush, and sweet anemones grieve now.
Hyacinth, lisp thy words with thy petals ever repeating
Sadly to us, "Ah, ah!" A lovely singer has left us!

Nightingales, singing your song, so full of sorrow and sadness,
Tell Arethusa's fount, deep hid in Sicilian forests,
Bion the herdaman is dead, and with him forever has perished
Poetry and melody. Silent and hushed is the clear flute of Doris.

Come and direct our sorrowful dirge, Sicilian Muses.
Never, nevermore shall we hear the music of his voice
Whom the herds loved. No more will he sing in the tree's shade,
But in Pluto's realm he'll chant oblivion's verses.

Thy untimely fate, my Bion, Apollo himself mourned,
And the Satyrs grieved for it, and the black-cloaked Priapi.
Pan, too, wept to lose thy sweet, melodious music,
And the Dryads wept, and the rivulets turned into sad tears.
Echo, sitting among the rocks, is sad at thy silence,
And no longer mimics thy voice, and after thy death the
Trees dropped all their fruit; the flowers, pining away, died.
Milk no longer flowed pure from the goats, and the bees gave no
honey.

Dead of grief, it remained in their bodies. We cared nothing for it,
When we had lost thy honey, and lost it forever.

When in the gardens the flowers lose their colors and perish,
When the green parsley dies, and the quick-growing anise,
They will shoot up next spring, and Nature to life will return them.
They will do this, but we men, great, mighty, and wise though we
may be,

Soon as we die, go, hearing no sound, to the earth's hollow bosom,
There to sleep a right long, endless sleep, knowing no waking.

Woe is me! Thou in the earth's cold, cold, silent depths must be buried.

Deadly poison came to thy lips, my loveliest Bion.
How could it touch thy lips and not be turned into honey?
He who could mix the poison to give to thee, singing so sweetly,
Must have been savage in heart, and have taken no pleasure in music.

Justice still lights upon all men. I with these sad lamentations
Weep thy untimely fate. O would that I, too, like Orpheus, .
And as Ulysses did, and the far-famed descendants of Alceus,
Would that I, too, could descend like them to the palace of Pluto,
So that I might see thee, and hear what thou singest to Pluto,
If thou singest to him. To the beautiful Proserpine sing some
Sweet Sicilian song, or some pretty pastoral verses.
She used to sing the Sicilian songs in the caverns of Ætna.
She, too, knows well the Dorian measure. To hear thee would
please her.

Orpheus received Eurydice once in return for his playing.
(Gained her, alas! but to lose her, and see her snatched from him by
death's hand.)

So may she grant to thee for thy song to return to the places
Which have long known thee. If my playing had any power,
I too would try to follow thee and play before Pluto.

HARVARD COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

HASTY-PUDDING CLUB.

THE H. P. C. of Harvard College was founded in the year 1795, by members of the Class of 1797. The origin of the Society and its name I give from the lips of one of the founders, now a resident of Boston.

In the year 1795, when the students lived altogether in commons, a member of the Class of 1797, who was suffering from ill-health, engaged an old lady who lived next door to "Wiswal's Den" to make him regularly some hasty-pud-

ding for his supper, finding that agreed with him better than anything else. Some of his classmates hearing of this, determined to try the same experiment, and soon among a certain set the dish became very popular. The custom then was, for the students, at supper-time, to repair to the east end of Harvard Hall, each provided with his pewter bowl, where in turn the prescribed amount of bread and milk was dealt out. The Pudding Men, as they were familiarly known in College, would then go to the room of one of their members, and there, according to agreement, plenty of hasty-pudding was provided, which with the bread and milk made a very palatable dish. At first no thoughts of a *club* existed, but as "tall oaks from little acorns grow," soon a large and thriving society sprang from the band of hasty-pudding eaters, and at the present time their catalogue numbers some eighty odd pages. A library was established by the society in the year 1808, and a short time since contained over four thousand volumes. The medal of the Club is unique and appropriate. It is made of silver; octagonal in shape. On the obverse is a kettle of hasty-pudding, surmounted by a hand on either side, one holding a dish, and the other a spoon, in the act of taking out the pudding. Above, the letters of the Club appear, H. P. C., while below, on a scroll, the motto, "LEGIS VOTIS RESPONDET." On the reverse, in the centre, a Sphinx. Above, "CONCORDIA DISCORDS." Below, a wreath and the date of the foundation of the Club, 1795. The edges on both sides are raised, and present a very neat appearance. The seal of the club is the same as the obverse of the medal, omitting the letters H. P. C. The colors are yellow and white. About the year 1850, Nos. 29 and 31 Stoughton Hall were given the Hasty-Pudding Club for society rooms; prior to that date they met at various places. At present the members belong to the Senior and Junior Classes. The proceedings of this society are secret.

PORCELLIAN CLUB.

This Society was established in the year 1791. The popular story of its origin and name has been handed down as follows. In the year 1791, a certain young man, a member of Harvard College, *found* a little pig in his room, which tradition says was in Hollis Hall. In those days the box-like cavity beneath the window-seats was converted into a sort of storehouse. This was made use of by lifting up the seat, which then, by the way, had no cushion, except the soft side of a pine board. In the bright sunny afternoons, when the students sat at their windows and studied (nature), if the Harvard Washington Corps did not parade, and the engine horn and bell were quiet, said student would pull piggy's ear, which operation piggy would resist with strenuous yells and squeaks. When the tutor who roomed below rushed up to inquire the cause of such an infernal noise, piggy was hastily dropped into the box, and said student, engaged in hard study, sat thereon. Of course tutor got no satisfaction, and returned to his room, and up came piggy and squalled harder than ever. When evening came, said student fearing his room might be searched by the faculty, invited some of his classmates up to see him; and piggy being cooked, a convivial entertainment was provided, and those present partook thereof with much satisfaction. When the night was far advanced, and stillness was over the College yard, that noble band of pig-eaters resolved to found a Club; and, that at least a classic touch might be visible in the name, they determined to call the Society the Porcellian Club.*

In the year 1831, the society under the name of the "Order of the Knights of the Square Table," instituted in 1809, joined the Porcellian Club, "the objects and interests

* From the Greek *Ιόρκος*, which, though its common meaning is a *kind of fishing-net*, still in the *Attic*, according to Varro, gets the signification of Pig, Latin *porcus*.

of the two societies having long been identical, and a strong desire existing in favor of an alliance." Until the year 1883, "the books, prints, statuary, and valuable relics deposited with the association were kept in the Librarian's room," but on account of the "state of insecurity," a lease of the rooms which the club now occupies was obtained. The Porcellian Catalogue is issued every four years, and at present comprises some sixty pages. The library of this society is in a flourishing condition; the annual additions being quite large. The medal of the P. C. is of silver, and in shape resembles a star with eight points. Obverse, in the centre *two hands* clasped; to the right a closed *helmet*, to the left a *boar's head*. Above, the Greek motto, 'Ομ Ελ. Below, a scroll, with the date 1791 . 1809, being the dates of the foundation of the two societies. The whole of the above enclosed in a circle, which contains the following: FIDE ET AMICITIA. P. C. K. S. T. Reverse, centre, initials of members. PORCELLIAN CLUB, 1881. In the outside circle, the motto, DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS. On both sides, the circles rest on two swords, which cross in the centre. The present colors of the Club are white and green. The first medal of the P. C. differed considerable from the present one. The seal is circular in shape; in the centre a pig; beneath 1791; above, "The Learned Pig." Members of the Porcellian Club are taken from either of the three upper classes.

O. K.

The O. K. Society was founded in September, 1858, by some members of the Class of '59. The members are of the Senior Class, the number being limited to sixteen. The Juniors are chosen in at the close of the Second Term. The O. K. is a secret society. The O. K. medal is of silver. It consists of a K enclosed in a ring, the inside edge of the ring forming the O. The K is chased on both sides. Obverse, on the ring, upper portion, the motto, ARS CELARE ARTEM; be-

neath, 1859. Reverse, name of member, and date of current year. The colors of the O. K. were for some time red and blue; lately changed to cherry and stone color. The seal has in the centre an oak-tree, and on either side, O & K. Above, the motto of the Society on a scroll, and beneath, the date. The Society have no regular rooms, but meet at the rooms of the members.

Φ. Β. Κ.

The Society known as the Phi Beta Kappa was introduced into this country about the year 1776, and, it is said, by Thomas Jefferson, former President of the United States. The first college in which it received a charter was that of William and Mary, in Virginia. By virtue of a charter granted by the officers and members of the original Society, the Phi Beta Kappa was, very soon after its introduction into this country, established at Harvard College. The first meeting of the Chapter at Harvard was held September 5th, 1781. The original Alpha of Virginia is now extinct. The Preamble to the Constitution of the Chapter at Harvard states that "the object of this Society is the promotion of literature and friendly intercourse among scholars. Its name is Phi Beta Kappa, its motto is intended to indicate that philosophy (which is understood to include religion as well as ethics) is worthy of cultivation as the guide of life." Only those are admitted as members who have attained a high position as scholars. The Φ. Β. Κ. has now Chapters in almost every college of standing in the country. The motto of the Society is *Φιλοσοφία, Βίου Κυβερνήτης*, "Philosophy, the Guide of Life." The medal is of silver, in shape square. Obverse, centre, Φ. Β. Κ.; left hand, upper corner, six stars; right hand, lower corner, hand pointing index finger towards the stars. Reverse, centre, September 5th, 1781; above, an ellipse containing letters S. P.; below, name of member. Present color, blue.

Many years ago this Society was generally classed with the

Freemasons, and considered as "a branch of the *Illuminati*, that spurious offspring of the celebrated Weishaupt, which has corrupted the whole Masonic fraternity." We are told, also, that in its early days the Society had its secret *obligation, sign, word, grip, and jewel*, by which its members were enabled to recognize each other in any company and in any part of the world."

The ancient medals were like the present one, except a difference in the date, the old medal having December 5, 1776, being the date of the introduction of the Society into this country by Jefferson, as mentioned above. The "six stars" on the obverse are said to "show the number of the American colleges when the institution" existed at the time the present medal was first introduced. "The letters P. S. (or S. P.) on the reverse signify a philosophical society, — *Societas Philosophia*."

Whatever may have been the character of the Phi Beta Kappa in former years, at present, at least in Harvard College, the Society has no other objects than those laid down in the Preamble quoted above. There is no secrecy about its proceedings. The number of members vary from sixteen to twenty-five. Among the list of Presidents we find names that would alone suffice to give the Society a good reputation. 1798–1807, John Thornton Kirkland; 1809–12, Josiah Quincy; 1817–18, John Quincy Adams; 1826–32, Edward Everett; 1832–37, the late Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw; 1849–52, Robert C. Winthrop. No society probably can boast of such honorable names among its members as the Phi Beta Kappa.

OTHER SECRET SOCIETIES.

Many secret and so-called Greek Letter Societies have from time to time sprung up and vanished. Their foundation was not stable enough, and all were short-lived. Some, however, were founded only to exist with one class. The death-blow to all such societies was struck, about a dozen

years since, in this college. In other American colleges they continue, and are great favorites. The $\Delta \Delta \Phi$, for instance, has over a hundred Chapters. I find in the College Library some literary remains of the H. L. of I. O. of O. F.,* motto, "*Procul este profani*." Also, the Hermæan Society, in existence about the year 1849; also, the *Ἰαδµα*, of about the same time, and many others.

ATTIC CLUB.

In making some explorations a few days since, some remains of this Club were brought to light. It was composed of inmates of the east entry of Massachusetts Hall during the year 1861. An entrance was effected through the trap-door in the upper entry, and in the old attic, among the old oak beams of more than a hundred years, a rude room was made by hanging newspapers from the cross-beams, and here semi-occasionally the members, some nineteen in number, would convene, and while away the passing hour eating nuts and telling stories. At the west end of the attic, the Club left their names upon the only remaining portion of the old clock-room. The following is the inscription which remains hid from the curious eye of the public, and is left to the care of innumerable cobwebs and deep layers of dust.

ATTIC CLUB.

'63.

E. Entry, Mass. 1861.

DAVY CLUB.

This was founded in 1835, and disbanded by the College Government for exceeding the limits of its charter, in the year 1842. The Davy Club, named doubtless in honor of Sir Humphry Davy, was formed entirely for scientific purposes.

* Perhaps Harvard Lodge of Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

RUMFORD SOCIETY.

This Society, whose existence closed only within a few months, was formed by certain members of the Junior Class on November 16, 1848. An offshoot of the Davy Club, perhaps, since it was devoted to the study of Chemistry. The Society was named after Count Rumford, who, at his death, in the year 1814, "bequeathed a handsome sum of money to Harvard College."

The College Faculty gave the Rumford Society the use of room No. 3, Massachusetts Hall, also what remained of the apparatus of the *Davy* and *Hermetic Clubs*. This Society had no medal. The seal had in the centre certain chemical implements, upon which rested a shield with the arms of Count Rumford engraved thereon. Beneath, a scroll with the motto *Fidelis*. Outside, Rumford Society, founded 1848.

In the latter part of 1863 the Society came to an end, the College Government thinking the interest manifested in the same not being sufficient to guarantee its continuance. It has been hinted that the cause of this lack of interest was owing to the great advantages of studying Chemistry afforded to the students by the Professor of that Department. However this may be, as a recreation the science was at a discount, and the main body of the effects were turned over to the Harvard Natural History Society. The Rumford Society's rooms were Nos. 1-3 Massachusetts Hall.

NEW BOOKS.

Life of William Hickling Prescott. By GEORGE TICKNOR. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864.

THE subject of the biography before us is one in whose life there was much that is interesting. The sad event by which, in early life, he was wellnigh rendered sightless, is too well known to all to be retold here. The patient endurance with which he bore this terrible affliction, the energy with which he set about a literary career, in spite of an obstacle which would have appalled any common mind, have awakened in many a heart sympathy and admiration.

The literary career of Mr. Prescott is thus one of singular interest; and it is for the fulness with which Mr. Ticknor describes this, that his book is chiefly valuable. Indeed, the biographer has contrived to invest this part of his work with something of the interest which attaches to a romance. It is at least similar in kind, if not in degree. We follow with the intensest pleasure the mental workings of the great historian. We see him undismayed by that fearful obstacle, the loss of his sight. We see him fix now upon one subject and now upon another, upon which to employ his pen, until he finally arrives at a decision. We then mark the energy with which he sets about his task; the gradual progress of the work; its completion; its publication to the world; its perfect success.

There never was a literary success more complete than that of Prescott. Prior to the publication of his "Ferdinand and Isabella," he was unknown in the world of letters. But with the appearance of this work his fame was at once created and forever established. As Mr. Hillard says, "Mr. Prescott might almost have repeated what Byron said of himself on the appearance of the first two cantos of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' that he awoke one morning and found himself famous." But if the enthusiasm was great on the appearance of Mr. Prescott's first work, it was, if possible, even greater on the advent of the "Conquest of Mexico."

In this work, Mr. Prescott's style became more fully developed, and is perhaps displayed to the best advantage. Indeed, his subject was one well suited to his cast of mind. Battles and the marches of armies furnished opportunity for his brilliant powers of narration,

and many of his glowing descriptions of scenery and vegetation remind us of some painting on which the artist has employed his most gorgeous coloring.

All the details of Mr. Prescott's literary history are related by his biographer in a most interesting manner. Mr. Ticknor has also given us quite an insight into his private life. Mr. Prescott was a man of excellent feelings, — one in whom all the finer traits of our nature seem to have been fully developed, and who displayed all those graces and excellences of private life which tend to endear their possessor to his family and friends.

Mr. Ticknor's book is written in a most agreeable style, and we have been interested — nay, almost fascinated — in its perusal. It will take its place among the classics of biography, side by side with Boswell and with Lockhart; for while men shall delight to read the story of a noble purpose, nobly accomplished, spite of obstacle and discouragement, so long will they read the life of the gentle Prescott.

Council and Comfort spoken from a City Pulpit. By the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864.

CONSIDERING the nature of this book, — the results of work, not of play, — we believe it will be found to contain in average proportion those excellences which characterize the preceding works of the widely-known and widely-read Country Parson. The same free, tender, and truth-loving spirit pervades the volume, that makes all the Country Parson's writings such delightful and valuable reading.

This is a book of sermons, and very naturally treat of a different class of subjects, and in a different style, from what we find in his "Recreations" and his "Leisure Hours in Town." But these sermons are exempt from that mannerism which not only seems to be the property of particular preachers, but of sermons in general.

Still we do not think they will have the amazing share of popularity that the sermons of the lamented Robertson have had; for their author has not that power of genius that made Robertson so remarkable, and gives his sermons so lofty and foremost a place among the pulpit teachings of his times: nor does he claim to be a genius. His sermons will never be ranked with those of a South, a

Barrow, or a Jeremy Taylor. They are not fascinating, nor strikingly original, nor profound. They contain but few of those surprises, and felicities of thought and expression, that bewitched and beguiled us in his "Recreations." But they are practical in their aim, earnest, genial, gentle, and full of instruction, sound counsel, and good comfort, — just the book to take up when one is tired or sick (no small recommendation), or in the quiet of a Sabbath evening.

European Mosaic. By HOWARD PAYSON ARNOLD. Boston : Little, Brown, and Company. 1864.

THE attention of the American press and public has been so occupied with political matters and the present war for the last few years, that it is quite refreshing to find on our table a volume of *European Travels*. The mind gets weary reading only accounts of congressional disputes, and the "latest news" from the army. There are times when even the best works of fiction are not what we need. Then it is that we love to wander over distant countries, led by the skilful hand of one who can show us all that is of interest, and passing over much that is uninteresting and tiresome.

The book before us leads us thus. We start on our journey from Lucerne, hard by "the verdant slopes of the Righi," and after exploring the Pass of St. Gothard, passing on through valleys such as the Alps alone can boast of, we are treated with bird's-eye views of Milan, Florence, Rome, Mount Vesuvius, Herculaneum, and Pompeii. The study of works of art is conducted with the discernment and skill of a connoisseur. Many of the descriptions of scenery are so vivid that one needs very little imagination to enable him to enter into the spirit of the author, and partake of the offered treat.

The plain truth is laid down without reference to personal feelings ; and though at first this might seem like an objection, the reader soon gets accustomed to it, and at last sees that it is this very peculiarity that lends such an interest to the book as a *Book of Travels*. There are some places where the author, through his love of nature and discriminating judgment, betrays a vein of poetical sentiment, but this only lends an additional charm to the book, which, partly from this very reason, differs from most works of its class in not being prosy and wearisome. We congratulate the author in having given

such an interesting volume to the public. The name, typography, and binding of the book are well chosen and appropriate. The book is dedicated to the Class of '52, of which the author was a member. We recommend the volume to the perusal of all, and hope when they reach the close, that it will be with feelings akin to our own, — of pleasure and satisfaction.

Industrial Biography: Iron-workers and Tool-makers. By SAMUEL SMILES, Author of "Self-Help," "Brief Biographies," and "Life of George Stephenson." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864.

THIS is an excellent little book, giving a concise, interesting, and very instructive account of the progress of Iron-working in England and Scotland. The author commences with a chapter on Iron and Civilization, and then reviews the beginnings of the iron manufacture in Britain. The substitution of coke or pit coal for charcoal in iron smelting is related in a biography of Dud Dudley, who first used it for this purpose. In the life of Andrew Yarranton we have an account of the manufacture of tin-plate; and in the account of the Darbeys and Reynoldses, of the Coalbrookdale Iron Works, we read of the invention of cast-iron rails, and of the construction of the first iron bridge. The invention of cast-steel is narrated in the life of Benjamin Huntsman, and we see where Sheffield learnt how to make cutlery. The lives of the distinguished Cort, "the Tubal Cain of England," and of Dr. Roebuck, follow, and in the latter we have some account of the invention of the steam-engine by Watt. The life of James Beaumont Neilson describes the invention of the hot-blast. The last half of the book is devoted to the use of iron in making tools, as seen in the lives of the inventors. It is withal a book containing a great deal of useful and practical information, in a very readable shape.

COLLEGE RECORD.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCES, FOR EXHIBITION, TUESDAY,
MAY 3, 1864.

[Music by the Flerian Sodality.]

1. A Dissertation. "Mulieres Romanas paulo acerbius a Juvenale castigatas." Prentiss Cummings, West Sumner, Me.
2. A Latin Version. From Macaulay's Criticisms of Italian Authors. Roland Crocker Lincoln, Brookline.
3. A Dissertation. "Three Hundred Years of Shakespeare." James Thompson Bixby, Brookline.
4. A Disquisition. "The Organ of the Boston Music Hall." Marshall Munroe Cutter, Cambridge.
5. A Greek Dialogue. From the "Frogs" of Aristophanes. Nathaniel Colver Leeds, Cambridge; James Otis Hoyt, Haverhill.

MUSIC.

6. A Disquisition. "The Province of Analogy." Loring Everett Beckwith, Cambridge.
7. A Greek Declamation. From the First Philippic of Demosthenes. George Augustus Goddard, Boston.
8. An English Version. Cato's Defence of the Oppian Law; from the Thirty-fourth Book of Livy. William Rotch, New Bedford.
9. A Disquisition. "The Better Side of Nero." William Merchant Richardson French, Cambridge.
10. A Dissertation. "The Character and Writings of Archbishop Whately." John Binney, Philadelphia, Pa.

MUSIC.

11. A Disquisition. "Fairs as a Form of Charity." George Glover Crocker, Boston.
12. A Latin Declamation. From Quintus Curtius. William Henry Fish, Vernon, N. Y.
13. An English Version. From Demosthenes on the Chersonesus. Charles Bailey Shute, Malden.
14. A Dissertation. "The Economy of Heavy Taxation." Franklin Leonard Bush, Auburn, N. Y.
15. An English Version. From Jules Janin: "Le Flâneur." Albert Clark Buzell, Exeter, N. H.*
16. A Latin Dialogue. From the Pseudulus of Plautus. William Harrington Warren, Westborough; Melville Cox Towle, Bradford.

* Not spoken.

MUSIC.

17. A Dissertation. "What the Monitors have accomplished." Albert Thomas Sinclair, Brighton.

18. An English Version. From R. Töpffer's "Réflexions et Menus Propos." George Anthony Hill, Sherborn.

19. A Greek Version. From Mr. Everett's Gettysburg Address. Charles Harrison Tweed, Taunton.

20. A Disquisition. "The New Mexican Empire." William McFaddon, Quincy, Ill.*

21. A Dissertation. "The Roman Question." Edwin Pliny Seaver, Northborough.

MUSIC.

22. An Oration. "Liberty and Equality." Henry Harrison Sprague, Athol.

We give below the boats and their crews who will probably take part in the coming regattas:—

University Crew,—"Harvard" (shell).

<i>Stroke.</i> H. G. Curtis, <i>Jun.</i>	4. E. C. Perkins, <i>Soph.</i>
2. R. S. Peabody, <i>Soph.</i>	5. H. Hooper, <i>Jun.</i>
3. T. Nelson, <i>Soph.</i>	<i>Bow.</i> E. Farnham, <i>Soph.</i>

Junior Class Crew,—"Old Harvard" (shell).

<i>Stroke.</i> W. Dabney.	4. D. S. Greenough.
2. J. Greenough.	5. J. O. Hoyt.
3. H. W. Poor.	<i>Bow.</i> F. M. Hollister.

2d Junior Crew,—"Thetis" (lapstreak).

<i>Stroke.</i> E. Wilder.	4. W. E. Boardman.
2. A. Greenough.	5. J. R. Chadwick.
3. W. Dorr.	6. L. A. Jones.

Sophomore Class Crew,—" '66 " (new shell).

<i>Stroke.</i> F. Crowninshield.	4. S. A. B. Abbott.
2. E. T. Wilkinson.	5. E. H. Clark.
3. W. Blaikie.	<i>Bow.</i> C. H. McBurney.

2d Sophomore Crew,—" '66 " (old shell).

<i>Stroke.</i> E. N. Fenno.	4. J. E. Briggs.
2. J. D. Williams.	5. H. Rolfe.
3. J. W. Taylor.	<i>Bow.</i> N. Longworth.

Freshman Class Crew,—" '67 " (shell).

<i>Stroke.</i> W. R. Ellis.	4. W. J. Morton.
2. C. W. Tower.	5. T. C. Parrish.
3. J. Hawthorne.	<i>Bow.</i> A. Hunnewell.

*2d Freshman Crew, — "Enone" (lapstreak).**Stroke.* T. S. Edmonds.

4. R. King, Jr.

2. T. H. Gray.

5. W. B. Lambert.

3. C. Cleveland.

Bow. H. B. Parker.

At a meeting of the Drill Club of the Senior Class, held at the armory, Tuesday, April 26, the following officers were elected for the *permanent* organization of the Club:—

Captain. — Herman John Huidekoper, Meadville, Pa.*1st Lieutenant.* — Samuel Storrow, Boston.*2d Lieutenant.* — Edward Robbins Howe, Cambridge.*Clerk.* — Constant Freeman Davis, Cambridge.

THE 27th Annual Lecture before the Harvard Natural History Society was delivered in Lyceum Hall, Monday evening, May 2, by President Hill. After the lecture, the rooms of the Society were thrown open to the audience, and a pleasant hour was spent in examining the collections and library.

THEODORE FRANCIS WRIGHT, of Boston, of the Class of 1866, having been appointed First Lieutenant, U. S. A., was presented by his classmates with a beautiful sword, on Friday evening, April 22, at a meeting of the class held for that purpose in the Institute Rooms.

EDITORS' TABLE.

It is with great pleasure that we have noticed the increased interest displayed this spring in athletic sports, and especially in the best of sports, — rowing. It looks now as though the "good old days" of rowing were coming back again, and that the University will be as proud of her boats and crews in the summer of 1864 as she was in that of 1860. How many of us have heard from others (if we did not ourselves see it), of the great College Regatta of the latter year, when Crowninshield — he of ye broad shoulders and ye mighty muscle — was stroke of the "Harvard," when all the prize flags were brought to Cambridge to deck our halls, and when also the prize cue was fought for and won by Harvard's worthy sons. The list of boats and crews, which we give this month in the College Record, shows *what* we have in Cambridge ready for duty, and I think the list is one of which we may well be proud. Certainly, he to whom so much of this improvement is due, may congratulate himself on having been fully successful in his efforts to revive the boating spirit here. This once accom-

plished, and the interest now manifested rivalling that which made the summer of 1860 so famous, we must see to it that we emulate as well the *successes* which they gained.

THE assignment of rooms is a subject in which every student (save the Seniors, who can quietly laugh at *our* anxieties, having themselves ceased to take tickets in the grand lottery) feels a deep interest, and upon which any authentic information is greatly desired. The following scraps have come to us *officially*, and we give them for the benefit of those who are calculating their chances for a *good choice*. The old system of marks will be entirely done away with, as the Corporation, in order to keep the old buildings in proper repair, have found it necessary to raise \$ 1500 a year more than heretofore upon them; the rent of the various rooms, instead of being as at present the same for all, will be so changed that the price of all Holworthy rooms, being the same, will yet be higher than that of rooms in the other buildings, and the rooms in the three upper stories of the other buildings will be higher than that for the ground floor rooms, while the latter will remain at the same price as at present. The rooms will be assigned by the Faculty, who will take into consideration, —

1st. The number of terms the applicants have roomed in the College Buildings (Brattle House not included, we believe);

2d. The quality of the rooms the applicants have heretofore occupied; and,

3d. The Rank List.

The rooms in Grays' Hall will be divided up among the different classes, in such a way as to bring the members of each class as near together as possible. The price of the rooms will be higher than that of the rooms in the other buildings, as the Corporation design that the building shall be a paying property. The numbers of the rooms assigned to each class will be published, and applications invited from the students. The assignment will probably be made arbitrarily, by a Committee of the Faculty, taking into consideration the character of the applicant, and the manner in which he treated his last room, — the College of course desiring to secure the best tenants.

Whether the Faculty will permit the selling of rooms once assigned, — a custom beneficial to the rich scholars, by giving them good rooms for which they are willing to pay, beneficial to the poor students, who desire the money more than the rooms, and beneficial to the College, in that it gets tenants who are better able to put and keep the rooms in good condition, — remains to be seen. There must be some valid objections to the practice, which we cannot see, or it would never have been stopped. Whether these will have ceased to exist, or still remain in force under the new arrangement we of course do not know. It certainly is the earnest wish

of every student that this practice, really so beneficial to all concerned, may again be allowed by those who have seen fit to stop it.

Junior Exhibition. — For report of this interesting occasion, which this term took place on Tuesday, May 3, see the September and May numbers of the Harvard Magazine since its commencement.

CLASS FUND. — The time has come when the Class Committee must commence to take some active measures about carrying into execution a proposal which was submitted to them at the meeting of the Class, held last January.

The method by which the Class Fund will be raised is as follows:— A subscription-paper will be passed around among the members of the Class, and all who desire to do so will subscribe whatever sum they may desire, payable at any time *before Commencement*; they will also agree to pay a certain sum, the amount of which is also optional, every Commencement for the first six years after graduation. Thus a large fund is accumulated, and all, no matter how small their subscription may have been, feel an equal interest in its growth, and an equal right to enjoy whatever advantages may accrue from a proper investment of the common fund.

The advantages to be derived from a Class Fund must be apparent to every one. All the annual expenses are paid from the money gained by investing it, and the Class Committee are saved the trouble of hunting about on Commencement days for any member of the Class who may visit Cambridge on that day, and asking for a small amount from this, and a trifle from that member, to defray the expenses which have accumulated during the year.

Without such a fund the few who come to Commencement are compelled to pay, not only their own share of the annual expenses, but also the share of those who may be absent. It is also to be hoped that the money gained by a proper investment of the fund will be sufficient to pay for all the suppers of the Class, which take place every third and fifth year after graduation. Though the entire expense of the first one or two suppers may not thus be met, yet the expense will be greatly lessened.

With such a fund belonging to the Class, all future expenses will probably be avoided, and all, no matter how trifling the subscription they may be compelled by circumstances to give now towards this common fund, will feel secure from all future calls upon their purse.

Years from now, when the Class have no further need of the money, it will be passed over to the College, and a new means of usefulness opened to the College in the shape of the *Scholarship of the Class of Sixty-four*.



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THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

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JUNE, 1864.

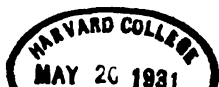
No. 92.

SOCIAL REFORM.*

IF we trace the origin of those great discoveries which have had an important influence on the welfare of mankind, we shall find that, in many cases, they resulted from observation, not of casual or extraordinary occurrences, but of the most familiar and ordinary facts. The steam issuing from the kettle, or the apple falling from the tree, was so commonplace, that no one ever thought of inquiring into the power of one or the reason of the other. And there are many circumstances of our daily life to which we have become so habituated, that we take their necessity for granted, and never investigate their origin, reason, merits, or defects; and though the consideration of such subjects may not lead to other great inventions or discoveries, it may show that we accept many things as reasonable which have no reason, many maxims as authoritative which are absolutely pernicious. We never doubt the propriety of the common rules for behavior, nor dream of differing from the conventional modes of dress, simply because we never reflect that these codes are merely factitious and conventional. In like man-

* 1. On Liberty. By John Stuart Mill.

2. Essays: Scientific, Political, and Speculative. By Herbert Spencer.



ner we are never curious as to the inventor of the lounge, the chair, or other simple contrivances of daily life, forgetting that these conveniences, though now necessities, and incorporated into the natural wealth of the civilized world, required inventive genius and time for their improvement.

But both Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Mill, two men who possess the rare talent of uniting genius for the most abstract speculation with great skill in practical application and suggestion, have examined into the authority and merits of the common conventional regulations, and it is curious to learn that many of the rules to which we yield an unquestioning assent subject us to inconveniences that no independent man should submit to, and have no more claim to obedience than the sanction of antiquated custom. The authority for this control is best seen by tracing its origin. On this point let me quote a few lines from Mr. Spencer, proving the common origin of Law, Religion, and Manners.

"These three forms of control originated in the homage paid to the primitive chief, who was Deity, Chief, and Master of Ceremonies. Alike legislator and judge, all quarrels among his subjects are decided by him, and his word becomes the Law. Awe of him is the incipient Religion; and his maxims furnish the first precepts. Submission to him is made in the forms he prescribes; and these give birth to Manners. From the first, time develops political allegiance, and the administration of justice; from the second, the worship of a Being whose personality becomes ever more vague; from the third, forms of honor and the rules of etiquette."

It would be curious to follow out his reasoning, showing the progress and separation of these three forms of control, and how from a primitive root were evolved, as it were, the statutes of the Law, the ordinances of Religion, and the codes of Manners. Two forms of control seem blended in the common parliamentary codes which appear to be compiled equally from the provisions of the Law and the rules for good manners.

But Law and Religion, being matters of vital importance to men, have ever engaged their earnest attention. By revolutions and reformatations they have always progressed nearer and nearer perfection. The importance of their purity engrosses the attention of all nations, however rude or uncivilized ; and devotion to certain forms of Law and Religion has been the cause of the subversion of every government, the extinction of every creed. But the rules of Manners, though never expressed in writing, the object of which is to notice the minor breaches which must necessarily be passed over in Law and Religion, have ever found ready obedience. Reformists and revolutionists have bowed their heads in submission to the social codes, and, though seeing daily evidence of the tyranny of society, have failed to vindicate the rights of those who were unjustly the victims of such despotism. Were any evidence wanting to prove the stanch adherence to conventional forms, it might be found in the fact, that in every nation there are numerous publications purporting to be complete manuals of the Laws of Etiquette, the Philosophy of Manners, and a hundred others, the observance of which would be submission to a most arbitrary control. Now whether such a control is beneficial or not, inasmuch as it is universally exerted, it should be inquired into ; and if errors are found, we should distrust it as we would a despotic code of laws, and boldly resist or amend it.

The end of conventionality should be to diminish that friction which is incidental to the rough intercourse of men. These rules should act like oil on the wheels of society, and should be the expression of a generous compliance with the feelings of others. But if the end is made subservient to the means, if the multiplicity of the rules becomes so great that they increase, instead of diminish, the difficulty of intercourse, then the original object is lost sight of, and the purpose is perverted.

Regard for rules of ceremony is to a certain extent almost indispensable. Under conventional restraint men keep down

their violent feelings, and interviews end amicably which would otherwise be productive of quarrels. A duelling challenge, instead of expressing hatred, is couched in the terms of an elegant and polite invitation. The necessity of a due control of society is seen, when we consider that men, when they disregard this control, run into the wildest excess ; and human nature never is so revolting as when it is removed from all social restraint. The government of manners, like that of Law, may nevertheless transgress its limits. How, then, to draw the line that shall determine the bounds to its authority ?

It does not need much reflection to see that a thorough compliance with the current forms of propriety is inconvenient in the extreme. The dress that is proper for a wedding is out of place at a party, and ridiculous for the theatre. With such trifling demands every one must agree, for such observance is required as due to society ; and all violations are put in the same category with indecency or vulgarity. Comfort in dress becomes, on such occasions, a secondary consideration. The same law of evolution holds good in this instance, and dress is becoming annually more and more complex. The possessor of the gaudy suits of the nineteenth century thinks little of their origin in the primitive fig-leaf, from which (to use scientifically accurate language) by ever-increasing differentiation have resulted the magnificent attire of a D'Orsay or a Brummel ; and though in special cases, under unfavorable circumstances, there seems to be a retrogradation towards the primitive modes, as when the *sans-culotte* chaplain of Doesticks's regiment modestly delivered his sermons, while standing in an empty pork-barrel, still the tendency is on the whole to increase the inconveniences of dress.

But the regulation about dress is one of the least offensive examples of the control of society, and the reformer must strike deeper and nearer the heart of the matter. And here let the distinction be made between the convention-breaker

and the reformer. Convention-breakers have always abounded. Mere egotism, or gratification in affecting to despise the observances of others, will induce many to violate the common regulations. Even in India, the young Hindoo takes a dangerous delight in disregarding the caste regulations, affects to disbelieve the genuineness of the Vedas, patronizes missionaries, and drives tandem past the Juggernaut. But such men are very different from the consistent reformer. Their insolence is treated as eccentric genius, and society both tolerates and frowns upon them, while consistent resistance to the code is confounded with boorishness and poverty. It would be difficult and tedious to enumerate the needless ceremonies which encumber social intercourse, and to distinguish accurately between those rules which must form the basis of all refinement, and those which, though despised by sensible, independent men, are still kept by foolish conservatism. The reformer must bear in mind this distinction, and take care lest, in advocating amendment, he aims at undermining all social restraint.

According to the division of Mr. Spencer, society may rightly condemn, and by public opinion punish, all those actions that are *essentially* displeasurable, among which would be classed the ordinary violations of decency and cleanliness, or any other habits that are intrinsically disagreeable. Such actions, he says, are easily distinguished from those that are only *incidentally* displeasurable, and which are eccentric rather than offensive. In these he insists that individual opinion, or even caprice, should have free reign, as long as the rights of others are respected. We may not be gratified to see any one display extraordinary eccentricity, but we ought to subject him to no inconveniences apart from those which result from unfavorable opinion. Mr. Mill supports this opinion, and makes the statement that "the amount of eccentricity in a society has generally been proportional to the amount of genius, mental vigor, and moral courage which it contained," and considers, as the chief danger of the times,

the fact that eccentricity is made a reproach, and so few dare to be eccentric. Supported by such advocates as these, we may well expect to see a reform, — a reform which will be all the more easy, because, there being no written statutes to alter or annul, it will be brought about by the mere recognition of these general principles.

Especially may we expect to see this reform inaugurated in America. Conservatism in politics goes hand in hand with conservatism in ceremonial codes and bigotry in religion, and conversely, where the government is most liberal these two other forms of control allow the greatest latitude.

But here in the United States, where we aim to have the freest form of government, where toleration is extended to all forms of religious belief, where we profess to judge every man according to his merits, without preference for any accident of birth or wealth, here also should we encourage social reform. Any opposition would befit only such governments as the Chinese, where the caste-regulations are so rigid, the fashions so unalterable, that even in many centuries there has been no perceptible change. In China, one could collect a library of the books written on the usages of society. A presentation at court requires such preparation and study as few but natives can master; and there is a particular tribunal which takes cognizance of the minutest mistakes. But here we know that the art of pleasing cannot be learned from books, since the best manners are ingrained, and have a freedom that mere scrupulous attention to ceremony cannot attain.

On the other hand, there is much to be added to these observances before we can rightfully assert the superior good breeding of the present generation. The title of gentleman has been much degraded, if it can now be assumed by every Jack or well-dressed jockey.

And here I would disclaim all pretensions to advancing many new arguments on this question. A subject that has called forth the opinions of Mr. Mill, Spencer, or Emerson is

likely to be pretty well exhausted. But, in conclusion, it may not be inapplicable to quote a few sentences from Charles Lamb, which, in the absence of all other evidence, would be sufficient to stamp their author as a *true gentleman*.

“I shall not believe this boasted gallantry to be anything more than a conventional fiction, until, in polite circles, I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear, — to the woman as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title. I shall believe in it when a gentleman shall cease to speak of ‘antiquated virginity’ with a sneer, and when such phrases as ‘overstood her market,’ pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offence in man or woman that shall hear them spoken.”

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE.

As on some mountain side, our eyes
Behold the hills that toward the skies;
Like steps upon a staircase rise,
We look upon

One side of every hill inclined, —
The slope *up* which our way must wind
If we the mountain-side would climb;
But when, beyond

These little hills, we stand at last
Upon the mountain-top, and cast
A look o'er all the way we've passed,
We see anew

The heights o'er which our steps have come,
Each summit lighted by the sun,
While all unseen, and hidden from
Our downward view,

The distant valleys shaded lie,
And on each hill the side that by
Its rugged steepness made us ply
Our steps with dread

We see not ; we have gained the height,
And steeps that caused us doubt or fright
Are no more present to our sight ;
But in their stead,

Each slope of which a view we gain
Is downward in the way we came,
And cost us least of toil and pain
Its path to tread.

So, as we look towards the years
That cross our path, sometimes our fears
Will only see in what appears
Upon the road

The up-hill side of every task,
And even pleasures in a mask
So closely veiled, we almost ask
That life's grave load

May not be ours to endure,
Where many seek, but none secure,
An upward-path that can allure,
With promised ease,

To try the rugged hills of life,
And think, where rivalries are rife,
That we shall meet, when in the strife,
Naught but can please.

But when in life's declining day,
In future years, our present way,
As lighted by the slanting ray
Of setting sun,

Shall in our retrospection be
Reviewed, we then shall only see
The sunny side of trials we
Have overcome.

And that which shines with softest beam
In future years, more bright shall seem
As we look back and catch the gleam
From other heights.

While from the valleys that between
The shining hill-tops lie unseen
Our griefs shall never rise to screen
Our dear delights.

HARVARD COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

(Concluded.)

HARVARD NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

THIS society was founded May 4, 1837, by a few members of the junior and senior classes who were interested in the study of natural history. The objects the founders had in view seem to have been, to improve themselves, to collect a cabinet of specimens, and to form a library relating to the study under consideration. Their efforts have been attended with success; and at the present time their rooms will well repay a visit. The cabinet and library are increasing rapidly, — some valuable additions having been made to the former by gifts from abroad.

For some time the society occupied the rooms in Massachusetts Hall formerly used by the college butler, and then known as the Buttery. At present, the whole of the lower floor of Massachusetts Hall between the two entries is occupied.
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cupied by the society. At present, the number of members is limited to twenty-five from each of the two upper classes. With a few exceptions, annual lectures have been delivered before the society by distinguished gentlemen, many of whom were members while in college. The seal of the society bears upon the centre an open scroll, upon which is written, REG. ANIM. REG. VEG. REG. MIN. Two sprigs encircle this, while above is an open eye, surmounted by the motto, DIVES OPIS NATURA SUÆ. Around the whole the words, HARVARD NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY, 1837. In the year 1862 the society adopted a silver medal to be worn on white and purple ribbons. The shape of the medal is oval. Obverse, an inverted cornucopia. Motto of the society, DIVES OPIS NATURA SUÆ. Reverse, centre, open eye with rays, above, name of member, below, date of foundation, 1837. Outside, Harvard Natural History Society. At the present time the society is in a most flourishing condition.

PIERIAN SODALITY.

This is a musical society. It was founded in 1808. Of its early history very little is known. For many years this society has furnished the music for the two Exhibition Days. At different times during the year concerts are given in connection with the Harvard Glee-Club. These are very popular, and are always well attended. In the year 1837 a medal was adopted by the Sodality. Obverse, a Lyre (correctly antique in form), surrounded by a wreath of grape-vine, with the motto, SIT MUSA LYRÆ SOLERS. Reverse, Pierian Sodality, 1808. The colors of the Sodality are white and blue.

HARVARD GLEE-CLUB.

This society was established in March, 1858. "It was thought," so say the records, "that enough singers could be found in the College to form a good society at once; and that thus the two societies, the Pierian Sodality, composed of instrumental performers, and the Glee-Club, composed of vocal

performers, could co-operate in promoting a taste for music in the College, and there would be a pleasant intercourse among those in the College who were good musicians." The Sodality and the Glee-Club occupy the same rooms, and together own a fine musical library. The first concert of the combined societies was given in Lyceum Hall, Cambridge, on the evening of June 9, 1858, "before a crowded and most enthusiastic house. . . . Complimentary notices of the concert appeared in the Boston papers; and 'Dwight's Journal of Music' had a long article in reference to it." These concerts, at the present time, are extremely popular. It has been the custom for a few years past for the Glee-Club to furnish music on the evening of Class Day in front of Holworthy Hall. This open-air concert is enjoyed by the hundreds of visitors that throng the grounds, and, together with the illuminations, throw an additional charm around that day so long looked forward to and so long remembered by the graduating class.

CHRISTIAN BRETHREN.

As early as December, 1802, a religious society was first organized in College "for the purpose of promoting the growth of plain, practical, experimental religion." At first the society was known under the name of "The Saturday Evening Religious Society of Harvard College." During the year 1808 the interest in the society seemed to be so low, that it was almost given up; but about this time "an increase of members" and other circumstances combined to revive "their drooping hopes."

In September, 1819, a similar association was formed in College, called the "Wednesday Evening Society." It soon became evident that the interests of the two societies were so closely connected, that great advantage would be gained by a union; and this was effected June 5, 1822, "without doubt of mutual benefit." After the union, the two societies took the present name. The present rooms of the society are in College House. Meetings are held there weekly.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

This society was founded by certain members of the Class of '59. The objects of the society, as laid down in the constitution, are, "to secure the moral and religious improvement of the members; to elevate the standard of morality in College; and to spread among us Christian sentiments, unsectarian and liberal."

ST. PAUL'S RELIGIOUS SOCIETY.

This society was founded in September, 1861. Its objects were to make the Episcopalians in College acquainted with each other, and to place within their reach such means as might extend their religious knowledge. The seal of this society is as follows: In the centre, a cross surmounted with a crown; upon the cross is laid the letters I. H. S. in monogram. Around this emblem, the appropriate motto, *ΣΤΗΚΕΤΕ ΕΝ ΤΗ ΠΙΣΤΕΙ*. The whole enclosed in the following: S: PAVLI: SOC: IN: ACAD: HARVARD: SIG. MDCCCLXI.

There is one society which I wish I could add to the above list, and that is an Historical Society. Historical societies have a value over all others, inasmuch as, while age may undermine and destroy others, they can never cease to be active and on the increase. What rich secrets could the archives of such a society in this College open to us! It seems strange that such an idea never was started. There are many things even of our own days that would be of interest to the classes of the twentieth century; but are they likely to be kept? The graduate of ten years since would hardly recall the south side of the College yard. But "it is only about sixty years since" that all the yard east of Hollis and Stoughton Halls was a pasture; and but a little farther back in the past, the Old Brew-House and the Pig-Sty stood within fifty feet of Hollis Hall. Ancient customs, relics of the good old Engine Club, and Harvard Washington Corps days, medals of societies long since forgotten, and many other objects

of interest and curiosity, might have been preserved by a society devoted to historical subjects relating to the College. Will not some enterprising spirit "take the hint," and give it to the honor of *his* class ? for

"Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise."

NANNA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN F. C. DELAVIGNE.

THE waves run high, the sky is black,
"Pietro, to-night, you will not go back?"
Entreats his mother;
"Last year, alas! I spoke in vain;
Thy brother, he would row back again, —
Thy poor, poor brother!"
But yet he doth go
Straight to his boat
On the waves afloat,
Answering low,
"Nanna is calling,
She is my darling,
I love her so!"

The white gulls utter their warning cry,
As over the wave-tossed skiff they fly;
"Fisher, haste home!
The nest we toiled on, many a day,
From yon lofty cliff has been swept away
By this wild storm!"
But Pietro doth row,
With heart full firm,
Against the storm,

Chanting slow,
"Nanna is calling,
She is my darling,
I love her so!"

A murmur hoarse, a voice from the sea,
From time to time sounds forth on his lee :
"Brother, beware !
Oh, before that thine hour is tolled,
Breathe, by the love thou didst bear me of old,
One prayer !"
But Pietro e'en now
Thinks him deceived
And pays no heed,
But on doth go ;
"Nanna is calling,
She is my darling,
I love her so!"

Almost up on the beach he is sped ;
When heavy and solemn the knell for the dead
Sounds from the tower.
"Tell me, fishers, for whom do ye pray ?"
One of them, wiping the salt tears away,
Says, "Nanna 't is for !"
O Pietro, dread woe !
A gasp, a moan,
And thy soul is gone
With the murmur low,
"Nanna is calling,
She is my darling,
I love her so!"

THE LESSON OF FAILURE.

HUMAN life is full of failures. What is History but a record of repeated exertion followed by repeated defeat? What though we talk about the might of will, the power of resolution, the certain result of perseverance? Yet a man ever finds that at the last his best efforts fall far short, in their results, of the mark which he had placed before himself, and which he had hoped to attain. The youngster at school soon finds this out. Day after day he writes away at the copy, — "*Try again.*" Over and over again he repeats his great scrawling characters, — "*If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.*" But he finds often and often, that after all his endeavors he fails to master a long lesson, and fails to solve a puzzling problem. And even when he does meet with success, that success he sees to be imperfect. But after all, "*try again*" is a good motto for the young. So we'll let it alone. They, as a general thing, believe in its orthodoxy. This is well. For their belief stimulates them to exertion, and makes them push on, through defeat and discouragement, till they finally obtain some measure of success.

But men are less easily satisfied than boys. With the growth of the body there has been a corresponding mental growth. The man has put away childish things. How diminutive does every familiar object appear to him who revisits, after long years of absence, the scenes of childhood. They are all there, it is true. His father's house, the ancestral trees that still nod their plummy heads, the play-ground, the fields, the hills, all are there. But how changed they appear to him. They seem to have shrunk into pigmy dimensions.

So it is with the mind. It grows with our years. How trifling now appear to us the ideas that we cherished in childhood. The mental attainments that would have satisfied us as boys, now only fill us with a dreary sense of the infinity which yet lies before us, unacquired, nay, more, even unat-

tempted. Hence we are ever learning, by bitter experience, that our best success is, after all, to a great extent—failure.

There is a time in every man's life, generally in early youth, when he puts before himself an ideal of excellence which he hopes one day to reach. He dreams of fame. In the visions of his lively fancy he sees himself now a great orator. He sways multitudes by the marvellous power of his voice; like the orators of old,—

“Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratic.”

Now he is an author, on whose glowing pages a world hangs with delight. Now he is a general, a great commander. He leads armies on to battle and to certain victory. But amid all his fancies, be it orator, author, general, or whatever else he imagines himself to be, there is the one end before him to attain,—greatness and reputation in some sphere. This he is to seek after and finally to reach in some way. A few years pass by, and the youth outgrows these dreams of ambition to a great degree. He learns in various ways that greatness is not had for the mere wishing. That they are few whom the world crowns with its laurels and hails as its true monarchs.

Now amid all this wreck of purpose, this failure, this disappointment, the question comes up to us, “Is it all in vain that men cherish exalted purposes, and that they try to attain them?” I answer, No. Though our ideals never be realized, yet let us have them still. Though we never reach the standard, still let the standard remain as exalted as ever.

The painter, though he may never hope to be a Raphael or a Titian, yet still will place before himself for his study, and as the model for all his efforts to copy, those masterpieces of grandeur and yet of simplicity, of gorgeous coloring and of delicate tracery, which live on the canvas of the great masters of the art. The sculptor, though he never may hope to educe from the marble another Apollo with its manly beauty,

or Venus with its feminine grace, will still gaze with eye of imitation upon those statues which enchant the world.

So must all of us imitate the sculptor and the painter, in whatever work of life we may engage. We must cherish exalted aims. True, the world is full of failure, as we have said. The "*Labor omnia vincit*" of the poet has exceptions. We try often, and do not succeed. But though few attain the exalted heights which they propose to scale, yet we may be of that few. We may be of that number who are successful in realizing their ideals; we may be of those who are destined to succeed out of the vast number of those who fail. One thing at least is certain, that if we do not aim high, we never shall accomplish anything of moment. The more exalted our purposes, the more exalted will be our deeds.

Says the great discerner of human nature: "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

But I apprehend that the men who have greatness thrust upon them are comparatively few. Sometimes, indeed, we do see men of the most moderate talents, apparently, nevertheless exalted into positions of the highest honor; men who seem emphatically to have been made by the accidents of time and place; whom fortune has raised into notoriety, having no better reason, from mere caprice. But I think, after all, such instances are rare. After all, men must have within themselves the elements of greatness. And one of these elements is the resolution, the will to be great, — the *aiming* for it.

COLLEGE RECORD.

THE Annual Supper of the immediate members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society took place at the Parker House on the evening of May 13. It was a most pleasant occasion to all present, and one which will long be remembered with interest.

THE Pierian Sodality and Harvard Glee Club gave one of their excellent musical entertainments at Lyceum Hall, on the evening of May 23d. The object of the concert was to raise funds sufficient to purchase a piano for the use of the two societies. We think the members of these two societies must have felt encouraged by the large and enthusiastic audience which assembled that evening. It was a most flattering testimonial to our musical friends that their efforts to please the good people of Cambridge, by their semiannual *soirées*, have been highly successful.

THE Supper of the Senior Class took place at the Ocean House, Chelsea Beach, May 24th. The officers were as follows:—

President. L. R. S. Gove.

Committee. John W. Atwood, Peter B. Olney.

Chorister. Jonathan Dorr.

Odier. Prentiss Cummings.

Toast-Master. Arthur G. Sedgwick.

Chronicler. F. P. Anderson.

BOWDOIN PRIZES FOR DISSERTATIONS.

FOR RESIDENT GRADUATES.

THE prize was awarded to Henry George Spaulding of Cambridge.

CLASS OF 1864.

A first prize to John Loring Eldridge of Boston.

CLASS OF 1865.

A first prize to James Otis Hoyt of Haverhill.

A second prize to Flavius J. Cook of Ticonderoga, N. Y.

The Bowdoin Prize for Greek Prose Composition, to Isaac Flagg of Somerville, Class of 1864.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE Annual Visitation of the Observatory, by the Senior Class, has recently taken place. On that occasion, with our classmates, we had the pleasure of looking through the great refracting telescope. We think it is "refracting." However, that is not of much consequence to us. We should not have known the difference if it had been "reflecting." But to proceed:—

"Nox erat et coelo fulgebat luna sereno
Inter minora sidera."

Through the great telescope we beheld the moon. Yes, the moon; the same moon which fables tell about and poetry commemorates, from Mother Goose down to the latest effusion of sentimental young ladies. Yes, the moon, which Milton says:

"Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains in her spotty globe."

We looked with all our eyes, but we failed to descry new lands, rivers, or mountains, though we probably saw what are commonly supposed to be the "Mountains of the Moon." Then we saw Saturn and his ring. Then we inspected Jupiter and his moons. Then we looked through what was called a "Comet-Seeker." We applied our attention to this instrument pretty assiduously. For having heard what its use was, a kind of vague hope began to possess us that perhaps we might discover a comet. Who knows? Encke discovered a comet, — i. e. we believe he did. Anyhow, he had something, some way or other, to do with one. There is something in the book about it. But see Herschel's "Outlines of Astronomy" for further information on this point. However, we did not discover any comet, or anything else worthy of mention. So we lost our only chance of becoming immortal in the way of astronomical discovery. We came away, therefore, feeling a little disappointed in this regard. But, on the whole, we were pleased and interested by our visit.

While there, some thoughts of a serious nature impressed themselves on our minds. The contemplation of the starry heavens is calculated always to awaken in the mind of the beholder sentiments of the highest admiration and reverence. Indeed, what sight more grand and imposing can be conceived of than the spectacle which they present on a clear evening, — the blue vault above us glistening with untold myriads of stars, peering down, like angel eyes, upon us mortals beneath? We can well imagine what

thousand questions must have tortured the minds of those who lived in the infancy of the race, as to the nature of those bright, shining points above us. What were the speculations of him who first observed them attentively? What were the first steps in that science of Astronomy which, *ab initio profecta exiguis*, has now attained such a wondrous development? It would, indeed, be curious and interesting could we have these questions answered. It seems difficult to see how men ever, of their own unaided intellect, could have come to any very precise knowledge of the heavenly bodies. The first beholders would soon recognize their use. A single day and night would show this. But beyond that how little hope must there have been to make further discoveries. And yet man has gradually come to that point that he now calls the stars by name, assigns them their places in the heavens, has discovered their exact paths, their distances from his own orb, and from each other, their dimensions, and almost their very configuration of surface. Truly all this is wonderful! We confess that when we contemplate such wondrous progress, we stand as it were mute with admiration before the grandeur of the human race. We feel proud that we belong to the family of man, and we can seem to appreciate, in some sense, the feelings which prompted the infidel boast of Comte, — that the heavens declare the glory of a Newton and a Kepler, and of all the astronomers who have discovered their laws.

In no branch of knowledge does the progress of mankind appear more wonderful than in astronomy. The increase in our knowledge of the heavenly bodies which has taken place during the brief period of man's abode on the earth is immense. In the last few centuries, too, more has been discovered than in all the previous centuries together. Even common individuals know more upon these subjects than did the wisest of the ancients; and a school-girl could now instruct a Hipparchus or a Ptolemy.

What may be the future of astronomical science one shrinks from attempting even to conjecture. While the fact that such amazing progress has been made, and so much is now known, would seem to indicate a capacity in man for discovery which would never remain satisfied with the present achievements, yet the very fact of such abundant discoveries seems almost, on the other hand, to preclude the possibility of further discovery. It seems as though man could hardly go farther. We shrink back blinded by the excess of light.

Yet, after all, the past is our only criterion of the future. And the most reasonable supposition seems to us that man will go on and on in his investigations and his discoveries, and that centuries hence will chronicle progress as far surpassing our own as the astronomical certainties of our own day surpass the dim, wavering conjectures of antiquity.

THE

HARVARD MAGAZINE.

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No. 93.

OUR MAGAZINES.

WE all love to look forward. The dreamy vista of a dim future lures onward the incautious steps of man ; and while the picture is still far, far away in the distance, the veil is drawn, and another world is brought to view. Day after day passes ; in his humanity he looks not backward, but continues on his fancy-flight, forgetful of the past, and at last the waves roll over him, and he is seen no more. Happy if he has stayed his course long enough to leave a simple trace of his existence to the millions that follow. Such is human nature. The child is eager, impatient, anxious to see the end. The aged and mature can do no greater harm than passing unnoticed such traits in a child's character. And yet such is the common course. Nay, the desire of youth is often fanned until its fury is conquered only by the grim messenger. The natural imagination of the child is suffered to be nursed by ambition's fell nourishment ; and too often the mind is a wreck long before the decay of nature has seized hold of the body. Every one will admit that the true end of study is the discipline and improvement of the human mind. Life was not given us to waste away in the frivolous pursuit of pleasure. We all have a duty to perform here,

and that duty can be and should be made a pleasure. Whether we will or no, the human family is so closely connected together that every act of an individual has some effect, good or bad, on some one or more of his fellow-creatures. Take, for example, one of our own graduates, the late William Hickling Prescott. Mr. Prescott graduated in the class of 1814, almost fifty years since. In the admirable life of the historian lately published the author gives some very interesting facts connected with his college life. His example is but one of a thousand, which should bid us all hope, though at present surrounded by every kind of trouble and discouragement. A mere accident that happened at the Commons table one day deprived Mr. Prescott of the use of one eye, and this more than anything else tended to turn the attention of the youth more to the cultivation of his mind than he had previously done. A piece of bread, thrown without any malice or evil intention, changed the gay, happy, thoughtless student to a man. He has left a trace for those that come after him. It is but a few years since that a late President of this College closed a lecture on the best means of improving time in College with the most urgent appeal against contributing to a College Magazine. And yet this very individual, when a member of College, started the second magazine ever issued by the students, wrote the Introduction, and contributed both in prose and verse as long as he remained in College. As his life approached its close, as Death cast its shadow upon him, did his own words rush back to him, silently and with a ghost-like step:—

“There is a gently soothing voice that comes
And speaks in lowest whispers, of what was,
But is no more, in deeply moving converse.
For 't is the mild, yet solemn spirit from
The long gone days, and with its mournfulness
It calls a multitude of shadowy forms
Of what has filled the busy past, as if
Those scenes were conjured back to bright reality.”

Harvard Register, Sept., 1827.

As near as I can ascertain, there have been five distinct College Magazines started during the present century. A few years only has intervened between the departure from, and the entrance within, the gate of our Alma Mater of these periodicals; and I feel sure that a short account of each will prove interesting to every member of College.

The first attempt made in the way of a College Magazine was in the year 1810. It was styled the HARVARD LYCEUM, and was published at Cambridge, semi-monthly. The Hon. Edward Everett, then a member of College, was deeply interested in the project, and throughout its publication we find the marks of his eloquent and fluent pen. In the Introduction, written by Mr. Everett, dated Cambridge, July 14, 1810, it is stated that "the design of the paper is to comprehend every department of our academical studies, and such additional topics as attract the attention of every scholar. Among these the subject of American literature will receive our particular attention." This paper, as it was called, was edited by members of the Senior Class. The terms were three dollars per annum. The pen that was destined to charm thousands in a few years did not disdain to originate and contribute to a University Magazine. On every page that he wrote in that periodical we may trace unmistakable signs of genius and learning. A late writer, speaking of those very contributions, says, "In those already sonorous periods we hear the first faint peal of that eloquence which has since thundered in the skies of all nations." But when the sun went down to lighten other worlds, darkness followed; and the tablet he commenced to write upon found no one as yet to carry it on, and it was left to deck the library-shelves — a single volume — alone. On its title-page we find its own requiem, sung in the language of that touching English poet so aptly called the "anatomist of the human soul."

"And he is gone, and we are going all;
Like flowers we wither, and like leaves we fall."

The volume closes with an address to the public from the editors. This also was written by Mr. Everett. From jealousy, selfishness, and some other petty causes, much fault was found with "The Lyceum," and the tone of the closing address is sarcastic (deservedly so), touching, and sad. I cannot forbear quoting one paragraph. "This is the first paper that ever was attempted by the students of Harvard. If it is not the last, it shall not be for want of our admonition. The legacy which we leave to our collegiate posterity is our advice, that they enjoy all those exquisite pleasures which literary seclusion affords, but that they do not strive to communicate them to others. And we would tell them that the world without cares for nothing but politicks, and commerce, and news; that it is a money-making, quarrelsome world of Vandals; that it cannot understand their Latin nor their Greek, and that it thinks their English not worth reading; that it scorns their literature; and if it have any regard for their science, it is because it teaches to steer ships and print newspapers." The above was doubtless written under excitement, though every line shows a polish and finish, the possession of a well-balanced and progressive mind, somewhat rankled by the poisoned arrows of an enemy.

No attempt was made to resuscitate "The Lyceum"; but, in the year 1827, a new magazine was started under the title of the HARVARD REGISTER. It was edited by the Senior Class. It lived just one year to a day. Remembering to what an untimely death the former magazine came, the "Register" was commenced by its patrons in a somewhat pugnacious spirit. On the title-page we find the following line, at once pithy and expressive, —

"I *won't* philosophize, and *will* be read."

BYRON.

Beneath this a wood-cut, representing University Hall, as it used to be, with the long piazza in front, and the kitchen-yard in the rear. The "Register" was published at Cambridge.

The mere mention of some of its contributors would be sufficient confirmation of the assertion that it was conducted with marked ability and talent. Here we find traces of such minds as the late President Felton, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, C. C. Emerson, Robert Rantoul, George S. Hillard, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, and many other names of equal celebrity. The results of a youthful mind, it is true; but does not the child make the man? Cannot we, in some way or another, track the noble mind of maturity back to the footstep of the boy? Le Brun, in his childhood, drew with a piece of charcoal on the walls of his father's house. Pope, ere he had reached his teens, had revelled in the fairy picture-galleries of Spenser. Dryden points out the three steps of progress, and was himself an example of his own theory, —

“What the child *admired*,
The youth endeavored, and the man acquired.”

The “genial rays” of Mr. Felton’s “pleasant disposition and his hearty good-will” are seen on almost every page. His poetical contributions are tinged with the color of the poets he loved; and his prose pieces exhibit a diversity, full of life, and breathing a spirit of truth and simplicity. An article from his pen, like the “Vacation,” can be fully appreciated when we remember that in term time he rose before daylight, to spend an extra hour with some favorite from Helicon.

The concluding address of the editors in the “Register,” written by the same pen that in after years gave to the world those charming volumes, “Six Months in Italy,” closes somewhat as its predecessor did, more than a dozen years before. “The opposition from without has been too insignificant to be mentioned. . . . We part from the public neither in sorrow nor in anger. We do not feel the proud satisfaction of unappreciated merit, nor do we expect that posterity will do us the justice which our contemporaries deny. So limited has been the circulation of our journal, and so noiseless the

tenor of its way, that we are equally strangers to the pains and pleasures of authorship; our sensibility has not been wounded by neglect, nor our temper roused by opposition, as falls to the lot of more distinguished literary men. Our work will straightway be quietly laid on the shelf to sleep with its fathers, and will soon pass out of the memory of men, and the productions of our unmellowed youth shall not rise up in judgment against us to blast the reputation of our riper years." The contributors to the "Register," as those to the "Lyceum," forgot the past, saw not the future, and for the time lived only in the present. I cannot leave this passing notice of the "Harvard Register" without quoting from its pages a few lines from the pen of a well-known clergyman in a neighboring town:—

"Trust not thy fate to stranger hands!
Nor hope to see with others' eyes;
But steer thyself through rock and sands;
And still, though tempests round thee rise,
Though breakers roar and seas o'erwhelm,
Keep thine own hand upon the helm!

"Then shalt thou hail the wished-for port,
And pluck the laurel-wreath of fame;
And though thy triumph here be short,
Ages shall glorify thy name:
Who would not toil, endure, and bleed
To win or die for such a meed?"

Harvard Register, Nov., 1827.

Next in order comes the short, but pithy volume of the "Collegian." This periodical was published for six months, commencing February, 1830. Throughout its pages, from beginning to end, we see the marks of

"A fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy."

Almost every leaf we turn, a merry jest greets the eye; in truth, the volume may be called a joke, a simon-pure Holmes pun. Here it was that the inimitable Doctor first betrayed his weakness, and time has shown what a *strong weakness*

that was. The future "Autocrat" wrote under the signature of Geoffrey la Touche. In this collegiate cradle his Alma Mater rocked her pet. Here we find many of those verses which have since become so familiar, cut from the corners of newspapers, or the "Blue and Gold" edition of the author's "Poems." The "Giant of Milton Hill" made his first bow on these pages; and the "Pudding-Stone" gained a name that will render it immortal in New England History.

"But whether the story's false or not,
It is n't for me to show;
There's many a thing that's twice as queer
In somebody's lectures that you hear,
And those are true, you know."

Collegian, April, 1830.

His "Vacation Strollings" show that he spent his time away from College in a useful manner. In the July number of this volume we find "The Height of the Ridiculous," so aptly called the "button-bursting verses":—

"They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die,
Albeit in the general way
A sober man am I."

To his servant:—

" 'These to the printer,' I exclaimed;
And in a humorous way
I added,—for I love a joke,—
 'There'll be the devil to pay.'

"He laughed,—your footmen always laugh
When masters make a pun;
And well he might, I've tried enough,
And never made but one."*

The servant peeps within:—

"He read the next, the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;

* This stanza is omitted in the later edition of his poems.

He read the third, a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

"The fourth, he broke into a roar;
The fifth, his waistband split;
The sixth, he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit."

It was in the pages of the "Collegian" that "The Mysterious Visitor" made his unexpected entrance into the chapel at prayer time, then to Commons Hall, where

"A whisper trembled through the crowd,
Who could the stranger be?
And some were silent, for they thought
A cannibal was he."

Collegian, June, 1830.

"The Spectre Pig," "The Cannibal," "To a Caged Lion," and, in truth, all his best earlier poems graced the pages of the College periodical before given to the outside world in a separate volume. In the July number we find the curtain falls, and the comedy of the "Collegian" is brought to a close. "Geoffrey" displays therein his best wit; and prior to the "Tail-Piece," we find the well-known lines addressed to "Evening": —

"Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!"

In the same number, in a prose contribution, we learn from the same pen, "that the 'Collegian' went shiningly on its course in the literary system, though not exactly like a star, but rather as a comet; assimilating itself to the latter in three particulars; namely, first, in its course being short and brilliant; secondly, in its orbit being very eccentric; and, thirdly, in its having a tail, which, instead of going taperingly off, grows larger and larger towards its end; thus paying, in his last clause, a compliment to our friend of the 'Runaway Ballads,' in identifying him in his metaphor with the tail of the afore-mentioned comet."

The "Collegian" comet takes leave of us in an appropriate "tail-piece," the author of which continued to tell similar tales, until now his name is a by-word in the homes of all lovers of wit and humor.

"Peace with you all! — the summer sun will rise
Not less resplendent that we are no more,
The evening stars will gird the arching skies,
The winds will murmur and the waters roar; —
One faded ray is lost to mortal eyes,
One wave is broken on the silent shore, —
One whisper rises from the weeping spray, —
Farewell, dear readers — and be sure to pay."

Collegian, July, 1830.

The last sigh of the "Collegian" had hardly left these halls sacred to the Muses, when Alma Mater gave birth to a new aspirant for fame, — the "Harvardiana." The first number was issued in September of the year 1834. The cover was embellished with an engraving of University Hall, as it then appeared, beneath which was the appropriate classical motto: —

"Juvenis tentat Achillei flectere arcum."

On the title-page a new motto was adopted each succeeding year. The title-page of the first volume of the Harvardiana bore the following quotation from Horace: —

"Fungar vice cotis acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsæ secandi."

On the title-page of the fourth volume of the same we find: —

"Cui bono?"

If thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge. — IZAAK WALTON."

The "Harvardiana" was published for four years, and then sank quietly to rest on the shelf by the side of its predecessors. The names of Weiss, Hale, Ware, and Lowell are among the list of contributors. Jones Very here commenced printing those sweet sonnets so greatly and justly admired

by the lovers of American poetry. I cannot refrain from quoting a few lines that occur in a sonnet to a river, by the above author.

“ Now through thy lonely haunts unseen to glide, —
A motion that scarce knows itself from rest, —
With pictured flowers and branches in its tide,
Then by the noisy city's frowning wall,
Whose armed heights within its waters gleam,
To rush with answering voice to ocean's call
And mingle with the deep its swollen stream,
Whose boundless bosom's calm alone can hold
That heaven of glory in thy skies unrolled.”

But, like its predecessors, the “ Harvardiana ” was doomed to be short-lived, and July, 1888, closed the fourth and last volume.

In December, 1854, the first number of the present Magazine — the Harvard — appeared. The fact that it has lived through so many years speaks largely in its favor, and I doubt not but that in a score of years we may find some of its contributors as distinguished as those of the other periodicals mentioned above. There is no denying the fact, that the ready man is he who has written much and thought deep. It is practice that makes perfect, and success in writing depends far more than we are apt to think on long-continued exertion and constant trial.

ROLL OF HONOR.

A * opposite the name denotes those who have fallen.

A † opposite the name denotes those who are not now in the army.

Class of 1825.

Charles Henry Davis, acting Rear-Admiral.

1827.

Richard Jeffry Cleveland, Ill. —

1828.

Charles Babbidge, Chaplain Mass. 6th.

1829.

Charles Storer Storrow, 4th Battery U. S. A.

1833.

William Mack, Surgeon, by special detail.

*Fletcher Webster, Col. Mass. 12th; (Cedar Mountain, Aug. 30, 1862.)

1834.

Joseph Sargent, Surgeon, by special detail.

1836.

Samuel Cabot, Surgeon, by special detail.

1838.

Charles Devens, Brigadier-General.

Henry Lawrence Eustis, Brigadier-General.

1840.

Henry Bryant, Brigade Surgeon.

Joseph McKean Churchill, LL.B., Capt. Mass. 45th.

Samuel Kneeland, Surgeon Mass. 45th.

Joseph Otis Williams, Capt. Vet. Reserve Corps.

1841.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Col. S. C. 2d. ●

1842.

George Henry Gay, Surgeon, by special detail.

John Farwell Moors, Chaplain 52d Mass.

*William Logan Rodman, Maj. Mass. 38th; (Port Hudson, May 27, 1863.)

1843.

*Arthur Buckminster Fuller; (Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862.)

John William Kingman, Col. 15th N. H.

Francis L. Lee, Col. Mass. 44th.

Luther Parks, Surgeon Mass. — Battery.

Horace Binney Sargent, Col. Mass. 1st Cavalry.

Francis Charles Williams, Chaplain Vt. —.

1844.

Charles William Dabney, Maj. Mass. 44th.

John Call Dalton, Asst. Surgeon N. Y. 7th.

Edward Augustus Wild, Brigadier-General.

1845.

Henry Belknap, Lieut. Mass. — Battery.

Samuel Franklin Coues, Surgeon U. S. N.

Charles William Folsom, Q. M. Mass. 20th.

Manning Ferguson Force, Lieut.-Col. Ohio —.

William Otis Johnson, Surgeon, by special detail.

Peter Augustus Porter, Col. N. Y. —.

1846.

Calvin Eliot, M. D., Surgeon Sanitary Hospital.

Calvin Ellis, Surgeon.

Charles Dudley Homans, Surgeon, by special detail.

*Ezra Ripley, Lieut. Mass. 29th; (Helena, July 28th, 1863.)

Montgomery Ritchie, Aid-de-camp to General Reno.

Thomas R. Rodman, Capt. Mass. 38th.

John Stearns, Surgeon, by special detail.

1847.

Chester Harding, Jr., Adj.-Gen., Missouri.

Richard Manning Hodges, Jr., Surgeon, by special detail.

James Woodruff Savage (Gen. Frémont's staff).

1848.

Francis Porter Fisher, Private, Illinois —.

*George Franklin Goodrich, Private, 21st Iowa; (Vicksburg, June 4, 1863.)

Charles Greely Loring, Jr., Lieut.-Col. on Gen. Burnside's staff.

Lucius Manlius Sargent, Jr., Capt. 1st Mass. Cavalry.

*William Oliver Stevens, Col. N. Y. 3d; (Chancellorsville, May 5, 1863.)

George Peabody Tillman, Capt. N. Y. 30th.

1849.

Caleb Agry Curtis, Acting Master U. S. N.

James Durell Green, Jr., Lieut.-Col. 17th Infantry U. S. A.

*Everett Peabody, Col. Mo. 25th; (Pittsburg Landing.)

1850.

Charles Carroll Bombaugh, Surgeon Penn. —.

R. C. N. Bowles, Commissary, Boston.

William Lathrop Burt, A. A. G., Mass. —.

James Morris Chase, Capt. N. H. 7th.

Warren Handel Cudworth, Chaplain Mass. 1st.

Nathan Hayward, Surgeon Mass. 20th.

*Charles Archibald Robertson, Surgeon N. Y. —.

Joel Seaverns, Surgeon, at Fort Independence, Boston.

Joseph Henry Thayer, Chaplain Mass. 40th.

1851.

Robert Morris Copeland, Major (General Banks's staff).

Herbert Pelham Curtis, Lieut. and Adj. Mass. 1st Cavalry.

Samuel Abbott Green, Surgeon Mass. 24th.

Edward Henry Hall, Chaplain Mass. 44th.

Anson Parker Hooker, Surgeon Mass. 26th.

Francis William Winthrop Palfrey, Col. Mass. 20th.

*William Dwight Sedgwick, Major; (Gen. Sedgwick's staff; Antietam, Sept. 30, 1862.)

1852.

Edward King Buttrick, Lieut. Wis. —.

Charles Taylor Canfield, Chaplain Mass. 36th.

*Samuel Foster Haven, Surgeon Mass. 15th; (Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862.)

George Edward Head, Capt. U. S. A.

Samuel Hutchins Hurd, Surgeon Mass. 5th.

Calvin Gates Page, Surgeon Mass. 39th.

Josiah Porter, Capt. Mass. 1st Battery.

Samuel Miller Quincy, Col. Mass. 2d.

*Paul Joseph Revere, Col. Mass. 20th; (Gettysburg, July 5, 1863.)

Charles Ellery Stedman, Asst. Surgeon U. S. N.

*Robert Ware, Sanitary Board; (Washington, N. C., Apr. 10, 1863.)

†Andrew Washburn, Maj. 1st Mass. Heavy Artillery.

*Sidney Willard, Maj. Mass. 35th; (Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862.)

1853.

*Wilder Dwight, Lieut.-Col. Mass. 2d; (Sept. 19, 1862.)

†John Erving, Private, N. Y. 7th.

†William Ware Hall, Lieut. 5th R. I. Battery.

Charles Frederic Livermore, Jr., Lieut. 1st Mass. Heavy Artillery (Boston Harbor).

Charles Jackson Paine, Capt. Mass. 22d.

John Carver Palfrey, U. S. A.

Charles Coolidge Pomeroy, Capt. 11th Infantry U. S. A.

Horatio Oscar Whittemore, Major Mass. 30th.

1854.

John Worthington Ames, Col. —.

†Francis Winthrop Bigelow, Sergeant Mass. 13th.

Henry Van Brunt, Secretary to Flag Officer of Burnside's Expedition.
Hall Curtis, Surgeon 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery.
Frederic William Dorr, U. S. Coast Survey and U. S. Engineer Corps.
*Richard Chapman Goodwin, Capt. Mass. 2d; (Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.)
Edward Daniel Hayden, Asst. Paymaster U. S. N.
Benjamin Joy Jeffries, Asst. Surgeon U. S. A. (Boston.)
Thomas Jackson Lothrop, Q. M. Mass. 4th.
Charles Russell Lowell, Col. 2d Mass. Cavalry.
*William Cushing Paine, Engineer Corps.
William James Potter, Hospital Chaplain.
*James Savage, Lieut.-Col. Mass. 2d; (Cedar Mountain, Oct. 22, 1862.)
Foster Swift, Surgeon N. Y. 8th.
William Thorndike, Asst. Surgeon Mass. 34th.
†Payson Elliot Tucker, 2d Lieut. Mass. 16th.

1855.

Francis Channing Barlow, Brigadier-General.
Channing Clapp, A. A. G. U. S. V.
Thomas William Clarke, A. A. G. on Gen. Ferrera's Staff.
Edward Barry Dalton, Surgeon N. Y. 32d.
James Arthur Emmerton, Asst. Surgeon Mass. 23d.
John Green, Surgeon, by special detail.
Joseph Hayes, Col. Mass. 18th.
*George Foster Hodges, Adj. Mass. 18th.
†James Kendall Hosmer, Chaplain Mass. 52d.
Samuel Crocker Lawrence, Col. Mass. 5th.
Theodore Lyman, A. A. G. on Maj.-Gen. Meade's staff.
William Quincy Riddle, Corporal N. Y. 7th.
Antony Ruppanner, Surgeon Mass. 13th.
Henry Walker, Col. Mass. 4th.
Henry Fitz Gilbert Waters, Capt. Mass. 23d.

1856.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., Capt. 1st Mass. Cavalry.
George Blagden, Major 2d Mass. Cavalry.
Charles Brooks Brown, Mass. —.
Jonathan Chapman, Act. Asst. Paymaster U. S. N.
Edward Francis Daland, Capt. Mass. 45th.
John Forrester Devereux, Col. Mass. 19th.
Edward Swift Dunster, Surgeon, N. Y.
Edward Thornton Fisher, Lieut. N. Y. 13th.
Martin Van Buren Harding, Capt. Penn. —.
Roland Minturn Hill, 8d N. Y. Cavalry.

John William Hudson, Lieut. Mass. 35th.

Thomas Kinnicut, Lieut. Mass. 15th.

William Powell Mason, Capt. on Gen. McClellan's staff.

Joseph Waite Merriam, Asst. Surgeon, Mass. 18th.

*Stephen George Perkins, Lieut. Mass. 2d; (Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.)

1857.

Francis Henry Brown, Hospital Surgeon at Washington.

Joseph Horace Clark, 1st Lieut. —.

*Howard Dwight, Capt. on Gen. Andrew's Staff; (Courtabeau, La., May 7, 1863.)

Ezra Dyer, Asst. Surgeon U. S. A.

Aron Estey Fisher, Lieut. and Aide on Gen. Sedlie's staff.

Horace Newton Fisher, Lieut.-Col. —, and Inspector-General.

Franklin Haven, Capt. on Gen. McDowell's staff.

James Jackson Higginson, 1st Lieut. 1st Mass. Cavalry.

Thorndike Deland Hodges, Capt. 1st N. C.

Jacob Farnum Holt, Hospital Surgeon at Philadelphia.

Charles Paine Horton, Capt. on Gen. Heintzelman's staff.

Patrick Aloysius O'Connell, Medical Director 9th Army Corps.

*James Amory Perkins, 1st Lieut. Mass. 24th; (Fort Wagner, Aug. 26, 1863.)

George Searle, Instructor Naval Academy at Newport.

Joseph Lewis Stackpole, Major and Judge Advocate at Fortress Monroe.

James Starr, Major —.

Charles Folsom Walcott, Capt. Mass. 21st.

Henry Coit Welles, Capt. Mass. 30th.

*George Whitemore, Private Saunders's Sharpshooters; (Antietam.)

*Allen Whitman, Private N. Y. 17th National Guard.

Josiah Newell Willard, Surgeon Mass. 14th.

1858.

Nicholas Longworth Anderson, Col. Ohio 6th.

John Otis Burt, Asst. Surgeon U. S. N.

Louis Cabot, Major Mass. 4th Cavalry.

John Edward Cobb, Act. Asst. Surgeon U. S. V. N.

Benjamin William Crowninshield, Capt. Mass. 1st Cavalry.

Robert Thaxter Edes, Asst. Surgeon U. S. N.

*Samuel Henry Eells, Asst. Surgeon Mich. 12th; (Feb. 1, 1864.)

Charles Fairchild, Asst. Paymaster U. S. N.

George Ebenezer Francis, Act. Asst. Surgeon U. S. V. N.

Alfred Stedman Hartwell, Col. Mass. 55th.

Alfred Houston Haven, Surgeon, under contract.

- Marcus Morton Hawes, Quartermaster Mass. 2d.
 John Homans, Jr., Asst. Surgeon U. S. A.
 *James Jackson Lowell, Lieut. Mass. 20th; (Malvern Hill, July 6, 1862.)
 *Edward Bromfield Mason, Lieut. Mass. 2d Cavalry; (Sept. 14, 1863.)
 William Frederick Milton, Capt. Mass. 20th.
 John Dole Myrick, Capt. Maine 1st Cavalry.
 Frederick Malcolm Norcross, Capt. and Asst. Q. M. Mass. 30th.
 John Buttrick Noyes, Lieut. Mass. 28th.
 John Gray Park, Act. Asst. Surgeon U. S. V. N.
 Henry Lyman Patten, Capt. Mass. 20th.
 Daniel Chamberlain Payne, Lieut. Corps d'Afrique and Aide-de-camp.
 George Edward Pond, 1st Lieut. Mass. 45th.
 *Henry Augustus Richardson, Act. Asst. Surgeon U. S. V. N.; (July 1, 1863.)
 *Thomas Jefferson Spurr, Lieut. Mass. 15th; (Antietam, Sept. 27, 1862.)
 James Danforth Thurber, Capt. Mass. 55th.
 James Percival Townsend, Private Mass. 39th.
 James Edward Vickery, Seaman U. S. N.

1859.

- Pelham Warren Ames, A. A. Paymaster U. S. N.
 Francis Vergnies Balch, Private Mass. 20th.
 William Barney, 1st Lieut. Dodge's N. Y. Cavalry.
 *George Wellington Batchelder, Capt. 19th Mass.; (Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.)
 *Henry May Bond, Adj. 20th Mass.; (Wilderness, May —, 1864.)
 William Sturgis Bond, 1st Lieut. Mass. 45th.
 Charles Chauncey, Capt. 2nd Penn. Cavalry.
 Clinton Albert Cilley, Capt. — Minnesota.
 Edward Curtis, Asst. Surgeon U. S. A.
 Heyward Cutting, Capt. 4th U. S. Inf.
 Henry T. Duncan, Lieut.-Col. — Kentucky.
 Henry Martyn Field, Act. Asst. Surgeon U. S. A.
 George Franklin French, Act. Surgeon U. S. A.
 John Chipman Gray, on Gen. Gordon's staff.
 Frederic Sears Grand d'Hauteville, Asst. Adj. to Brig.-Gen. Crawford.
 David Hyslop Hayden, Asst. Surgeon U. S. N.
 Edward William Hooper, Maj.-Gen. Saxton's staff.
 *Francis Custis Hopkinson, Private Mass. 44th; (Newbern, Feb. 13, 1863.)
 Henry Parker Hoppin, 1st Lieut. Mass. 14th.
 *Henry Jackson How, Major Mass. 19th; (James River, July 1, 1862.)
 George Lawrence, Paymaster U. S. A.
 Francis William Loring, Aide to Gen. Williams.

Ellis Loring Motte, 1st Lieut. 13th Mass. Battery.

Horatio Paine, Assistant Surgeon U. S. A.

*Mason Archelaus Rea, Lieut. Mass. —; (near Spottsylvania C. H., May —, 1864.)

James Andrew Sawtell.

James Schouler, 2d Lieut. Mass. 43d.

*Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff, Capt. Mass. 12th; (Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.)

Albert Stickney, Lieut.-Col. 47th Mass.

William Brandt Storer, Adj. on Gen. Devens's staff.

Francis Henry Swan, A. A. Paymaster U. S. N.

William Willard Swan, Capt. 17th U. S. Inf.

*Strong Vincent, Brig.-Gen.; (Gettysburg, July 5, 1863.)

Henshaw Bates Walley, Quartermaster in Army of South West.

Charles Joyce White, Instructor U. S. Naval Academy.

1860.

*Edwin Gardner Abbott, Capt. Mass. 2d; (Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.)

*Henry Livermore Abbott, Maj. Mass. 20th; (May 8, 1864.)

†George Everett Adams, Illinois —.

Henry Austin Clapp, Private Mass. 44th.

William Ellery Copeland, Private Mass. 44th.

Caspar Crowninshield, Lieut.-Col. 2d Mass. Cavalry.

†Julius Dexter, 1st Lieut. 106th Ohio.

Stephen William Driver, Asst. Surgeon U. S. A.

Edward Franklin Everett, 2d Lieut. 2d Mass. Artillery.

William Channing Gannett, Teacher to Contrabands at Port Royal.

Horace John Hayden, 1st Lieut. 3d U. S. Artillery.

Horatio Deming Jarvis, Major 56th Mass.

Edward Crosby Johnson, Adjutant Mass. 44th.

Arthur May Knapp, Private Mass. 44th.

Charles Alfred Humphreys, Chaplain 2d Mass. Cavalry.

Charles James Mills, Adj. Mass. 56th.

*Charles Redington Mudge, Lieut.-Col. 2d; (Gettysburg.)

Charles Alexander Nelson, Asst. Surgeon U. S. A.

Edgar Marshall Newcomb, 2d Lieut. Mass. 19th.

Franklin Nickerson, Asst. Surgeon U. S. A.

George Sterne Osborne, Surgeon 2d Mass. Cavalry.

Hersey Goodwin Palfrey, Private Mass. 18th.

Charles Chauncy Parsons, Capt. 4th Mass. Cavalry.

William Edward Perkins, 1st Lieut. 2d Mass.

Charles Appleton Phillips, Capt. Mass. 2d.

*William Matticks Rogers, Serg.-Major Mass. 18th; (Halls Hill, Va.)

Henry Sturgis Russell, Col. 5th Mass. Cavalry.
 Henry Bruce Scott, Aide to Gen. Gordon.
 Thomas Sherwin, Lieut.-Col. Mass. 22d.
 Joseph Shippen, Asst. Quartermaster, Fortress Monroe.
 Henry George Spaulding, U. S. Sanitary Commission.
 Charles Walter Swan, Asst. Surgeon U. S. N.
 Lewis William Tappan, 1st. Lieut. Mass. 45th.
 Oliver Fairfield Wadsworth, U. S. Sanitary Commission.
 James Bryant Walker, Asst. Adj.-Gen. to Gen. Force.
 †Emory Washburn, Jr., Aide to Gen. Devens.
 Samuel G. Webber, Asst. Surgeon U. S. N.
 *George Weston, Lieut. Mass. 18th.
 George Gill Wheelock, U. S. Sanitary Commission.
 †Frank Minot Weld, Asst. Surgeon U. S. N.
 Stephen Minot Weld, Lieut.-Col. 56th Mass.
 John Corlies White, Adj. 1st N. Y. Cavalry.
 Charles Albert Whittier, Aide to Gen. Sedgwick.
 William Converse Wood, Sergeant 11th N. H.
 Calvin Milton Woodward, Capt. 48th Mass.
 Robert Willard, Asst. Surgeon, U. S. N.

The following did not graduate, but belonged to the Class : —

Nathaniel Saltonstall Barstow, 2d Lieut. Mass. 24th.
 Henry Ware Hall, Lieut. Illinois —.
 Isaac Hills Hazelton, Asst. Surgeon U. S. N.
 George Brown Perry, 1st Lieut. Mass. 20th.
 *Warren Dalton Russell, 1st Lieut. 18th Mass. ; (Antietam.)
 James Pierce Stearns, 1st. Lieut. 22d Mass.
 *Robert Gould Shaw, Col. 54th Mass. ; (Fort Wagner.)
 Henry Winsor, 1st Lieut. Penn. Cavalry.
 Edmund Winchester Whittemore, Boatswain's Mate U. S. N.

1861.

*Pardon Almy, Jr., 2d Lieut. Mass. 18th ; (near Richmond, June 30, 1862.)
 *Leonard Case Alden, 2d Lieut. Mass. 55th ; (Oct. 8, 1863.)
 John Bigelow, Capt. 9th Mass. Battery.
 *Allen Foster Boone, Private Mass. 44th.
 Henry Pickering Bowditch, Capt. 1st Cavalry.
 John Lincoln Bullard, Capt. and Commissary.
 George Burroughs, 2d Lieut. U. S. Engineers.
 John Doggett Cobb, Sergt. Mass. 35th.
 Lewis Stackpole Dabney, Capt. 2d Cavalry.
 *Arthur Dehon, 1st Lieut. Mass. 12th ; (Fredericksburg.)

*Henry Jonas Doolittle, Capt. and Aide-de-Camp; (Aug. 10, 1862.)

*Stephen Goodhue Emerson, Private 1st Mass.

Henry Weld Farrar, Capt. and Aide-de-Camp.

*John G. Fenton, Sergt. 9th Mass. Battery.

Joseph Emery Fiske, Capt. 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery.

William Hathaway Forbes, Major 2d Cavalry.

*William Yates Gholson, Capt. Ohio 106th; (Dec. 13, 1861.)

Daniel Dudley Gilbert, Asst Surgeon U. S. N.

Ezra Palmer Gould, Capt. Mass. 59th.

James Reeve Gould, Capt. and Aide-de-camp.

Frank Warren Hackett, Asst. Paymaster, U. S. N.

Norwood Penrose Hallowell, Col. Mass. 55th.

Frank Hastings Hamilton, Lieut. —.

Alpheus Holmes Hardy, 1st Lieut. Mass. 45th.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., Lieut.-Col. Mass. 20th.

O. Cleaveland Houghton, Adj. N. Y. 28th.

Alfred Perry Johnson, Private Co. F. 44th Mass.

Charles Duncan Lamb, 2d Lieut. 2d Heavy Artillery.

*Thomas Joseph Leavitt, Sergt. Major. 6th Iowa Cavalry.

David Francis Lincoln, Asst. Surgeon U. S. N.

James Randlett May, Medical Cadet.

George Hart Mumford, 1st Lieut. N. Y. 108th.

*Samuel Dunn Phillips, Teacher of Blacks; (Dec. 3, 1862.)

James Holton Rice, Capt. 1st Invalid Corps.

John Ritchie, 1st Lieut. and Q. M. Mass. 54th.

*Thomas Rodman Robeson, Capt. Mass. 2d.

De Forrest Safford, Private Co. F. Mass. 44th.

Wesley Caleb Sawyer, Capt. Mass. 23d.

Hiram Smith Shurtleff, 1st Lieut. Mass. 56th.

Herbert Sleeper, Private Mass. 44th.

William Franklin Snow, Chaplain Mass. 5th.

James Kent Stone, 2d Lieut. Mass. 2d.

Charles Storrow, Capt. Co. F. Mass. 44th.

Sidney Warren Thaxter, Major 2d. Maine Cavalry.

Edward Wigglesworth, Jr., Hospital Steward Mass. 45th.

George E. Works, Private.

James Edward Wright, Private Co. F. Mass. 44th.

1862.

William Francis Bartlett, Brig.-Gen.

Edward Carson Bowman, Act. Asst. Paymaster U. S. N.

*Joseph Perrin Burrage, Lieut. Mass. 33d; (October, 1863.)

Augustus Crocker, A. A. A. G. on Gen. Ingraham's staff.

- Charles Trowbridge Dwight, 1st Lieut. on Gen. Dwight's staff.
- †Albert William Edmands, Orderly Sergeant Mass. 44th.
- †Edward Eli Ensign, Corporal Mass. 49th.
- Oswald Herbert Ernst, Cadet, West Point Military Academy.
- George Alfred Fiske, 1st Lieut. on Gen. Andrews's staff.
- George Albert Fletcher, 2d Lieut. Mass. 56th.
- James Ingersoll Grafton, Capt. Mass. 2d.
- Charles Ezra Greene, Post Q. M. Department at Readville.
- *Samuel Cushman Haven, 1st Lieut. N. Y. 162d; (Baton Rouge, June 14, 1863.)
- †William Hedge, 1st Lieut. Mass. 44th.
- †Charles Edward Hickling, Sergt. Mass. 45th.
- John Hodges, Lieut.-Col. Mass. 50th.
- Henry Shippen Huidekoper, Lieut.-Col. 150th Penn.
- †Frederic Wolters Huidekoper, Capt. Penn. —.
- Herbert Cowpland Mason, Capt. Mass. 20th.
- *Benjamin Crowninshield Mifflin, Adj. Mass. 49th.
- Arthur Courtland Parker, Lieut. on Gen. Meade's staff.
- George Eaton Priest, Quartermaster Mass. 57th.
- John Read, Paymaster U. S. N.
- Arthur Reed, Quartermaster Sergeant Mass. 45th.
- Henry Munroe Rogers, Asst. Paymaster U. S. N.
- *Henry Ropes, Capt. Mass. 20th; (Gettysburg, July 2, 1862.)
- Charles Sprague Sargent, 1st Lieut. on Gen. Banks's staff.
- Arthur Sibley, Asst. Paymaster U. S. N.
- Charles Carroll Soule, Capt. Mass. 33d.
- Charles Brigham Stoddard, Quartermaster 8d Mass. Cavalry.
- Goodwin Atkins Stone, A. A. A. G. on Gen. Lowell's staff.
- *William James Temple, Capt. U. S. A. (Chancellorsville.)
- Benjamin Holt Ticknor, Capt. 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery.
- *John Henry Tucker, Private Mass. 38th; (Port Hudson, May 27, 1863.)
- John Langdon Ward, Major on Gen. Andrews's staff.
- Charles Pickard Ware, at Port Royal.

1863.

- John Allyn, Private Mass. 47th.
- Charles Walter Amory, Lieut. 2d Mass. Cavalry.
- Nathan Appleton, Lieut. 5th Mass. Battery.
- †Charles Hazlett Bagley, Private Penn. 58th.
- †Andrew Jackson Bailey, Private Mass. 5th.
- *Augustus Barker, Capt. 5th N. Y. Cavalry; (shot by guerillas Sept. 18, 1863.)
- Marshall William Blake, Asst. Paymaster U. S. N.

Charles Pickering Bowditch, Capt. 5th Mass. Cavalry.

Frederic Brooks, Sanitary Commission.

*Henry French Brown, Private N. H. 2d ; (died of fever, 1863.)

Winthrop Perkins Boynton, 2d Lieut. Mass. 5th.

Haswell Cordis Clarke, Capt. on Maj.-Gen. Butler's staff.

William Dwight Crane, Capt. Mass. 55th.

*Horace Sargent Dunn, 2d Lieut. Mass. 22d ; (May 22, 1862.)

Henderson Josiah Edwards, Lieut. U. S. C. S.

Charles Emerson, 2d Lieut. N. Y. 174th.

Benj. Thompson Frothingham, Capt. on Gen. Gillmore's staff.

†Charles Elliot Furness, Private Penn. Militia.

†Arthur Frederic Gould, Private Mass. 44th.

*Samuel Shelton Gould, Private Mass. 18th ; (Antietam.)

†Thomas Robinson Harris, Private Mass. 44th.

John Tyler Hassam, Lieut. U. S. C. S.

†Albert Chevalier Haseltine, Private Penn. Battery.

Charles M. Heaton, Lieut. U. S. C. S.

Francis Lee Higginson, Capt. 5th Mass. Cavalry.

Samuel Storrow Higginson, Chaplain U. S. C. S.

†William Furness Jenks, Private Penn. Militia.

†William Frederic Jones, Private Mass. 44th.

†George Seneca Jones, Private Mass. 4th.

†William Henry Lathrop, Private Mass. 44th.

Adolphus Maximilian Levé, Private Mass. 38th.

†Josiah Stickney Lombard, Medical Cadet.

Elias Hutchins Marston, Sergeant N. H. 5th.

†Thomas Bellows Peck, Sanitary Commission.

†Albert Kintzing Post, 2d Lieut. Mass. 45th.

*Gorham Phillips Stephens, Lieut. N. Y. 1st ; (Harrison's Landing, Aug. 22, 1862.)

Edward Lewis Stevens, Lieut. Mass. 54th.

John L. Graham Strong, on Gunboat Ino.

Robert Newlin Verplanck, Lieut. 6th U. S. C. S.

†Benjamin Read Wales, Private Mass. 45th.

†Edmund Augustus Ward, Lieut. U. S. A.

†John Collins Warren, Medical Cadet.

Moses Dillon Wheeler, Sergeant-Major Ohio 122d.

Edmund Souder Wheeler, Asst. Paymaster U. S. N.

1864.

*Edward Stanley Abbot, 1st Lieut. 17th Reg. ; (Gettysburg.)

†Edward Richmond Blanchard, Private Mass. 44th.

*Fitzhugh Birney, Asst. Adjt. Gen. and Maj.

- *Edward Chapin, Sergeant Mass. 15th; (Gettysburg.)
- †Edward Russell Cogswell, Corporal Mass. 44th.
- Francis Welch Crowninshield, Capt. Mass. 2d.
- Nathan Cutler, Major 2d Me. Cavalry.
- Chancey Child Dean, 1st Lieut. Mass. 30th.
- †Jonathan Dorr, Private Mass. 44th.
- †James Henry Elliot, Private Mass. 44th.
- †John Loring Eldridge, Private Mass. 44th.
- Charles William Fox, Private Mass. 44th.
- Charles Francis, Private Mass. 44th.
- Perley Morse Griffin, Private N. Y. 6th Battery.
- †Charles Willard Hagar, Private Mass. 44th.
- †Walter Whitney Hammond, Ord. Sergeant Mass. 47th.
- Horace Binney Hare, Penn. — Battery.
- *James Neville Hedges, Colonel's Clerk Ohio —; (Vicksburg.)
- †Almon Danforth Hodges, Private Mass. 44th.
- Franklin Theodore Howe, Private Mass. 39th.
- †Edward Robbins Howe, Corporal Mass. 44th.
- †Herman John Huidekoper, Penn. Militia.
- Frank Knight, Sergeant Kansas 2d Cavalry.
- William Roscoe Livermore, Cadet at West Point.
- †Richard Jones Meconkey, Penn. Battery.
- John Owen, 1st Lieut. U. S. C. S.
- †Henry Ainsworth Parker, Private Mass. 44th.
- †Henry Robinson Stanfield, Private Mass. 44th.
- Francis Dana Stedman, Act. Asst. Engineer U. S. N.
- †Samuel Storrow, Corporal Mass. 44th.
- Hazard Stevens, A. A. G.
- *Anson Grandcelo Thurston, Private Mass. 6th; (Blackwater River.)
- †Frank Wells, Sergeant Mass. 45th.

1865.

- John Wilkins Carter, U. S. 11th Infantry.
- George Albert Fisher, 2d Lieut. 5th Mass. Cavalry.
- †Cleveland Foote, Corporal Mass. 46th.
- Patrick Tracy Jackson, 1st Lieut. 5th Mass. Cavalry.
- †Lebbeus Horatio Mitchell, Lieut. of Engineers U. S. A.
- *Sumner Paine, 2d Lieut. Mass. 20th; (Gettysburg.)
- Robert Ralston Newell, 1st Lieut. Mass. 54th.
- †James Swift Rogers, Capt. S. C. 1st.
- Horace Clapp Rodgers, Private Mass. 39th.
- *Cabot Jackson Russell, Capt. Mass. 54th; (Fort Wagner.)
- George Briggs Russell, Capt. Mass. 38th.

Frederic Sparrell, Private Mass. Cavalry.

†Edward Tufts Williams, Private Mass. 45th.

James Harvey Withington, Adjt. 32d Regulars.

1866.

Theodore Francis Wright, 1st Lieut. U. S. A.

William Story Sargent, Sergeant Mass. 59th.

1867.

Charles Louis Holstein, Major on staff.

COLLEGE RECORD.

THE REGATTAS.

THE boating excitement that has for some time been so rife among us, culminated on Saturday and Monday, the 11th and 13th of June, on which days came off the "Harvard Regatta," the first of a series of races designed to take place annually between all the College boats, except the Harvard, that choose to enter. The regular regatta took place on Saturday, the 11th, but was repeated on the following Monday, as one of the crews, whose boat was swamped in the race of Saturday, claimed their right, under the rules of the Regatta, to challenge the two winning crews to a second contest.

There were four boats, all six-oared, entered for the race; namely, the "'66" and "'67," two new shells built by McKay, and manned by the class-crews of the Sophomores and Freshmen; the "Old Harvard," manned by the second Sophomore crew, and the lapstreak "Enone," manned by the second Freshman crew. The following are the names and uniforms of the crews:—

Sophomore Class Crew. F. Crowninshield (stroke), E. T. Wilkinson, W. Blaikie, S. A. B. Abbott, E. H. Clark, C. H. McBurney (bow). Uniform: White shirts, white handkerchiefs trimmed with red, blue pants.

Sophomore Second Crew. E. N. Fenno (stroke), J. E. Briggs, J. W. Taylor, J. D. Williams, H. Rolfe, N. Longworth (bow). Uniform: White shirts, white handkerchiefs, white pants.

Freshman Class Crew. T. S. Edmands (stroke), C. W. Tower, C. Cleveland, F. H. Gray, W. R. Ellis, A. Hunnewell (bow). Uniform: White shirts trimmed with blue, white handkerchiefs trimmed with blue, blue pants.

Freshman Second Crew. W. B. Lambert (stroke), M. Stacy, T. C. Parish, E. S. Wood, R. King, H. B. Parker (bow). Uniform: White shirts, blue handkerchiefs, white pants.

As the second Freshman boat was a lapstreak, an allowance of 27 seconds was given it. The Judges were Messrs. G. H. Richards, C. C. Jackson, W. T. Washburn, W. P. Walley, and R. H. Derby. The Regatta Committee consisted of Messrs. F. Crowninshield and W. R. Ellis.

By five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the hour appointed for the race, a large crowd of students and their friends had collected on the raft at Braman's, and on the Beacon Street balconies overlooking the course; while the whole Mill-Dam was lined by the *οἱ πολλοί*.

Although none of the racing boats had yet appeared, the water was covered by a goodly crowd of boats of every degree, from the frailest of wheries to the chunkiest tub that ever poked its black nose into the air, propelled by one small boy sculling in the stern. Easily recognized among the lesser craft appeared several Cambridge six oars, and above all the new Harvard, conspicuous for the skill and muscle of her crew, who wore, for the first time in four years, the well-known crimson turbans that have flashed in ahead in many a hard-pulled race. After much delay the racing boats were launched, and got into position with much trouble, owing to the roughness of the water, which, combined with a breeze from the West, rendered the day very unfavorable for the race. In the mean while some excitement was caused by the tipping over of the 'old '66 class shell, rowed by a crew of Juniors, who were unfortunate enough to run the boat upon some piles. This was the first of a chapter of accidents which sadly marred the pleasures of the day.

When finally the course was cleared, and the racing boats had got into line, it was seen that the '67 had drawn the inside. Next to her came the second Sophomore, then the *CEnone*, and outside of all, next the Judges' boat, the '66. At exactly half past five o'clock, the signal was given from the Judges' boat. The '66, at her post on the outside, made an excellent start, and took the lead at once, by several strokes, closely followed by the second Sophomore, with the Freshman lapstreak well up between the other two. But the '67 lost several seconds, as her crew heard neither the "Go!" nor the "Are you ready?" which preceded it, and only gave way when they saw the other boats in motion. Indeed, the starting signal was not heard even by the second Sophomore, who also took her cue from seeing the '66 dash off. In this order, the first and second Sophomore in advance, followed by the Freshman shell and lapstreak, they kept on until they reached the stake, the '66 leading under the influence of a long and confident stroke, and rounding the stake-boat in an especially beautiful manner. The second Sophomore reached the stake about as the first crew was starting on the home stretch, and the '67 and *CEnone* followed, the

latter boat, though a lapstreak, within ten seconds of the former. But the cause of this was soon explained. The '67, in a collision some days before, had shipped so much water as to require her canvas to be cut in order to let it out, and the slit, recently mended, at the very beginning of the race had been reopened by the action of the water, which poured through it in streams, completely swamping the boat, by the time she had passed the stake, so that the crew were compelled to take to the water, but were immediately picked up by the tubs around. This accident to their class boat was not the only one that the Freshmen had to lament. Their lapstreak broke one of her rowlocks early in the race, thus destroying her chance for the prize, and was moreover fouled several times by boats crossing the course to the assistance of her colleague. While all this had been transpiring at the stake, the two Sophomore boats had been coming down the home stretch, and, in the midst of loud applause, shot past the Judges' boat in the same order in which they started, the second crew well on the heels of the '66.

The '66 pulled the three miles in 20 minutes 50 seconds; the second boat in 21 minutes, 5 seconds, 15 seconds behind the first; and the unlucky but undaunted *Cenone* came in in 24 minutes, 49 seconds. Her crew deserve the greatest praise for their pluck in entering a race they could hardly have hoped to win, and for the persistency with which they rowed it through.

The accidents destined to occur at this Regatta were even yet not over. The second Sophomore crew had intended to row in the Old Harvard; but on account of the roughness of the water, at the last moment before the race they exchanged their boat for the New Harvard. The '66, after passing the Judges' boat, had rowed up the course again, close along the Mill-Dam, and while returning, a collision took place between her and the New Harvard, having on board the second Sophomore crew. The '66 was coming at full speed, and her bow, striking the side of the other boat just in front of her bow-oar, stove a tremendous hole, but luckily, did not break her back. We are glad to learn that the boat is not irreparably injured; and as another shell had been already ordered, to supplant her in possession of the Harvard crews, the accident to her is of the less importance. When the new boat arrives, as there will then be three "Harvards" afloat, we respectfully suggest that the second one of the series be known as the "Smashed Harvard." The crew of this, the third boat put *hors-du combat* in one day, though they had received a good ducking, were not to be deterred from joining their classmates of the first crew, at the Judges' boat, to receive their share of the prizes.

The first prize consists of a beautiful silver cup, appropriately carved and engraved, and of six pairs of crossed spoon oars, — one pair for each man, — executed in silver, and of the proper size to be worn on the lappel of a coat.

The second prize, won by the second Sophomore crew, consists of six similar pair of oars, but with straight blades.

The race on Monday, the 18th, to which the winning crews were challenged by the Freshman boats, came off under much more favorable auspices than the previous one, and was not marred by any of those accidents that had formed so marked a feature of the other. The race was appointed this time for half past six, P. M., at which hour the river was as calm and smooth as a mill-pond. As it was not generally known that the race was to be repeated, the Mill-Dam was less crowded than on Saturday, and there were fewer boats on the river; quite enough, however, to call for the most stentorian yells from a Sophomore lapstreak, which, in the absence of the Harbor Police, did yeoman's service in clearing the course. The boats got into line in the same order as at the previous Regatta, the second Sophomore crew rowing this time in the Old Harvard.

At about quarter to seven, the race began with a most beautiful start on the part of all, and especially of the second Sophomore. For the first few strokes the '67 was slightly in advance; but a quickening of the stroke of the second Sophomore gave them immediately the lead, which they kept for some distance up the course, followed in order by the '66, the '67, and the Cenone. The superior powers of the Sophomore first, however, gave them the advance long before they reached the stake, although the second Sophomore had put clear water between themselves and the '67. On the home stretch, as indeed throughout the day, the perfect calmness of the water enabled the crews to do all they knew how, and the boats dashed down the course like race-horses, in the same order in which they rounded the stake, strung out in a long line, and constantly widening the intervals between themselves until they amounted to several lengths. Amid loud cheers from the students on the Mill-Dam, the two Sophomore boats came in ahead, the '66 vindicating her right to the first prize, in 19 minutes, 50 seconds, making better time by exactly a minute than at the previous Regatta. The second Sophomore came in in 20 minutes, 19½ seconds; the '67 in 21 minutes, 6½ seconds; and the Cenone in 22 minutes, 29 seconds. It will be noticed, that, allowing for the difference in position of the stake, which is now a quarter of a mile farther up the river than in times gone, the time made by the '66 is the fastest ever made in a race over the Charles River Course.

After the customary triumphal progress of the victorious boats along the Mill-Dam, from which they, and the vanquished also, were saluted with nine cheers each, by the enthusiastic there assembled, a general dispersion took place, supposed to have been in search of cooling liquids.

Thus ended the Harvard Regatta, which we trust will be annually repeated for many a year to come, well calculated as it is to foster among us

that taste for manly sports in general, and for rowing in particular, which has lately been so signally revived, and which will, we trust, enable old Harvard, not only this summer, but forever after, to maintain against all comers her claim to the championship of the Colleges.

THE PRIZES FOR READING

BY MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR AND JUNIOR CLASSES.

THE first prize to F. J. Cook of Ticonderoga, N. Y.

A second prize to J. W. Churchill of Nashua, N. H.

A second prize to J. S. Rogers of Worcester.

A third prize to E. R. Howe of Cambridge.

A third prize to H. H. Sprague of Athol.

A third prize to C. W. Clifford of New Bedford.

THE Baccalaureate Sermon was preached before the Senior Class, by Dr. Peabody, in Appleton Chapel, on Sunday, June 19.

EDITORS' TABLE.

READER, for the last time do we now come before you for our monthly editorial chat. It is with feelings of sorrow that we recollect that with this number we terminate our connection with the Harvard Magazine. Though the conduct of the Magazine has required large outlays of time upon our part, and has often filled us with feelings of anxiety as to its success, yet still, by intimacy, we have become strongly attached to its company, so that now to part from its society seems like leaving an old and valued friend. Dr. Johnson somewhere says that we never do anything, consciously for the last time, without a feeling of sadness; and so it is with us now. We forget all the toil, all the anxiety we have had. We forget even harsh criticism, which has sometimes been bestowed upon our labors; we forget it all amid the thronging memories and the pleasant associations which cluster around the editorial sanctum.

We would here express our regret for the necessity which has compelled us to curtail the fair proportions of one or two of the recent numbers of the Magazine. It was unavoidable necessity that forced the proceeding. We started on the year with money enough, cash in hand, to carry the Maga-

xine through the year, in its usual size. But an unlooked-for rise in the price of labor and material has told upon our finances, and compelled us to lessen the dimensions of the "Harvard." However, we feel to congratulate ourselves that we have, notwithstanding, issued every number of the year, and with a pretty good degree of punctuality. In conclusion, we would thank all our readers, who so nobly came to the rescue of the Magazine, in the hour of its peril at the beginning of this year, and who have cheered us, now and then, by their words of encouragement; and we would hopefully commend the cause of the Harvard Magazine to as kind consideration, during the years of its future career.

ROLL OF HONOR. We are happy to be able at last to present to our readers a corrected list of Harvard graduates who have taken up the sword in defence of their country. We are certain that we shall be remunerated for the labor bestowed upon this list by the thanks of members of every Class who shall see it. We do not suppose that it is free from errors; for in a work of this kind errors must exist. The rank of some is continually changing. Many have not been heard from for over a year, especially those in regiments not going from Massachusetts. It is found exceedingly difficult to obtain accurate information even of classmates. So, if any shall find mistakes in the list of their own Classes, we hope they will remember the difficulty of the task. The list for Classes previous to that of 1850 is nearly the same as that which was printed last year in this Magazine. As all these Classes, from obvious reasons, have but few members in the army, hardly one ninth of the whole, and as the few persons to whom we wrote about one or two of them could give us but little certain information, we have not paid the attention to these Classes that we have to the following. The lists have been corrected from various sources and compared with the Adjutant-General's Report for 1863. The list for every Class except one, since that of 1850, has been made out by some member of that Class, and sent to us. In most cases this member has been the secretary of the Class. We can therefore assure our readers that the list for these is comparatively accurate. We take this opportunity of returning our thanks to all these gentlemen who have kindly aided us, without whose assistance we should not be able to present this Roll of Honor.

RECEIVED from Sever and Francis, *The Pilgrim's Progress*. A New Edition. Cambridge. 1864.



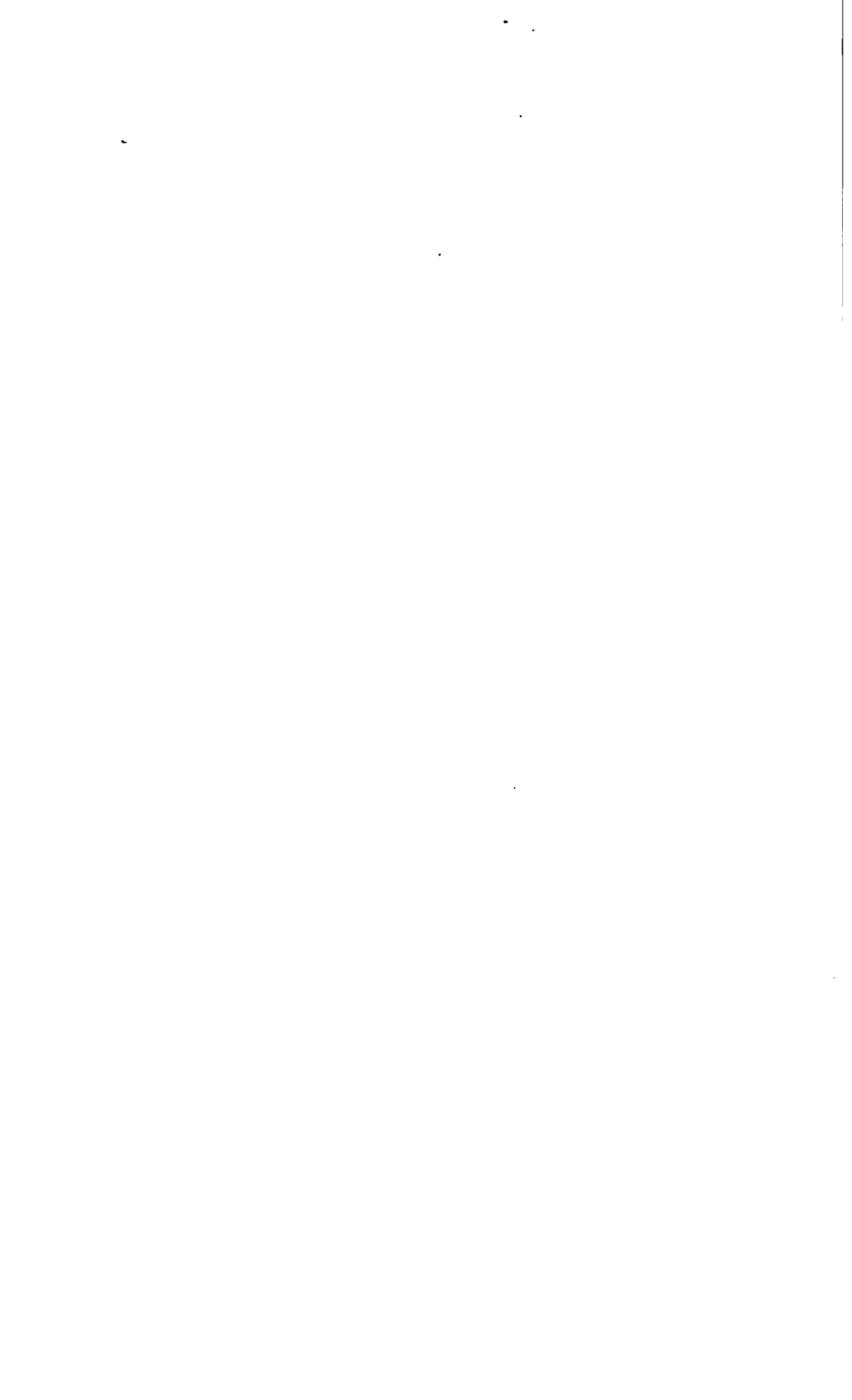
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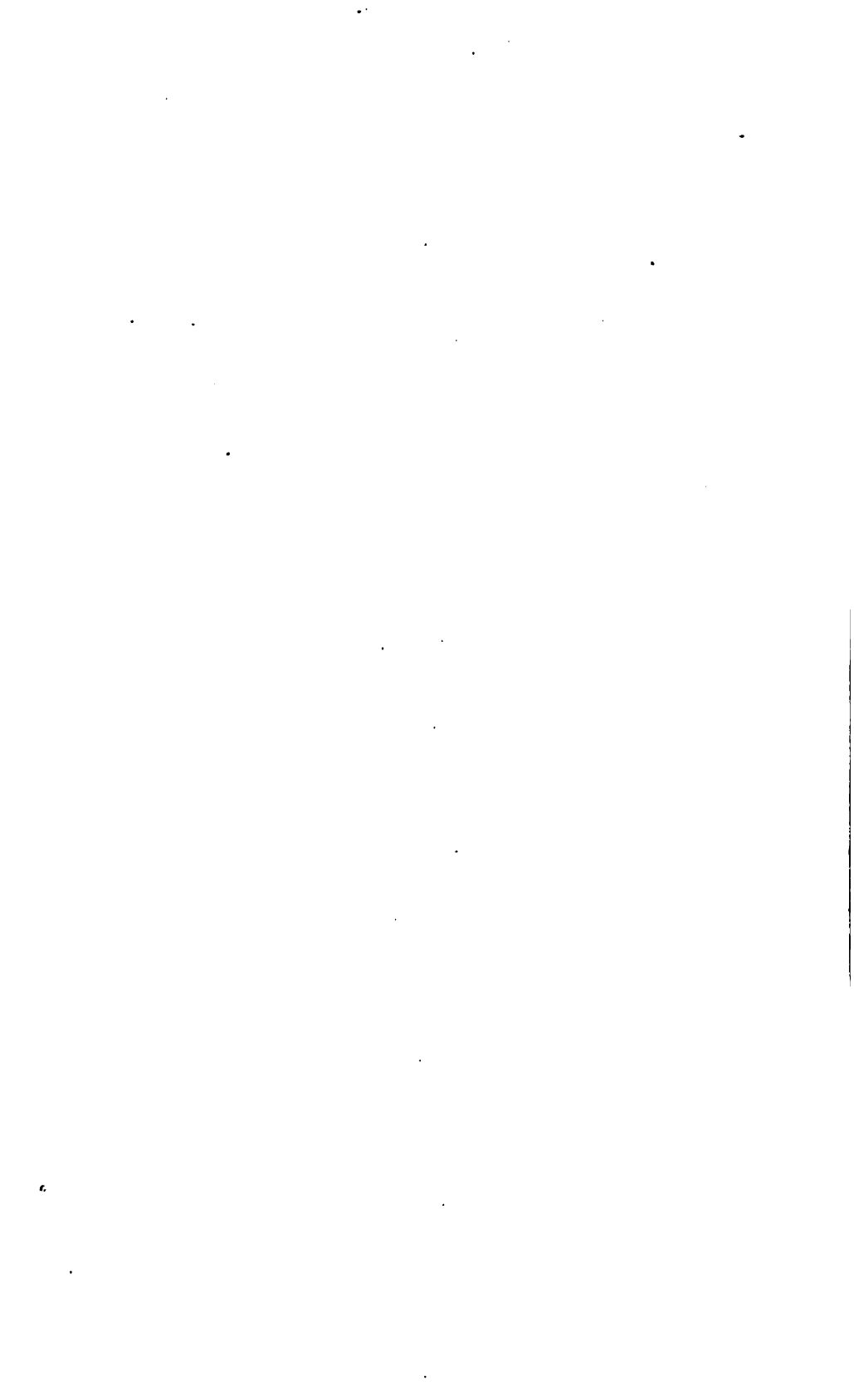
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